# PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JANUARY 1972

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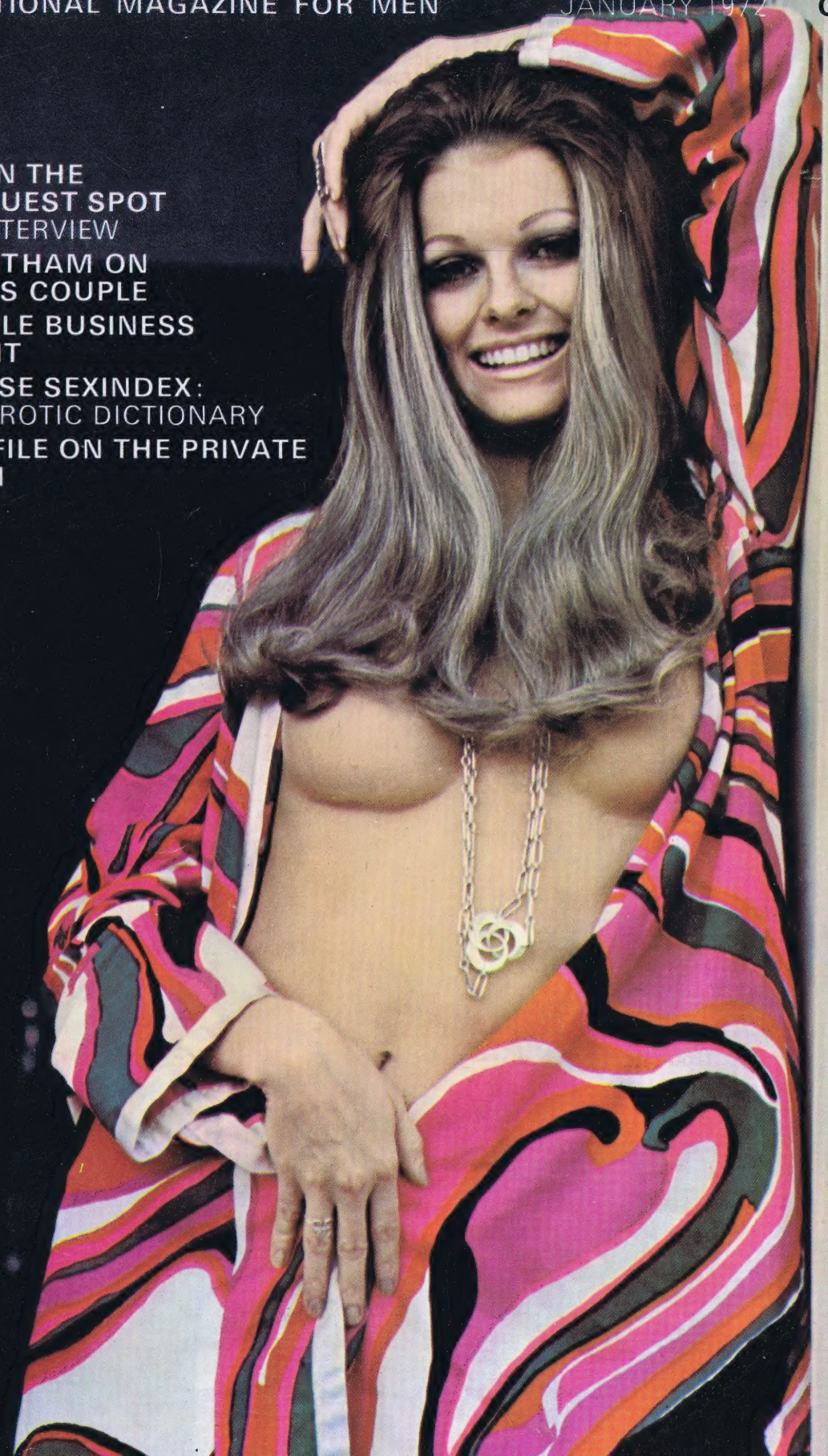
FLIP WILSON IN THE PENTHOUSE GUEST SPOT —EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

ROBERT CHARTHAM ON THE SENSUOUS COUPLE

THE PROFITABLE BUSINESS OF NON-PROFIT

THE PENTHOUSE SEXINDEX: DEBUT OF AN EROTIC DICTIONARY

A DEVOTEE'S FILE ON THE PRIVATE EYE IN FICTION



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# PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men/JANUARY 1972 ™

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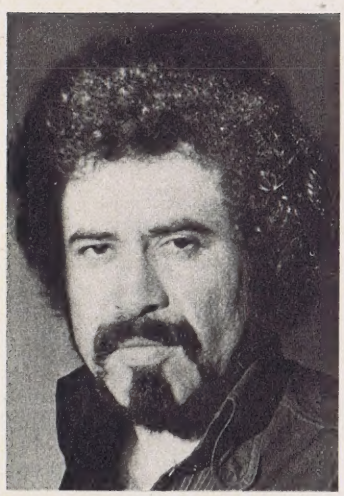

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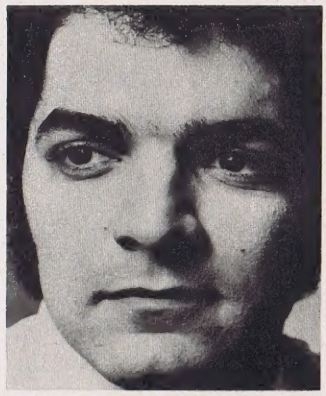

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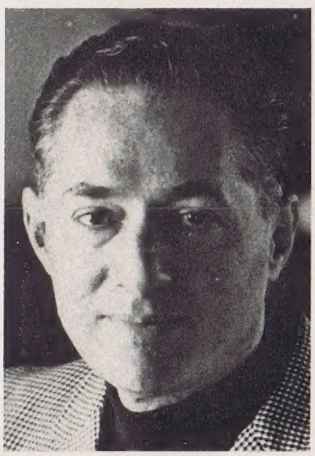

FEATHER

BLUMENFELD

CHARTHAM

# HOUSECALL

Getting off to a spirited start in 1972, Penthouse launches in this issue a study of readers' erotic fantasies (page 101), and an entertaining and enlightening erotic encyclopaedia called *Sexindex* (page 78), besides bringing off the first full-length interview with the nation's favorite current comic, **Flip Wilson** (page 36). Responsible for cornering Flip is **Leonard Feather,** noted as a jazz expert but no less concerned with the study of two other subjects, race relations and humor. In Flip Wilson, he found both these interests happily combined, as in an earlier interview (March '71) with Redd Foxx. He considers Wilson the most dedicated professional in the business. Conducting the Penthouse Study of Erotic Fantasy is psychologist **Paul J. Gillette** Ph.D., prolific writer on sexual topics and author of the best-selling *Satyricon: Memoirs of a Lusty Roman.* He has devised for analysis purposes a questionnaire and will later report his findings on the fantasies submitted. There is a touch of fantasy, you may think, in the facts presented by **Samuel L. Blumenfeld** in his article on fund-raising for non-profit purposes. He thought so himself when he came across them in the course of writing a book on the new private-school movement. Blumenfeld, 45 and a bachelor, is a New Yorker who lives in Boston. Espousing the ideas of novelist-philosopher Ayn Rand and economist Ludwig von Mise, he describes himself as politically a "radical for capitalism". Another kind of radical is **Jan Cremer,** author of our send-up story on Hollywood's canine tradition (page 66), who used to be the leading literary figure in Holland's beat movement. Though Dutch, Cremer writes mainly in English, making an international impact with his bawdy semi-autobiography *I, Jan Cremer.* He recently followed this with *Jan Cremer, 2,* but now writes mainly about travel, journeying all over the world (Italy, Ireland, Greenland, the U.S. etc). On the move, too, lately, Dr **Robert Chartham,** best-selling sexologist, came to the U.S. for the publication of his latest book *The Sensuous Couple,* from which we publish an extract on page 87. As one of the pillars of our companion publication *Forum,* Chartham turned to Publisher Bob Guccione for advice on American publication for his book, with the result that Penthouse joined with Ballantine in putting it out over here. *Forum,* incidentally, is itself the subject of an article in this issue (page 90), describing the unique ramifications that make this newcomer to the U.S. market not so much a magazine but more a way of life. The author, **Madeleine Francis,** is on the London staff. Two contributors returning to our pages this month are **William Iversen,** with an amusing analysis of fashions in fictional detection (page 44) and cartoonist **Paul Psorakis,** surely one of the most ingenious minds in graphics (page 47). A book of his cartoons, some from Penthouse, is to be published by Apollinaire Press in Britain, and he plans an exhibition of silk-screen prints. In concluding, we regret that unexpected demands on space have crowded out two items, announced for this issue, on the languages of love and why racing drivers die. Both will appear shortly.

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# PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals please), though these may be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 1560 Broadway, New York, N.Y. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

### 1776 and all that

I read Henry Morgan's somewhat interesting essay *America I Love You* (September) and I should like to correct one of his historical inaccuracies. He writes of: "The census of 1790, the year after George Washington left office (no man should serve more than two terms he thought) . . ." Actually Washington had just *entered* office. The war ended officially in 1783; the Articles of Confederation guided the country until 1789 when Washington and the Constitution took over. Washington served reluctantly for two terms, it is true, but they ran from 1789 to 1796.

Our first President served his first term more willingly than the second, yet on at least one occasion, stung by vituperative attacks in the press, he exploded in a rage before his Cabinet. Abuse of the President increased after the signing of the Jay Treaty in 1793, and by 1796 Washington had been accused of taking more than his pay, and of using his office for partisan programs. He in turn complained that his mail had been tampered with by persons unknown. The famous Farewell Address, when studied closely, reveals itself as a partisan document and defense of Washington's foreign policy. Students of this period agree that Washington's second term does not show the aged leader at his best, especially after 1794. By 1795 his blue ribbon cabinet, which included Jefferson, Hamilton and Randolph, was gone, and he was left with second-rate Hamiltonians instead.

Mr. Morgan neglects to mention John Hancock, that "bold" man who signed the Declaration of Independence so large that "King George could see it without his spectacles". Mr. Hancock was also possibly motivated by the fact that he was heavily in debt to English merchants, and a revolution would remove this financial millstone. I am also aghast that Mr. Morgan did not point out that Franklin, not Washington, deserves to be called "Father of his country". Our minister plenipotentiary to France sired several children in that country to complement the already sizable contingent in his own. Washington, it should be noted, fathered no children, but did acquire step-kin when he married Martha.

Mr. Morgan, however, does a great service in pointing out to your readers that these "legendary" American heroes were ordinary men with faults and virtues like anyone else. I believe much of America's alleged infallibility and jingoism results from our glamorized views of its leaders and heroes, both past and present.—*David Clark, Lake, Reno, Nevada.*

### Pet of the Year

I thought your Pet of the Year issue was just great, and Stephanie McLean has a tremendous body. Her breasts are an amazement to me every time I look at her—the pictures on pages 79 and 81 are really great. But I think that more pictures of Miss McLean's buttocks should be shown. Only once did you show a "rear view" and with measurements like hers, I don't think the readers would mind. Please let's have more pictures of Stephanie.—*Rusty Smith (address withheld), Arlington, Va.*

Ye gods! If Stephanie McLean (September) is the best Pet of the Year you can produce by democratic vote, then I'll have to return to *Playboy.* If the Pet's udders, as displayed on pages 76, 79, 82 and particularly in the top right photo on page 85, are supposed to be feminine beauty, or to excite the libido of the voters, then all I can conclude is that they are bulls—of the four-legged variety. Surely no two-legged type could vote for that "mother-of-six" mammary monstrosity, with an areola the size, color and texture of a worn-out cricket ball. It sags like a half-filled balloon.

During the last year you *have* pictured some really lovely Pets, as epitomized by the September Pet of the Month. I realize that this one may not have been eligible but some of the past year's Pets have at least looked young, lovely and *natural.* The look of Maureen on page 59 compared to any of the photos of Stephanie only accentuates the idiocy of North America's hangup over boobed monstrosities.—*Roger Kivell, Rossmore Ave., Hamilton, Ontario.*

Your choice of Miss Stephanie McLean as the first Pet of the Year was very commendable: she has all the attributes of a goddess. Generally women with more than their fair share of mammary glands tend to look artificial, but Stephanie shows her womanhood with great freshness. The photos on pp 80-81 were beautifully done, but best of all is the photo showing her bottom on p85. Vive Stephanie McLean! Vive Penthouse! Vive la difference!—*D.H. Brown, Bien Hoa South Vietnam.*

### Death on demand

The article in the September *View from the Top* about abortion on demand was obviously a put-on, I hope. The author feels that since we allow murder to take place in Vietnam, why not allow it to be done by abortion legally. Are there any other forms of murder he would like to see legalized? How about killing off all the old people who are sick and just taking up space? May I suggest an article on a "National Rip-Off Day": it would be about people murdering anyone they dislike on a certain day. I'm sure F.D. would go along with this; after all, people are being murdered in Vietnam for no reason, so it should be legal to murder anyone you hate.—*Alexander W. Maillie, S. Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.*

*The literary category of the note in question was satire.—Ed.*

### Germane to Germaine

Germaine Greer, in her September interview, delivers an interesting diatribe on behalf of Women's Liberation. Extravagant generalizations and smug assumptions run rampant, and the interview is sprinkled with a generous quota of boys' locker-room vocabulary. Women in our society, she says, are deformed role-players, "haltered in a wondering apathy", who "have

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little idea how much men hate them". Come come Dr. Greer! I can only say Thank God for the as yet un-liberated women.—*Tom Colvin, 4th Avenue S.W., Seattle, Washington.*

I found Germaine Greer's interview quite profound. Her ideas and her candid expressiveness, as well as her intellectual abilities, were very welcome and stimulating. In my opinion, it is truly tragic that there are not more women like her in the world who can articulate their thoughts in as understandable terms as she can—terms that seem designed to inform and enliven rather than to confuse and put off. She really impressed me. Please continue to come forth with the same quality material you have in the past.—*Franklin E. Allen, Foothill Sta., Salt Lake City, Utah.*

### Battle of the sexes

I'd like to add my compliments to your staff for a fine publication. I buy a wide variety of men's and also women's magazines—if and when their publications touch cogently on controversial issues. Not many women writers or commentators can handle such issues without an excess of boo-hoo, spite and venom. Witness Miss Germaine Greer, your September interviewee, who—though she has admirable candor—suggests extreme measures for women who wish to assert their sexuality. Mind, I'm not knocking the idea of women going bottom-less, but I must refute the prevailing idea of too many women who think or believe men are blind, or senseless to feminine allure. A woman either has it or she hasn't; and in my opinion, the more liberal she is with lipstick, eyeshadow, and the wearing of sundry harnesses, straps, supports—i.e. the more she displays herself—the more she calls attention to the fact that she *ain't* got it!

In your September Forum you printed a letter from one W.C.P. of Haddon Heights, New Jersey, which really raised my ire, along with a simultaneous twinge of nausea. He—or *she*, more likely—applauded you for publishing a lesbian's confession in your May Forum (I, too, applaud your fair-mindedness) but then went on to predict an increasing female antagonism to men, a decrease in heterosexual activity, and the emergence of "Superwomen". All this is possible, as history as far back as Aristophanes relates. But it's damnably vain, as well as damnably unnecessary.

I read in *The Atlanta Constitution* some three or four years ago of some idiot bio-geneticist meddling with chick embryos, who managed to hatch up roosters that laid eggs and hens that crowed. Quite a twist, eh? Though the doctor complained that his hybrids were sterile, he made no mention of which specie had a dong. All of which proves that no species but man will fuck up a good thing.

But back to the more nebulous matter: W.C.P. There have been homosexuals, lesbians, sadists, masochists, pederasts, necrophiles and transvestites since the dawn of recorded history, and no doubt there always will be. Some couldn't help it—some could. However, it seems in this day and age to be a fad or a fashion, and too large a percentage of men and women are frantically looking for excuses to be "gay". They try to justify it—and that's *too* much. In my opinion, the reasons behind most homosexuality today are indolence, intolerance of sexual differences, laziness, lack of enthusiasm—and, foremost, lack of *balls*. Doublethink and sex-hypocrisy on both sides have shattered mutual confidence, and have given rise to a sick attitude that bars the way to healthy sex, let alone mutually satisfying sex.

No solution is personally known, or implied. I can only offer my own modus operandi to other men sufferers: I calls 'em as I sees 'em, *viz:* If it walks like a man, talks like a man, dresses like a man, drinks like a man and acts like a man, I *treat* her like a man. (And vice versa.) Men of the World—you may as well unite. You're bastards whichever way you go!—*D.E. McElveen 2nd Avenue, Eau Claire, Wisc.*

### Soundless in Solitary

I read with interest Colin Wilson's article, *Soundless in Solitary* (September). Although I have never been in a "black room", I have experienced something similar while exploring caves. It is a kind of subtle panic, and usually occurs in tight passages when my lantern has gone out. I work with deliberate speed to recharge my carbide lamp and this keeps my mind preoccupied. In the total darkness, though, I become so aware of the absolute quiet that it becomes frightening. But I have observed that, as long as I can see, there is no feeling of danger. In spite of this, I have never had any trouble, but for someone claustrophobic it would be disastrous. The knowledge that I can get out keeps me above this danger.—*Jim Audet, Mountain Ave., Summit, N.J.*

### Correct exposure

First, may I commend you on your excellent, "really human" approach to the girls displayed within your pages. I feel, as a lowly reader, that you have most definitely taken the correct approach. I have travelled throughout the Middle East, also across most of the Northern U.S., as far south as California (San Francisco) and from coast to coast in Canada, and during my travels I was able to collect a fair number of sex-oriented magazines. The girls portrayed within the glossy pages showed not only pubic hair, but also what lay beneath it. I believe they are now known as "spread-open" or "split-beaver" magazines.

Do not think that I am against the "split-beaver" magazine, as I feel it has its place. However, it is not the type of thing I would care to read in a crowded bus, but I *do* enjoy being able to read Penthouse openly, and not having it concealed in a paper bag. I am not a moral fanatic, just a reader who enjoys the photographic titillation of your young ladies, so please, though some of your readers ask for more pubic exposure, to the point of clitoral protuberance, don't do it. It would debase a fine magazine.—*David F. Hurry, Yates Street, Victoria, B.C.*

I've just read your October issue and I have to give you my stamp of approval. You are showing everyone that the pubic area is no longer a no-no, and showing the female in her truest, nudest, most radiant form. I think it would be perfectly alright if the vagina was shown too: I think the American male is ready for your fine photography and wouldn't take it the wrong way.

I appreciate the prettiness and, most of all, the naturalness of your models. They look like women you could and do see in everyday life and not like visitors from another planet. Please keep up the good work—there are many who appreciate it.—*B.A. (name and address withheld), Barrington, Illinois.*

### Attention!

In your July issue I happened across E.J. Permar's letter and photograph of the statue of the Texas Ranger. I wish to inform E.J. Permar that the

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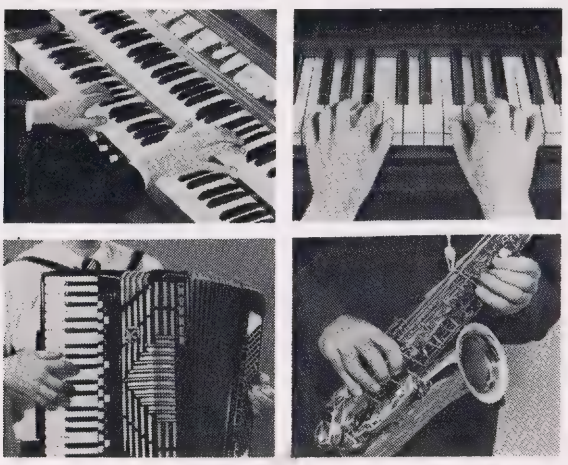

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statue is not like its photograph. As anyone can plainly see, it is his *hand* turned up to a right-angle and not his penis, as the letter implies. Seeing as how the state of Texas is beginning to initiate tight moral codes, I doubt if such a statue would be left standing—if indeed it existed.—*E.J. Bishop Jr., U.S.S. Canisteo, F.P.O. New York.*

*Can't you tell when someone is kidding?—Ed.*

**Department of dissent**

After being an avid reader of your magazine for approximately the past six months, I would like to pass along a few choice comments. I feel your Forum column is poor. The letters are redundant and seem to follow an interesting pattern, i.e. there are always many letters dealing with the fact that Penthouse is so superior to *Playboy*. While this is feasible, I believe it is more that you look for these letters or create them yourself. It seems strange that so many people just write to you to tell you how lousy *Playboy* is, and how great you are.

I think your magazine lacks in the following departments: food, drink, entertainment, travel and reviews. Your interviews are with relatively "played-out" people and no one really famous or interesting has yet to be questioned within your pages. I don't find your jokes terribly funny, especially your Editor's. The only positive thing I will say about your publication is that your photography is quite good and extraordinarily professional; and I like the fact that your centerspreads feature no black and white prints. Another beef I have is that suddenly your price changed without warning or explanation, while the service to get an older copy is terrible—waiting a month or longer and possibly never receiving the issue.

Actually, the way I feel about Penthouse is that it is a very poor imitation, and certainly thinner version, of *Playboy*. Your articles, jokes, photos and even girls don't come up to Hefner's standards, even your lightline type face, which I find difficult to read (I wear glasses), is not as good as theirs. I doubt whether you will print this letter because it is my contention that you make up all the Forum letters.—*Sloan Gordon (address withheld), Bronx, New York City.*

*As Penthouse is the fastest-growing magazine in recent publishing history, there must be a lot of customers who don't see things your way. But we print your letter for the benefit of people who still keep writing to ask whether the Forum correspondence is genuine. It is.—Ed.*

**Campus comments**

Bailey Alexander, in his article *Crime comes to college* (October), made some gross exaggerations. He condemned everyone who goes to college or high school as a drug addict, pervert, or criminal. The article implies that there are no decent people under 25 years of age. You only wrote what you thought would sell, and not the truth. Well, you didn't sell me or a lot of my friends. You can be sure that many of us will not be buying your publication again.

I am 19 years old and have been to a large university in Kentucky and no-one was raped or killed while I was there. We didn't rape the co-eds or beat up the deans, and our university was a safe place to live. I think you should write an article about the majority of young people who are good law-abiding citizens, and not about a small minority of perverts who make the good people look bad. Not all of us are spoiled as you wrote. I work for a living and don't take drugs. I am trying to save money so that I can go back to college. There are thousands of people like me, and they are the ones who should be written about. I know you won't publish this because it's bad publicity but I had to get it off my mind.—*James H. St. Charles, Vail, Colorado.*

*You are mistaken. Bailey Alexander did not imply there are no decent people under 25, nor did he condemn everyone who goes to college. He cited specific examples of a disturbing trend.—Ed.*

I am writing this in reply to Bailey Alexander's article, *Crime comes to college* (October). I am a freshman at Eastern Michigan University in Ypsilanti, Michigan. Mr. Alexander raises some valid points concerning crime on college campuses, though I personally have not seen any crimes such as Mr. Alexander describes. It could be because I am a "sheltered, spoiled, middle-class" student. I disagree with Mr. Alexander on student offenders and the law. A lot of students regard the police as out to get anyone under 30 with long hair. I do not. I see the police as other institutions: composed of good and bad elements. It is unfortunate that only the bad cops get publicity.

Acts of violence by students, or anyone else, directed toward other people are inexcusable. But the atmosphere on today's campuses is very different from those campuses of the '40s. The occurrences at Berkeley, Kent State, and other campuses have resulted in a volatile atmosphere and strained emotions between students and university officials. The reason no doubt is the amount of freedom that today's students are allowed. But the basis for this freedom was set down for all peoples over 200 years ago. I admit that my generation has pushed these freedoms to their limit. But we are searching for a better life. Among the smog, wars, disease, the young people are trying to improve this earth. I cannot justify the acts of violence used to attain this end. But it is frustrating when students are taught the solutions by their elders, and then denied the processes by other elders. A common solution is understanding between people of all ages. Mankind must understand mankind, before mankind is no more.—*Gerald A. Caughley Jr., Lexington Drive, Ann Arbor, Michigan.*

**Glad string**

M.F., writing in your September Forum concerning his use of cord to heighten erotic sensation, has inadvertently stumbled on the Japanese Yorokobi-Himo (literally "glad-string"), an ancient device comprising a silken cord some 5/16 ins in diameter and about 7ft long, with a tassel at each end. There are a dozen ways of using the yorokobi-himo, of which M.F.'s method is just one. The use of elasticated cord defeats the whole purpose, as the device is akin to Caucasian bondage devices and should be "unyielding".—*R. Kozuka (address withheld), Los Angeles, Calif.*

**Ivy League**

Re your article *The Withering of the Ivy League* (October): Max Gunther, a highly talented member of the Princeton Class of 1949, seems to have a propensity for often turning to the Ivy

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League—and to Princeton—for some of his materials.—*Dan D. Coyle, Assistant to the President, Princeton University, Princeton, New Jersey.*

**Cool it, please**

I must comment on your October centerspread, Miss Helen Caunt. She is very lovely and deserves to be included with the rest of the Penthouse Pets. But I do not care for the warm color of the photographs and the layout is reminiscent of *Playboy's*. I have been taking photographs for 30 years and therefore feel qualified to speak. Perhaps this over-warm color was unintentional and accidental, but anyway it destroys the mood of the subject. Please revert to your former method of presentation—naturally, and not dreamlike, or unreal.

Your magazine is fresh and interesting, and I enjoyed the interview with Charles Schulz of "Peanuts" fame (October). Thank you, too, for showing the "fuzzy on the peach".—*John Richalsky, East 29th Street, Bayorne, N.J.*

**Measuring up**

I have read your magazine for several months now, and there is one subject that I have wanted to see discussed in the Penthouse Forum. Many doctors and writers have said that the size of a man's penis makes no difference in sexual intercourse. Instead of these "experts", I would like to hear what your readers think. I knew a number of young men intimately before I was married and their penis sizes ranged from one that, when erect, was only as long as my middle finger, to the size of my husband's, which I once measured and found to be 8½" long and slightly over 2" thick. On the whole I found that, while the men with the bigger penises were not always the greatest lovers, they did seem to have fewer problems with sex than did the ones with smaller penises.

Many of the men with smaller penises worried more about their own enjoyment than they did about mine; and several of them suffered from premature ejaculation or occasional impotence. On the other hand, I have found that a large penis like my husband's fills me up so much that the extra friction causes me to reach orgasm more quickly and more often. In addition, a large penis seems to make possible more variations of sexual intercourse. My experience has shown me, at least, that big penises are better than small ones.

I know that some other girls must feel this way, too. I like to take Polaroid pictures of my husband when he is nude and has an erection. Then I like to leave these pictures in places where my girlfriends will "accidentally" find them when they visit me. Over half of them have told me how much they envy me, and one of them even offered to pay me if I would let her have intercourse with my husband just once. I am keeping him all to myself, though, and I keep him so satisfied that he does not have the energy left to even think about another girl.—*Mrs. L.S. (name and address withheld), Washington D.C.*

**Hair freak**

Until I read your Forum I used to think I was something of a sex freak, but now I come out as square as the proverbial Sunday school teacher! My "hang-up" is that I dig hair—not pubic or underarm, but the long, glorious variety that grows on the female head. I've had this problem for the last 30 years. As I trace my experiences backward, I come to a situation that I realize now must have been my first sexual awakening: it happened while I was watching an aunt back-brush her long hair. At the time I didn't know what was happening, but from that moment until this, I've had an intense interest in hair. I like to look at it; I like the way it moves; I like to touch it and feel it.

As soon as I was old enough to go alone, I found the best place to satisfy this desire was at the movies. It was fairly easy to find a seat behind a good head and, without much trouble, make contact. As I grew older, it never ceased to amaze me how many females of all ages were willing to play this "game" even when they knew what I was doing. The best place to participate in this type of activity is San Antonio, Texas. In that romantic city, I have had numerous heads of marvelous hair lifted over the back of a seat and let fall full length into my waiting arms. As my life progressed, I was haunted by what I considered a perverted desire. It was not until I read Robin Moore's *The Country Team* that I discovered I was not unique in my desire to plunge my erect penis deep into the soft waves of a woman's glory.

I have never seen a letter on this subject in your magazine. I have always considered myself a member of a very exclusive club, and there seem to be so few of us there is no profit in producing material for us. Certainly the Penthouse photographers seldom, if ever, cater to us. In this time of long hair, why not find a gal with a real head of hair and let her just wear it like Eve?—*Arlen G. (name and address withheld), Saigon, Vietnam.*

**Art and amputees**

I must comment on correspondence concerning the possible display in Penthouse of an attractive female amputee, since I am one of those who find them sexually attractive. I am married to a lovely amputee who well understands the nature of her peculiar sexual attractiveness to me, as well as the effective use of it. She also understands that she is a lovely woman. Our marriage is no sexual flash in the pan, since we have been married many years and our love is deep and abiding. Our sex life is satisfying and ever fresh; we never permit it to become trivial or perfunctory. We are secure enough in our love that neither of us feels threatened when the other enjoys sexual relations with somebody else, so that over the years each of us has enjoyed a number of lovers.

Penthouse and other publications cover without embarrassment a wide variety of particular sexual appetites in a way that represents a great step forward in the dispelling of unhealthy taboos and hypocrisy, so that it seems perfectly reasonable to recognize this particular sexual appetite similarly. Simply publish a picture of an attractive amputee (just as pictures have been published of women with grotesquely large breasts, for example) to appeal to those who find such a thing sexually stimulating.

My wife says: "I would love to pose but, alas, I am no longer glamorous, and it would surely shock many of our more staid friends." I dissent from this in part. She is still glamorous, with a figure lovely as any girl's. But I do fear that no camera art could entirely conceal that she is a grandmother, albeit an uncommonly beautiful one.—*M.P. (name and address withheld), New Hampshire.*

One-legged Mr. W.P. may marvel at the way his stump stirs women's passions (October), but his experiences are nothing compared to the way any reasonably attractive *girl* amputee can delight and arouse males to fever pitch by just the sight and feel of her thigh stump. I'm a girl who speaks from long experience, since I lost my left leg 5 inches above the knee when I was in high school and I am now 26.

I think the key is that a one-legged girl's stump becomes a sort of symbol of feminine weakness and vulnerability. And how men dig a supposedly helpless female! When I smartened up by leaving my artificial leg at home and started going out on just my remaining leg with a pair of those elbow-height metal crutches, I suddenly discovered that I had sex appeal that I never dreamed existed. I found myself being dated by guys who were scoring regularly with two-legged beauties, and even a few supposedly happy married men with supposedly sexy two-legged wives sharing their bed with them every night. I was astounded to discover that instead of being repelled by the thought of sleeping with a one-legged girl, as I had so wrongly assumed, the guys were actually intrigued. And they wasted no time in proving it! I still find it hard to believe that my funny looking little stump actually increases my desirability to many men, but it is true. Some guys play with my stump like it was a toy.

If a fellow is giving me a goodnight kiss in my hallway and I want to drop a hint that I'd like him to linger a while longer, I have only to slowly swing my stump up inside my skirt until it presses against his leg and he practically lights up. He can hardly wait for me to get my apartment door open. I can enter any cocktail lounge on my one leg and crutches, and within minutes I can have my choice of nearly any guy in the place if I want him. I dress smartly but not flashily, and wear my skirt just long enough to cover the end of my stump when I'm standing. But when I sit down or bend over, the end of my stump usually pokes out a bit (by design) and


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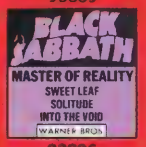

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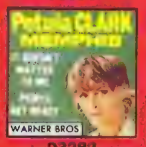

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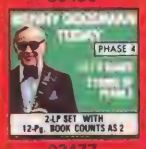

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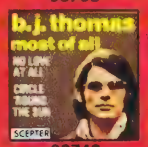

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that's when male eyes start popping and hearts pounding with anticipation. Once I satisfy the inevitable question of "Gee, how did you lose that leg?" the conversation usually takes a romantic turn. And if I feel a friendly hand probing the end of my stump under the table I know I have scored a home run.

Why not give your readers a treat and show them what a one-legged girl has going for her that other girls don't have—the unique and even mysterious sex appeal of her stump.—*Diane S. (name and address withheld), Boston, Mass.*

Three cheers to Donald Carpenter (Forum, July) for his letter pertaining to female amputees. I have been reading numerous men's magazines for five years and all I have seen are women with four limbs. This may be fine, but why not a little change of pace? I am certain that, somewhere in this world, is a beautiful female amputee willing to pose for your fine publication.

At present I am engaged to a young woman who was born with no right leg. She is not only beautiful and talented but also very graceful when on crutches. The one thing that bothers me is when we go out: people stare at her and many treat her as a helpless cripple. Too many people have this concept that all amputees are helpless and I feel that a pictorial featuring a beautiful female amputee would clear up that stupid idea.

When you do that article I am certain that it would be a first, but it would be done in the usual good taste that Penthouse is known for. Or are you just another magazine that does not have the nerve to be different?—*J.T. (name and address withheld), Cleveland, Ohio 44106.*

I think the idea of a pictorial on women amputees is the best thing I've heard in a long time. I'm sure this hang-up about public display of woman amputees is a uniquely American thing, for I don't think that Europeans, for example, think of a one-legged woman as a pitiful, repulsive creature to be hidden away until spinsterhood overtakes her. In the recent Spanish movie *Tristana,* the heroine was a lovely one-legged girl. And over the past few years I recall seeing a couple of foreign films that also had one-legged girls in them. One in particular had several nude scenes showing a henpecked executive seducing his one-legged secretary and later playfully chasing her while she hopped around the bedroom on her single leg. In the story, he later left his wife and married the amputee.

Since losing my left leg when I was 16 (it's off midway between my knee and hip, the result of an auto accident), I have found plenty of fellows who didn't think me repulsive, regardless of whether I was walking on my artificial leg or just on the one leg with my crutches. I've been married two years, and they've been the happiest two years of my life. Until my wedding night I used to be ashamed of my stump and kept it constantly covered in public. I dreaded having to undress in front of my husband that night. But before I knew it, he had unstrapped my artificial leg himself and slipped it off my stump within seconds of entering our hotel room. Next thing I knew his hand was gently stroking my stump of a thigh and moving it into the best position for our lovemaking. I learned that night, to my astonishment, that a one-legged woman can enjoy a normal sex life as easily as anyone else.

I have three married girl friends who are also one-legged, and their husbands are just as loving as mine is, they report. I read a statistic that there are approximately 75,000 one-legged women in the United States between the ages of 18 and 35, and probably even more one-armed women. If we assume that even half this number are married, just think of the number of happily married men who don't mind looking at a woman amputee's stump for the rest of their lives or sleeping with a woman who is able to return their love only with one arm or one leg. And daily even more women lose a limb through accident or disease. I, for one, would be very interested to see the American public shown that feminine pulchritude isn't limited to just two-armed and two-legged women. The famous actress Sarah Bernhardt was one-legged in her later years, but was no less an attraction. There used to be a Hollywood starlet named Suzan Ball who was also one-legged but appeared in pictures. And another one-legged girl named Roberta Scott has appeared on TV and, I believe, won a Miss Handicapped America contest competing with other amputee beauties.—*Mrs. J.F.M. (name and address withheld), Brockton, Mass.*

Let me begin by saying I'm a female amputee. Two years ago I had the misfortune (or so I thought) to lose my right foot and part of my right leg. For a year after my accident I avoided almost all social contacts. I considered my disfigurement total and could not face the rejection I was certain would accompany any male's realization of my condition.

A year ago I dated a man on the chance that he wouldn't notice my missing leg until he had gotten to know me. You can't imagine my surprise when he noticed it on the first date and wasn't bothered by it. This led to a sexually satisfying relationship, and as time went on it became apparent that he was actually *sexually excited* by my stump. Since then I've dated several other men. I have found in all of them some degree of sexual stimulation due to my amputated leg. I can't speak for all female amputees, only for myself, but I would have to say that 100% of the men I've known find some kind of intensified sexual pleasure with a girl with an amputated limb.

I would love to see a pictorial series of female amputees in your magazine. In fact, were it not for my family, I would love to be one of your subjects!—*Miss A.K. (name and address withheld), Cleveland, Ohio.*


**Lip Savers are more fun than that other chapped lip stuff.**

Lip Savers taste good, smell good, and feel good.

Best of all, Lip Savers will help keep your lips from ever getting chapped in the first place.

Pick your favorite flavor. Spearmint, Orange Mint, Lime. Or, if you prefer, Unflavored. And you'll never use that other stuff again.

**Don't wait until your lips are chapped to use Lip Savers.**

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**Pain and pleasure**

I have been reading Penthouse for about a year and the readers' letters have encouraged me to write this. At one time I thought I was alone in my predilections. I have been married three years now (I am 31) to a woman four years' my senior. She is the sexual aggressor and I find this extremely pleasurable. About a year ago I confided to her my most personal sexual desires. Since my boyhood I have always had thoughts and dreams of being spanked by an attractive woman. My wife wasn't overly surprised because during our courtship I had occasionally played some sort of spanking games with her. She gladly agreed to fulfil my desires.

Often now she takes me over her knee after taking down my pants and underwear and, as my penis gets extremely rigid, locks it helplessly between her thighs. While in this embarrassing position, she usually lectures or scolds me for being a naughty boy and repeatedly mentions that she is going to give me a good spanking.

# The optional everything system. Quadrasonic. Quadruplex.™ Stereo. And the double play.

With Panasonic's optional everything system you start simple. With the SC-8700. Then build up your sound from there. The SC-8700 is a 4-piece music center with a 4-channel amplifier. It has an FM/AM/FM stereo receiver. A 4-speed Garrard automatic turntable with a Pickering V-15 cartridge. Two air-suspension speakers with a 3-way-sound reproduction system. And 60 watts of power (IHF).

Add a pair of SB-170 or SB-270 speakers, and you get the sound of Quadruplex™ circuitry. The second set of speakers playing the music a fraction of a second later. The way you'd hear music in a concert hall. And you can even get Quadruplex from your old stereo records and tapes. As well as from our FM stereo.

For people who want to get right inside the music, we have something special. Quadrasonic. Just add our 8-track tape deck, the RS-847US. And now you can hear four separate channels of sound. One channel from each speaker. One speaker might be emphasizing the string section. One the woodwinds. One the brass. And one the percussion. So instead of just listening to Mahler's Third, you feel like you're the conductor.

The SC-8700 also lets you make the double play. Something that's perfect for families with different tastes in music. With the optional set of speakers, you can play Bach on FM stereo in your room. While the kids listen to a Beatles' record in their room. At the same time.

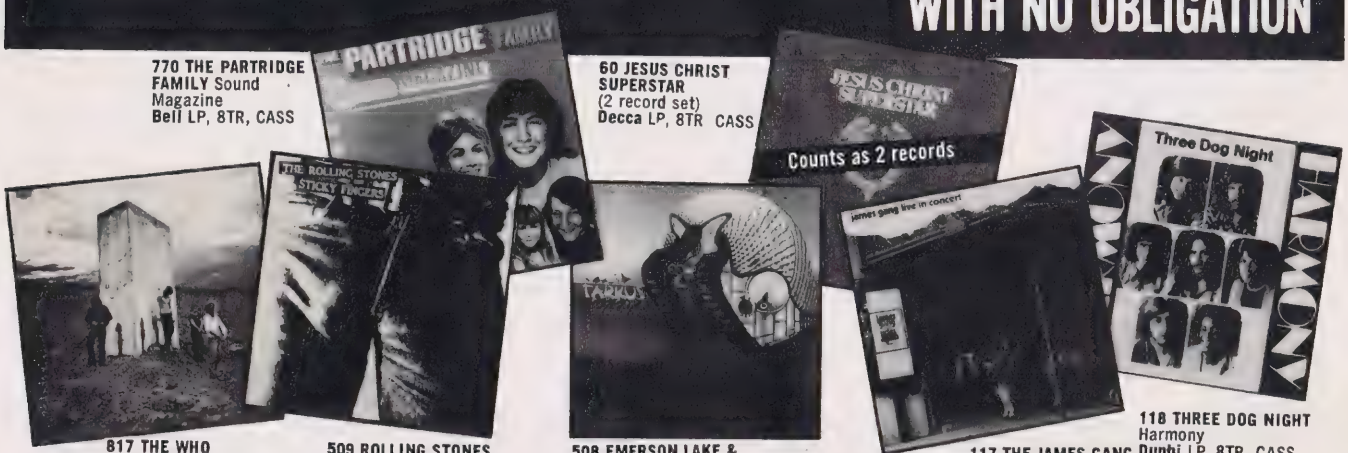
You can hear the whole works at your franchised Panasonic Hi-Fi dealer. The one man who gives you all the options on how to listen to music.

**Panasonic.**
just slightly ahead of our time.

200 Park Ave., N.Y. 10017. For your nearest franchised Panasonic Hi-Fi dealer, call toll 631-1971. In N.J., 800 932-2800. We pay for the call.

# FREE... Any 3 Stereo LPs or

## WITH NO OBLIGATION




**770 THE PARTRIDGE FAMILY** Sound Magazine
**Bell** LP, 8TR, CASS

**60 JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR** (2 record set)
**Decca** LP, 8TR CASS

**817 THE WHO** Who's Next
**Decca** LP, 8TR, CASS

**509 ROLLING STONES** Sticky Fingers
**Rolst** LP, 8TR, CASS

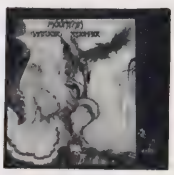
**508 EMERSON LAKE & PALMER** Tarkus
**Cotil** LP, 8TR, CASS

**117 THE JAMES GANG** Live In Concert
**ABC** LP, 8TR, CASS

**118 THREE DOG NIGHT** Harmony
**Dunhi** LP, 8TR, CASS

**119 GRASSROOTS** 16 Greatest Hits
**Dunhi** LP, 8TR, CASS

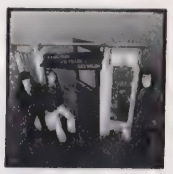
**663 RARE EARTH** One World
**RarEa** LP, 8TR, CASS



**764 MOUNTAIN** Nantucket Sleighride
**Windf** LP

**800 ELTON JOHN** 11-17-70
**Uni** LP, 8TR, CASS

**100 THREE DOG NIGHT** Golden Biscuits
**Dunhi** LP, 8TR, CASS



**107 HAMILTON, JOE FRANK & REYNOLDS**
Greatest Hits
**Dunhi** LP, 8TR, CASS

**104 PATTON** Soundtrack
**TweCe** LP, 8TR, CASS

**703 RIMSKY-KORSAKOV** Scheherazade
**Yorks** LP, 8TR, CASS

**263 B. J. THOMAS** Greatest Hits Vol. 1
**Scept** LP, 8TR, CASS

**303 JOAN BAEZ** David's Album
**Vangu** LP, 8TR, CASS

**108 GRASSROOTS** More Golden Grass
**Dunhi** LP, 8TR, CASS

**603 VERY BEST OF LOVIN' SPOONFUL**
**KamSu** LP, 8TR, CASS

**702 RED ARMY ENSEMBLE**
**Yorks** LP, 8TR, CASS

**767 MOUNTAIN** Climbing
**Windf** LP

**Compare and see!**

**704 BEETHOVEN** Piano Sonatas
**Yorks** LP, 8TR, CASS

**701 GREGORIAN CHANT TREASURY**
**Yorks** LP, 8TR, CASS

**265 B. J. THOMAS** Most Of All
**Scept** LP, 8TR, CASS

**304 JOAN BAEZ** One Day At A Time
**Vangu** LP, 8TR, CASS

**765 5th DIMENSION** Portrait
**Bell** LP, 8TR, CASS

**700 TCHAIKOVSKY** 1812 OVERTURE
**Yorks** LP, 8TR, CASS

**267 DIONNE WARWICKE** I'll Never Fall In Love Again
**Scept** LP, 8TR, CASS

**269 JOSEPH & THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT**
**Scept** LP, 8TR, CASS

**300 BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE** Used To Wanna Be A Ballerina
**Vangu** LP, 8TR, CASS

**30 BEST OF BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE** (2 record set)
**Vangu** LP

**32 IAN & SYLVIA'S** Greatest Hits (2 record set)
**Vangu** LP, 8TR, CASS

**404 IKE & TINA TURNER** Workin' Together
**Liber** LP, 8TR, CASS

**See for yourself why over 1¾ million record and tape collectors paid $5 to join Record Club of America when other record or tape clubs would have accepted them free.**

| | Citadel Record Club (as adv. in TV Guide Oct. 3, 1970) | Columbia Stereo Tape Cartridge Service (as adv. in Esquire Nov. 1970 | Capitol Record Club (as adv. in Look Jan. 26, 1971) | Columbia Record Club (as adv. in Playboy Feb. 1971) | RCA Stereo 8 Tape Club (as adv. in Esquire Oct. 1970) | RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| CAN YOU CHOOSE FROM ALL LABELS? LP's OR TAPES, INCLUDING CARTRIDGE AND CASSETTE TAPES? | NO | NO | NO | NO | NO | **YES!** Choose any LP or tape on any label! No exceptions! Over 300 different manufacturers including Capitol, Columbia, RCA, Angel, London, etc. |
| MUST YOU BUY A "MINIMUM" NUMBER OF RECORDS OR TAPES? HOW MANY? | 12 | 12 | 12 | 10 | 6 | **NONE!** No obligations! No yearly quota! Take as many, as few, or nothing at all if you so decide! |
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| CAN YOU BUY ANY RECORD OR TAPE YOU WANT AT A DISCOUNT? | NO | NO | NO | NO | NO | **ALWAYS!** Your discount up to 79% OFF. Guaranteed never less than a third! No exceptions! |
| DO YOU EVER RECEIVE UNORDERED RECORDS OR TAPES? | YES | YES | YES | YES | YES | **NEVER!** There are no cards which you must return. Only the records and tapes you want are sent—and only when you ask us to send them. |
| HOW LONG MUST YOU WAIT FOR SELECTIONS TO ARRIVE? | 5 to 6 weeks | 5 to 6 weeks | 5 to 6 weeks | 5 to 6 weeks | 5 to 6 weeks | **NO LONG WAITS!** Your order processed same day received. No shipping on cycle. |

## TYPICAL "EXTRA DISCOUNT" SALE

**$4.98 LPs average as low as $1.96**
**$5.98 LPs average as low as $2.25**
**$6.98 LPs average as low as $2.56**

**Savings of 63% or more from recent Club sales up to $4.42 per LP. Start these giant savings now... not after you fulfill your obligation like the other clubs.**

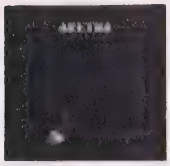
| | Label | List Price | Average Club Price |
|---|---|---|---|
| **Andy Williams**—Love Story | Colum | 5.98 | **2.25** |
| **Anne Murray** | Capit | 5.98 | **2.25** |
| **Ed Ames**—This Is | RCA | 6.98 | **2.56** |
| **2001**—A Space Odyssey | MGM | 6.98 | **2.56** |
| **Mary Travers**—Mary | WarBr | 4.98 | **1.96** |
| **Creedence Clearwater Revival**—Pendulum | Fanta | 4.98 | **1.96** |
| **Miles Davis**—Bitches Brew | Colum | 5.98 | **2.25** |
| **Love Story**—Soundtrack | Param | 5.98 | **2.25** |
| **Perry Como**—It's Impossible | RCA | 5.98 | **2.25** |
| **Bloodrock**—3 | Capit | 5.98 | **2.25** |
| **Santana**—Abraxas | Colum | 5.98 | **2.25** |
| **Worst of Jefferson Airplane** | RCA | 5.98 | **2.25** |

## RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA—The World's Lowest Priced Record and Tape Club

# Any 1 Tape Cartridge or Cassette Shown Here Worth up to $20.94

## TO BUY ANYTHING EVER!

**Yes, take your pick of these great hits right now! Choose any 3 Stereo LPs (worth up to $20.94) or any 1 Stereo Tape (cartridge or cassette, worth up to $13.96) FREE . . . as your welcome gift from Record Club of America when you join at the low lifetime membership fee of $5.00. You can defer your selection of FREE items and choose from an expanded list later if you can't find 3 LPs or 1 Tape here. We make this amazing offer to introduce you to the only record and tape club offering guaranteed discounts of 33⅓% to 79% on all labels—with no obligation or commitment to buy anything ever. As a member of this one-of-a-kind club you will be able to order any record or tape commercially available, on every label—including all musical preferences. No automatic shipments, no cards to return. We ship only what you order. Moneyback guarantee if not satisfied.**



**500 ARETHA FRANKLIN**
Live At Fillmore West
**Atlan** LP, 8TR, CASS

**414 BOBBY GOLDSBORO**
Come Back Home
**UniAr** LP, 8TR, CASS

**400 BEST OF GORDON LIGHTFOOT VOL. II**
**UniAr** LP, 8TR, CASS

**660 MARVIN GAYE**
What's Going On
**Tamla** LP, 8TR, CASS

**760 PARTRIDGE FAMILY**
Up To Date
**Bell** LP, 8TR, CASS

**260 DIONNE WARWICKE**
Very Dionne
**Scept** LP, 8TR, CASS

**123 STEPPENWOLF**
For Ladies Only
**Dunhi** LP, 8TR, CASS

**507 STEPHEN STILLS 2**
**Atlan** LP, 8TR, CASS

**105 THE JAMES GANG**
Thirds
**ABC** LP, 8TR, CASS

**264 GUESS WHO**
In Canada
**Wand** LP, 8TR, CASS

**52 WOODSTOCK TWO**
(2 record set)
**Cotil** LP

**305 PDQ BACH**
Stoned Guest
**Vangu** LP, 8TR, CASS

**803 NEIL DIAMOND**
Tap Root Manuscript
**Uni** LP, 8TR, CASS

**370 JAMES TAYLOR**
And The Original Flying Machine
**Eupho** LP

**268 FLIP WILSON**
Pot Luck
**Scept** LP, 8TR, CASS

**766 PARTRIDGE FAMILY ALBUM**
**Bell** LP, 8TR, CASS

**120 MAMAS & PAPAS**
IF You Can Still Believe Your Eyes & Ears
**Dunhi** LP, 8TR, CASS

**604 BREWER & SHIPLEY** Tarkio
**KamSu** LP, 8TR, CASS

**403 FERRANTE & TEICHER** Music Lovers
**UniAr** LP, 8TR, CASS

**50 CROSBY, STILLS, NASH & YOUNG**
4 Way Street
(2 record set)
**Atlan** LP, 8TR, CASS

**600 OCEAN**
**KamSu** LP, 8TR, CASS

**103 STEPPENWOLF**
Gold
**Dunhi** LP, 8TR, CASS

**763 5th DIMENSION**
Love's Lines, Angles & Rhymes
**Bell** LP, 8TR, CASS

## NOW YOU CAN CHARGE IT, TOO!

## AT LAST A RECORD AND TAPE CLUB WITH NO "OBLIGATIONS"—ONLY BENEFITS!

Ordinary record and tape clubs make you choose from a few labels—usually their own! They make you buy up to 12 records or tapes a year—usually at list price—to fulfill your obligation. And if you forget to return their monthly card—they send you an item you don't want and a bill for $4.98, $5.98, $6.98, or $7.98! In effect, you may be charged almost double for your records and tapes.

### BUT RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA ENDS ALL THAT!

We're the largest **all-label** record and tape club in the world. Choose any LP or tape (cartridges and cassettes), including new releases. No exceptions! Take as many, or as few, or no selections at all if you so decide. Discounts are GUARANTEED AS HIGH AS 79% OFF! You always save at least 33⅓%. You get best sellers for as low as 99¢.

### NO AUTOMATIC SHIPMENTS

With our Club there are no cards which you must return to prevent shipment of unwanted LPs or tapes (which you would have to return at your own expense if you have failed to send written notice not to ship). The postage alone for returning these cards each month to the other clubs costs almost an additional $2.40. **We send only what you order.**

### HOW CAN WE BREAK ALL RECORD AND TAPE CLUB RULES?

We are the only major record and tape club NOT OWNED . . . NOT CONTROLLED . . . NOT SUBSIDIZED by any record or tape manufacturer anywhere. Therefore, we are not obliged by company policy to push any one label. Nor are we prevented by distribution commitments from offering the very newest LPs and tapes.

### SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY MEMBERSHIP OFFER

Join RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA now and take advantage of this special **Introductory Membership Offer.** Choose any 3 LPs or any 1 tape shown here (worth up to $20.94) and mail coupon with check or money order for $5.00 membership fee (a small handling and mailing fee for your free LPs or tapes will be sent later). **If you can't find 3 LPs or 1 tape here, you can defer your selection and choose from expanded list later.** This entitles you to LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP—and you never pay another club fee. Your savings have already more than made up for the nominal membership fee.

### NOW YOU CAN CHARGE IT

If you prefer, you may charge your membership to one of your credit cards. We honor four different plans. Check your preference and fill-in your account number on the coupon.

### LOOK WHAT YOU GET

- **FREE Lifetime Membership Card** — guarantees you brand new LPs and tapes at discounts up to 79% . . . Never less than ⅓ off.
- **FREE Giant Master LP and Tape Catalog**—lists thousands of all readily available LPs and tapes (cartridges and cassettes) of **all labels** (including foreign) . . . **all musical categories.**
- **FREE Disc and Tape Guide** — The Club's own Magazine, and special Club sale announcements which regularly bring you news of just-issued new releases and "extra discount" specials.
- **FREE ANY 3 Stereo LPs or any 1 Tape** shown here (worth up to $20.94) with absolutely no obligation to buy anything ever!

### GUARANTEED INSTANT SERVICE

All LPs and tapes ordered by members are shipped same day received (orders from the Master Catalog may take a few days longer). ALL RECORDS AND TAPES GUARANTEED—factory new and completely satisfactory or replacements will be made without question.

### MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you aren't absolutely delighted with our discounts (up to 79%)—return items within 10 days and membership fee will be returned AT ONCE! Join over two million budget-wise record and tape collectors now.

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RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA
CLUB HEADQUARTERS
YORK, PENNSYLVANIA 17405 **X794G**

Yes—Rush me a lifetime Membership Card, Free Giant Master LP & Tape Catalog, and Disc & Tape Guide at this Special Membership Offer. Also send me the 3 FREE LPs or 1 FREE tape which I have indicated below (with a bill for a small mailing and handling charge). I enclose my $5.00 lifetime membership fee. This entitles me to buy any LPs or tapes at discounts up to 79%, plus a small mailing and handling charge. I am not obligated to buy any records or tapes—no yearly quota. If not completely delighted I may return items above within 10 days for immediate refund of membership fee.

**3 FREE LPs**

☐ ☐ ☐

or **1 FREE TAPE**

☐ ☐ 8 track ☐ cassette

or ☐ **Defer Selection**—send expanded list.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

All Servicemen write Soc. Sec. #_____

**CHARGE IT** to my credit card. I am charging my $5.00 membership (mailing and handling fee for each FREE LP and tape selected will be added).

**Check one:** ☐ **Diners Club** ☐ **Master Charge** ☐ **American Express** ☐ **BankAmericard**

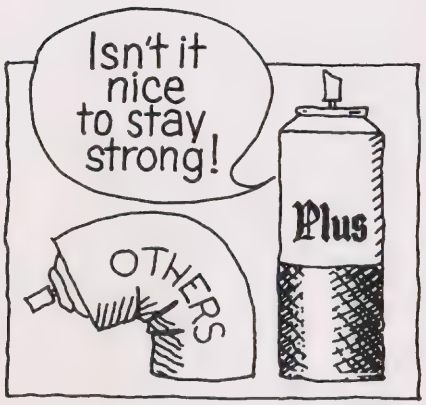
Acct. #_____ Expiration Date_____

Signature_____

**CANADIANS** mail coupon to above address. Orders will be serviced in Canada by Record Club of Canada. Prices vary slightly.

## RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA—The World's Largest Record and Tape Club

# English Leather Plus. When other deodorants get weaker, we come on strong.




After several hours, all anti-perspirant deodorants begin to weaken.

Even ours.

Ah, but that's our strong point.

At this crucial time . . . after a long day, and when your body needs it most . . . English Leather® Plus releases a fresh booster of English Leather fragrance to give you new deodorant protection.

Here's why:

Plus has two different time-release actions:

1. A time-release anti-perspirant.
2. And a time-release deodorant fragrance.

When you first spray on Plus it works like any good anti-perspirant. It keeps you dry, comfortable, and scented with that great English Leather aroma. Safe from wetness and body odor. The time-release deodorant fragrance is released hours later.

And automatically you have fresh protection against body odor.

English Leather Plus. It comes on strong, so you don't.

AVAILABLE IN CANADA
PRODUCT OF MEM CO., INC. NORTHVALE, N.J. 07647 © 1972


And let me tell you the tingling sensation of my bare behind in this vulnerable position is fantastic! She then proceeds to spank me lightly until I ejaculate. After ejaculation she keeps me over her lap and lightly rubs my bottom with her open hand in a circular motion which sends chills up and down my spine.

I am an executive and this little ritual relieves the strains and tensions of a hectic day at the office and commuting in crowded trains more than any amount of alcohol could. Sometimes we will play a game: if I can prevent coming while getting spanked over her lap until she releases me, we can have sex. Occasionally, if I am extra tense or keyed up, she will give me both a spanking and then an enema with a rectal syringe, and during the course of one or the other I will ejaculate. The feeling of being taken over her knee and given a sound going-over is out of this world, coming from a responsive, attractive, big-busted woman.—*Charles E. (name and address withheld), Huntington, New York.*

**Punishment to fit the crime**

The letter from Mrs. S.R.F. of England (September) re curing a husband of wearing women's clothing suggests you might appreciate my wife's attack on my rubber fetish.

We have long had our sex on a large rubber sheet (from Macy's) with my wife wearing a rubber bathing cap since the feel and smell of the rubber stimulated me to greater activity. My wife apparently tired of this for one morning after the kids were off to school, she invited me to bed for a surprise session. We stripped, but this time she told *me* to put on the rubber bathing cap. As I did, she produced a pair of rubber gloves which I put on with great expectations. My dear wife then tied my hands behind my back, wrists to elbows, and pushed me face down on to the rubber sheet. Pushing me diagonally across the bed, she strapped my ankles together with a leather book strap. She tied my strapped ankles to one corner of the bed and, with another cord, tied my forearms to the top of the bed At this point, she slipped a second rubber cap over my chin and face, fastening it tightly behind my head. There was a slit in the cap at my mouth and here she inserted a 2" piece of large diameter rubber hose into my mouth. I was so excited at this point I couldn't open my mouth quickly enough. A string which had been inserted through the hose was tied firmly at the back of my neck. She next wrapped the rubber sheet around me and taped it as tight as she could with adhesive tape. With a comment that I had plenty of rubber now, she smacked my buttocks gently and left the room saying she'd return in an hour or so.

It was over an hour and a half before she came back and I was getting pretty stiff when she began gently rubbing me from head to toe. Her comment that "Now I have fun" didn't register for a moment, as she put several belts round my thighs, waist and upper arms and drew them just as tight as she possibly could. The next thing I knew she was spanking me with all her energy with one of my loafers—she told me later she planned 30 wacks for each buttock. Being helpless in all that rubber with the stimulation of the beating, I came after about 20 smacks and the rest was real torture. After a remark that *that* should cure me, my sweet, kind, loving wife left me to do her chores. An hour or so later, she let me up and asked if I was cured of "that rubber business". I couldn't help but smile as I agreed—but added that bondage was even better.—*T.G. (name and address withheld), Bronx, New York.*

# WINSTON'S DOWN HOME TASTE!

*So Real. So Rich. So Good.*

20 CLASS A CIGARETTES
KING SIZE
Winston
FILTER · CIGARETTES
FULL - RICH TOBACCO FLAVOR
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
Winston tastes good like a cigarette should.
King Size and Super King Size.
WINSTON-SALEM, N.C.

KING: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, SUPER KING: 20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG.'71.

## London is the place to visit, and the place to visit in London is:

**Unforgettably sited off a quaint old English square in London's exclusive Mayfair district, the Penthouse Club is known to the international traveller as the home of Penthouse Pets, many from the pages of Penthouse itself. There's nowhere better for lunch (in the Speakeasy, all you want for $2.50), for dinner (a gourmet menu in the International Restaurant), or for gaming (craps and all the popular games in the Penthouse Casino). New attractions are being added all the time. For reservations call 01-493 1977. Take advantage now of this limited-period offer of Overseas Charter Membership at half the normal $50 rate. Just complete the application form below—as a Charter Member you'll be entitled to renew annually at this special discount.**

To: *The Selection Committee, The Penthouse Club, c/o Penthouse International Ltd.*, 1560 Broadway, N.Y., N.Y. 10036

I am over 21 years of age and wish to apply for Overseas Charter Membership of the Penthouse Club at one-half the normal fee of $50. As a Charter Member, I understand that all future renewals of my membership will be at one-half the normal fee and that I will be entitled to full Charter privileges at all future Penthouse Clubs planned to be opened.

MARRIED/SINGLE (delete as necessary): AGE:

OCCUPATION:

INCOME (dollars per annum, nearest 1,000):

DO YOU WISH TO APPLY FOR FREE CREDIT FACILITIES? yes/no

Enclosed is my check/money order/cash for $25

*Note:* The Penthouse Club undertakes to return in full the membership fees of anyone whose application is unacceptable to the Committee.

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION IS VALID FOR ONE YEAR

*Please print all details*

FULL NAME: _____

_____

ADDRESS: _____

_____

_____

SIGNED: _____

# VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE PUBLIC TROUGH

Say hello to Uncle Sam. You'll notice he looks like a sad, skinny Santa Claus.

The reason he looks that way is, people are always taking advantage of his generosity. Compared to him, Santa is a miserable old miser.

The fat fellow comes around only once a year with his lousy bag of toys and trinkets. And you get nothing if you haven't been cleared by his surveillance teams. ("He knows if you've been bad or good.") But Uncle passes out billions and billions of dollars. He does it all year round. And to get some, you certainly don't have to be good, for goodness' sake.

No bag in the world could possibly hold all the dollars he hands out. So he has built a gigantic trough – so huge it stretches from one end of America to the other, and even across the seas – where those who like dollars can come to feed. It's called the Public Trough. And it grows more popular every day.

People on welfare, as everyone knows, feed at The Trough, but if you think they're the only ones (and a lot of folks do think so) you've got some interesting surprises coming. Rich people come to feed there too. Lots of them. Also corporations and other institutions, as well as other governments. Cities, counties and states at home – and overseas whole nations. Together, they come away with considerably more than the poor people.

The Public Trough is divided into sections to keep the feeders from crowding each other out and creating confusion. These are known as Executive Departments and Independent Agencies. Poor people are generally directed to the Department of Health, Education & Welfare (HEW). Rich ones are assigned to sections like the Commerce Department or the Department of Agriculture. (Friendly foreign dictators in need of the means to maintain stability at home are routed through the State Department to the Pentagon.)

Last year, for example, Uncle Sam noticed a statistical coincidence. He had ten million welfare cases – people classified as Needy: Aged, Blind, Disabled and Dependent Children, most of them in the cities – and another ten million people living on the farms, many of them living below the poverty level. So he decided to give a nearly equal amount to each group. He poured $3.7 billion into The Trough for the welfare folks, and $4 billion into the Agriculture section for subsidy payments to the farmers.

That put an average of $370 in federal money into the hands of each person on welfare. Depending on local regulations, some got less and some more, though none got much more. Of the farm subsidy money, more than one-third ($1.5 billion) went to one-twentieth of the farmers; oddly enough, the richest twentieth. Nearly 8,500 of them got more than $25,000 each. Seven got over $1 million, including James G. Boswell of Los Angeles, who got more than $4 million. For *not* planting cotton on their land, movie actor John Wayne received $800,000 and Senator James Eastland of Mississippi $180,000.

Tobacco growers get subsidies from The Trough, too, for growing hazards to your health – so designated by the Surgeon General, whose salary comes from the same Trough.

Airlines get them for carrying the mail. Cities and states get them for building roads; Uncle Sam pays 90% of the cost of the Interstate Highway, even in Hawaii, where there's little chance of linking up with another state.

But not every feeder at The Trough takes his benefits in straight cash. Tax exemptions are even more popular. Under the Oil Depletion Allowance, petroleum companies are encouraged to drill for more oil by not having to pay taxes on roughly a quarter of their profits. So they get theirs by not putting so much *into* The Trough. Non-oil-drillers accomplish the same thing through Stock Options and Tax-Free Bonds. In 1968, there were 155 persons with incomes over $200,000 – including 11 with incomes over $1 million – who put not one penny in the form of taxes into The Trough. No telling how many others decided to be a sport and throw in a few dollars.

Still others opt for low-cost government-guaranteed loans, as in the famous case of Lockheed Aircraft Corp. But then, so do millions of home buyers, college students and veterans.

Truth to tell, there's hardly anyone who doesn't come to The Trough occasionally. And most of them more often than they think.

Aside from the three million men and women in the military, there are another three

million civilians working full time on Uncle Sam's payroll, many of them directly engaged in operating The Trough. Among those served through special grants, loans, insurance and other forms of financial support, besides those mentioned, are: lending institutions, schools and colleges, researchers, flood and other disaster victims, Indians, prisoners and school dropouts.

Vitally needed information is provided for fishermen, beekeepers and fur-trappers, writers, small businessmen, importers and exporters, gardeners, sportsmen, boaters, aviators, oyster planters, consumers, inventors, labor-management negotiators, stockbrokers and stockholders, travelers and stamp collectors.

To provide these and other interests with necessary regulation, information and administrative help, Uncle Sam operates a Postal Service, a Weather Bureau, a Geological Survey, a Fish & Wildlife Service, an Army Corps of Engineers, Patent and Copyright Offices, a Food & Drug Administration, a Federal Communications Commission, a Securities & Exchange Commission, a Federal Housing Administration, a Social Security System including Medicare. Also a Library of Congress, a Bureau of Standards, a Bureau of Labor Statistics and a Bureau of Indian Affairs.

Every ten years, Uncle Sam runs a census, making available reams of market research data. He administers Old-Age and Survivors' Insurance, trains and supplies air-traffic controlers for airports, supplies inspectors for everything from mines to meats, and even prints the money that flows into and out of The Public Trough.

Then, every two years he runs a Congressional election along with Presidential elections every four years, so we independent souls who stand on our own two feet can vent our anger at all those other parasites who feed there.

Happy New Year!—F.D.

TOUCHÉ

"Lady clerk required; must be touch type."—*Dewsbury Reporter.*

That's the kind we all like.

SMASHED STORY

"Maiko Sol, of 1464 Nouana Ave, was aresed by police las nigh on a charg og bing dunk and for assaul and bary on a woman".—*Honolulu Star-Bulletin.*

Case proved.

NOBLES OBLIGE

"A large row of pink earls belonging to a well-known lady of noble birth has been restored to her."—*South Wales Echo.*

# HAPPENINGS

WHO'S FOR DINNER?

Mystery Writers of America celebrate their annual dinner with suitably macabre menu.

## CRIMINÁLA CARTE MENU

*Mafiantipasto* — *Red Herring in Whine Sauce*

*Hamburglar Steak* — *Felon of Sole*

*Grilled Suspect*

*Agent Provocatournedos* — *Lecoq au Vin*

*Curried Favor with Maltese Falcondiments*

*Ghoulash*

*Holmes Fried Potatoes* — *Watercreasey Salad*

*Vincent Colliflower* — *Vampirogen*

*Private Ice* — *Marshmarlowe Whip* — *James Bondbonds*

*Chicago Pineapple with James M. Cain Sugar*

*Bertha Cool-Aid* — *Wilkie Rum Collins*

*Indict Mint Julep*

Dinner catered by the In Flagrante Delicatessen

ABORTION AND DEMAND

The liberalized abortion law in Washington D.C. has given birth to a new racket: the "abortion referral services". Desperate pregnant women pay up to $50 for the telephone number of the Washington Hospital Center's Women's Clinic – a number that is listed in the city directory. These women don't know where to turn. Why? Because supposedly there are no funds to advertise the number properly.

The Women's Clinic is the only hospital-based clinic in the city. The unit was established last January specifically to offer abortions on an outpatient basis and, though several Washington physicians perform the simple operation in their offices, the Clinic is the only place where all the back-up medical facilities of a hospital are available. Dr. Peterson, director of the Clinic, has disclosed some enlightening data about his patients:

In a city whose population is about 80% black, two-thirds of the patients are white.

About half the women are between the ages of 20 and 25.

More than two-thirds were either not married or not living with their husbands.

Three-quarters live in the metropolitan area and were not visitors to the "abortion mecca".

This data reflects the lack of community knowledge about the program. It also explains why people's miseries and lack of resource can be turned to a burgeoning business by a few sharp characters. How do they operate? By buying advertisements for their referral service in specialty journals and in the many university and underground newspapers published in the Washington area.

Mrs. Jane Snyder, the public information officer for the Clinic, feels that there must be a free central referral agency whose telephone number would be as widely publicized and easily available as that of the Rescue Squd or Police Department. "But we just don't have enough money to do what needs to be done," she says. "For the most part, we have to use word-of-mouth advertising. Happy patients are the best. . . ." Many social workers involved with the inner-city organizations that could help publicize the Clinic are reluctant to contribute time or effort. "A lot of the young people think the whole contraception and abortion kick is genocidal," one activist said. "They say it is Whitey's way of cutting down on the black population, so I won't have anything to do with it. It would cost me in confidence."

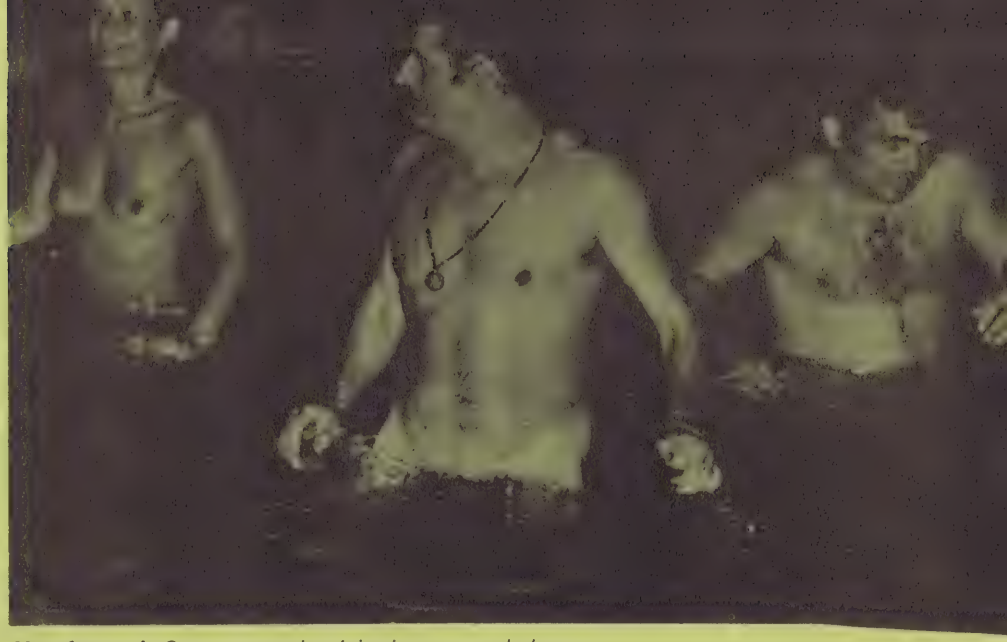
In the meantime, the Women's Clinic is operating at full capacity, averaging more than ten abortions every day.

NUDEST UBER ALLES

In the ratings for sexual advancement, Sweden has long held supremacy, with France getting a "highly commended" for artistry, and Israel moving up fast on the strength of tales of what goes on in kibbutzim. Now there is a new contender for sexual liberation—Germany. *Die Welt am Sontag,* a large German Sunday paper, recently stated that one out of every seven Germans prefers to disport him or herself on the beach in the nude. This makes Germany the world's foremost practitioner of nudism. The figures show that this taste has reached all ranks of German society and has become an accepted part of holiday life.

In fact, north German coastal resorts vie with each other to provide the best facilities for nudists (i.e., things like campsites which are really no different from those required by non-nudists). Some of the best beaches, such as the off-shore islands of Sylt, Berkum and Norderney, have been completely turned over to nudists. They are all readily accessible from the mainland via ferry, train and bridge. The resort life varies, but at its most chic one sees politicians, film stars and playboys all swing-

ing naked together on the beach or gambling in the local casino (where dress is required). Kampen is the smart resort, Westerland the largest, while Borkum and Norderney are popular with families.



***Hundressed:*** *German naturists join the new nude boom*

# WORDS

## BLUFFING FOR BOOKWORMS

David Frost is a kindly soul, as you can tell from his air of grave compassion toward the human merchandise he peddles on TV. In a gesture of unusual selflessness he has given us the secret of his perfect aplomb under fire from the giants of cultivation, sophistication, and erudition: he bluffs. Of course, you may argue, it is not difficult to bluff a giant of cultivation, sophistication, and erudition when the giant is begging you to speak the name of his book so its sale will make him a jolly rich giant. But that's a churlish thought. Common gratitude dictates that we use the secret the good David has given us; he wasn't always an arbiter of culture himself, but he has what it takes: a book—indeed, a pocket library of six books, originated in his native England, and now translated for us through the altruism of Crown Publishers. The book of books is and are *The Bluffer's Guide to . . . Cinema, Literature, Opera, Art, Wine, Music.* Individually, they are $1 each in paper; collectively, it's $6.95 for a casebound edition which will enable you to face six experts at once.

It is proof of the bluffer's art that each paper book has only David's name on the cover; but inside there are a couple of other guys, an Englishman and an American for each volume, who set up the bluffs for David. All the guys know too much to need to bluff, and some of them have a hard time hiding the fact. They do a good job, no question: you can get enough bluff to run a TV talk show by reading only the sentences that have a boldfaced name or an italic title in them, but look out! If you aren't careful you're going to end up knowing *too much* to run a talk show. Then you'll find yourself writing books for somebody who can.

In *The Bluffer's Guide to Literature,* for instance, Martin Seymour-Smith and Eugene Rachlis in a single four-page article on the American novel flatly order us to read – *read,* mind you – Faulkner, Hemingway, and Robert Penn Warren – all the works of each, it sounds like. "You need to have read these authors." they say, "and there is really no way out of it." But that's just the beginning. In the same short piece there are recommendations that we also read (read!): Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man;* Norman Mailer's *An American Dream;* both *On the Road* AND *The Dharma Bums* by Jack Kerouac (know anybody who has?); Saul Bellow's *Mr. Sammler's Planet;* Philip Roth's *Goodbye Columbus* (all the stories in the collection so the movie won't help); no less than seven Kurt Vonnegut novels (to bluff the young); Carson McCullers' *The Heart is a Lonely Hunter;* Eudora Welty (four books required); Joyce Carol Oates (two); "enough of the novels of Richard Wright, James Baldwin and Ellison, and the plays of Lorraine Hansberry and Leroi Jones to be knowledgeable"; *The Autobiography of Malcolm X;* Claude Brown's *Man Child in the Promised Land;* Eldridge Cleaver's *Soul on Ice;* James Jones's *From Here to Eternity,* and James Purdy's *The Nephew.* Those are the musts. There are many more books mentioned with the clear implication that you can't bluff in David's league unless you've read them too.

This is bluffing? Why not run over and pick up a degree from Cambridge (David's alma mater) while you're about it? To be sure you are allowed, in the same four pages, to bluff on Truman Capote; Johns Updike, Cheever, and Barth; Bernard Malamud; and a passel of others. But right through the book we find it takes a heap o' readin' to make a duffer a bluffer.

So, with a cocktail party coming up in the spring, we leap to the appendix: "Instant Safe Judgments and Attitudes". Instant – no readin' – but how safe? It's safe enough all right to "poor-chap" Cyril Connolly and Graham Greene and to "old hat" H. G. Wells, Bernard Shaw, Somerset Maugham, and John Steinbeck. But to put down Arnold Bennett we are given the rubric, "John Wain is more important," and Thomas Hardy too, we are told, is "much less *important*" than John Wain. By now you can see we've puffed up John Wain into a pretty conspicuous trial balloon, but when we get to his entry in the appendix we learn only: "Important. Mention how he hates publicity. Do not call him Jolly Jack Wain in any circumstances." We'll watch that, but what do we do in our immediate circumstance? Suppose a rulebreaker, a type the Guide warns about, asks us what Wain wrote? Thumbing frantically through the Guide we find only that he is a "Movement" poet and that we might try calling him "a cheerful naturalist – with appropriate explanation, easy enough to concoct." From what, Mr. Seymour Rachlis-Smith? Could David Frost do it?

Chances are, things would never get so far with John Wain, because the first mention of him would be received as John Wayne, and we'd be on to the movie bluff. This one is ridiculously easy, according to the *Bluffer's Guide to Cinema* by Ken Wlaschin and Leslie Elliott. Nothing to read but the Guide, and of course you don't have to go to movies, since nobody talks of plot and incident except abstractly.

"Going to the movies," we are reminded nostalgically, "used to be regarded as enjoyable but not particularly fashionable – rather like sex. It may have been fun, but you weren't supposed to talk about it afterward." You don't "go to the movies" any more, but you can still see any film you please and be securely *in* – and now you can talk your head off. There is a bluffer's cult for every genre, director, and actor, and if the cult for your favorite film is tiny, so much the better. Choose your cult, the Guide tells you, and ignore the others. You need never admit ignorance, only scorn.

This, like the other Guides, goes on to offer plenty of stuff for a bluff, but bluffing is an art, not a science. Better study not just the books, but the artist at work: David Frost himself.

## RECOMMENDED READING

*Honor Thy Father* by Gay Talese (World, $10). Blockbusting insight into the Mafia way of life. From the business angle, a less moving but soundly researched job is *The Mafia is not an Equal Opportunity Employer* by Nicholas Gage (McGraw Hill, $5.95). Includes a

secret government report on Frank Sinatra.

*144 Piccadilly* by Samuel Fuller (Baron, $5.95). Sex spiced with violence, not for weak stomachs. A touching note is the bike gang-leader who has the Lord's Prayer tattooed on his penis.

*Bob Dylan* by Anthony Scaduto (Grosset, $6.95). A thorough unauthorized biography – the best kind.

*The Betsy* by Harold Robbins (Trident, $7.95). Nobody does internecine big business wars like Robbins. Also outrageous sex, all in the family.

*Strange Loves* by Eustace Chesser (Morrow, $5.95). Sexual variations compassionately examined.

## SHOWS

### PRESIDENTIAL CAPERS

Richard Nixon has meant many things to many people, including himself, but who'd a thunk he would ever wind up, at the height (or nadir, depending on your political orientation) of his checkered career, becoming a show business trend? The fact is that Nixonology has become a hot new motif in plays and at least one film, and it may get even hotter as we careen wildly towards November 1972, when the man from Whittier runs once more for the Presidency.

Nixon was first satirized loosely in Gore Vidal's *The Best Man*, a Broadway hit in 1960. Played by the late Frank Lovejoy, who had a physical resemblance to our 38th President, the character—Senator Joe Cantwell by name—was a driven politico with a shadow in his past. Vidal was obviously taking off the famous Nixon "Checkers" episode; but, being Gore Vidal, he transmogrified this incident into a vague homosexual caper in the Aleutian Islands during World War II. Nixon has been pricked and pilloried on many counts but homosexuality, except for the Vidal play, has never been one of them. At any rate the most lasting result of *The Best Man* is a famous Broadway anecdote.

It seems that during the run of the Vidal play another hit, Paddy Chayefsky's *The Tenth Man,* was running at a theater across the street. An innocent Midwestern couple, doubtless one of the "silent majority", ordered tickets for *The Tenth Man,* thinking it was *The Best Man*, and not realizing that Chayefsky's play took place in an orthodox Jewish synagogue, with a cast of devout and bearded Jews, frequently in ceremonial attitudes. Our Midwesterners sank into their seats at *The Tenth Man* and watched the synagogue goings-on complete with Hebraic chants for 15 minutes, whereat the wife turned to her husband and asked, "Which one is Nixon?"

Nixon resurfaced on Broadway a decade later in *Lenny*, a striking pastiche of the late Lenny Bruce's career. In this, Nixon's countenance is one of several huge effigies dangling from the flies, along with those of Jackie Kennedy, Dracula, Adolf Hitler and Little Orphan Annie. The play contains some sharp Bruce jibes at Nixon, but it's all good dirty fun, compared to the onslaughts now on the way.

***Walker:*** *has folk a future?*

*Millhouse,* a current documentary film subtitled "A White Comedy", loathes Nixon and doesn't mince any film about it. It was produced and directed by Emil De Antonio, who will be remembered by cineastes for his *Point of Order*, a violent attack on Joe McCarthy and *The Year of the Pig,* a violent attack on U.S. Vietnam policy. *Millhouse* is a violent attack on Nixon, from filling-station to White House, in doctrinaire liberal-exposé style. It does not accuse him of wife-beating, but that's about the only character flaw it omits. During its New York City premiere run at an art-film temple on the Upper West Side, *Millhouse* played to record business, the auditorium resounding with hisses, catcalls and derisive laughter at every slash.

The New Year promises at least three Broadway plays with Nixon as star. One is a musical version of *The Selling of the President,* the Joe McGuiness best-seller about the 1968 campaign. Then there is *The Nixon Show* by Charles Dizenzo in the style of *Millhouse:* at the end of the play, Nixon is trapped in a cage with a rat, and is burned to death with napalm. And last but certainly not least, a new Gore Vidal play in which Nixon and the Administration are satirized. Since the new work is in the standard Vidal tradition, it will be interesting to see in which act of the play a homosexual incident is mentioned.

In a strange way, this outpouring of anti-Nixonism may prove self-defeating. When Nixon held his classic press conference following his unsuccessful 1962 campaign for Governor of California and said, "You're not going to have Dick Nixon to kick around again any more," he did not yet realize that the Nixon career from crisis to crisis actually *depends* on being kicked around. This is because the kickers, invariably of liberal bent, get so carried away with their splenetic distaste for Nixon that they underestimate his basic shrewdness. They forget that he is a political animal who has learned how to succeed as an underdog. His enemies also miscalculate in their patronizing disdain for the Fourth-of-July idealism that is the rod-and-staff comfort of the American middle class. Millions of Americans who are not devious, grasping, mean-minded or lacking in compassion, still believe that opportunity lurks in our tormented giant of a nation. Their sentimentality may not be fashionable or even justifiable; but they will continue to wear narrow ties and short haircuts and think pleasantly of the American flag.

And, regardless of (and even because of) the extraordinary vituperation of the anti-Nixon onslaught, they may just go into those voting booths in November 1972, and elect him all over again because they don't want to see Dick Nixon kicked around any more.

### PENTHOUSE PICKS

*Play Misty For Me,* Universal Pictures. Clint Eastwood's first directorial effort. Full of chilling surprises as a knife-wielding psychotic runs amok in scenic Monterey.

*The Last Picture Show,* Columbia. Directed by Peter Bogdanovitch. Brilliant realization of growing up in a Texas town circa 1951. A *Summer of 42,* but more stringent.

*T. R. Baskin,* Paramount Pictures. Candice Bergen finally gets it all together with a brilliant performance as a small-town girl who goes to the big city.

*Joe Hill,* Paramount. A Cannes prize-winner directed by Bo Widerberg. Depressing but "important."

## SOUNDS

### FALLEN FOLK

Jerry Jeff Walker, the folksinger who wrote *Mister Bojangles,* stood at the bar in the Kettle Of Fish, a small hurdy-gurdy saloon

with sawdust floors in Greenwich Village. He sipped a glass of cheap white wine and stared out into the chill night air of the city.

"I came to New York from Texas five years ago," he recalled, speaking with the slightest trace of a Southwestern accent. "I wish I had gone to Nashville instead of coming here," he added abruptly, his words filled with bitterness. "When I go down South, people say 'Oh, you're a songwriter', but in New York, people say 'Oh, you're like Bob Dylan, you write folk songs'." He held his hand across the bar and the waiter filled up his glass with more cheap wine. Without looking, he drank it in one gulp, spilling some on his unshaved chin.

The singer/songwriters with their acoustic guitars, once the supreme artists of the folk music boom, have fallen upon hard times. It seems like it was just yesterday they were the rage on the college campuses and small musty espresso coffee houses were everywhere. Now the great majority of these performers work when they can, at a wage untouched by inflation. The lone balladeer with a guitar has become a highly unprofitable musical commodity. Sean LeRoche, a booking agent for Premier Talent, puts many of these performers on the same bill with touring rock bands. "I try to get them (the folk artists) as much work as I can," he remarks, "but there just isn't that much demand for what they're doing."

The once lucrative folk market has all but dried up. Even folk idol Bob Dylan joined the wave to electric rock music several years ago. The few folk artists who have managed to eke out a decent living since the advent of the rock explosion have been forced to travel with back-up bands. The others have drifted into selective eclecticism, performing for a rapidly diminishing audience. Many of the more popular folk performers have drifted towards country music, which only a few years ago was anathema to the liberal-minded acoustic performer. Joan Baez, Buffy Ste. Marie, Eric Anderson, Judy Collins, Bob Dylan and many others now record almost exclusively in Nashville. "We go our way and they go theirs," Frank Jones, the robust director of Columbia Records' Nashville studios states. "Most of the people around here don't pay folk performers that much attention. They're getting a country sound to their music, but the songs aren't really the kind that the country audience is used to."

Paul Siebel was one of the first folksingers to perform a country and western style of music in the espresso houses. Raised in Upper New York State, he grew up listening to recordings by Roy Acuff, the Carter Family, Hank Williams and Red Foley in the local jukeboxes. "I'd never go down to Nashville to record," he says firmly. "What they do in the studios down there isn't really country music anymore. I'd rather stay in New York and bring Nashville people up here. That way, they play what you want them to. But when you go down there, they play all that slick stuff and that isn't the sound that I'm after." Like many other singer/songwriters, Siebel approaches country music from an intellectual rather than an emotional framework. So the music remains neither country nor folk and is unable to reach either audience.

***Battered and Bruced:*** *fantasy scene from "Lenny" on stage*

Chris Hillman, formerly a member of the highly successful rock band The Byrds, came to country music in a more traditional manner. "When I left the Byrds I had just broken up with my wife," he recalls. "I was feeling really sad, so I went out and began singing country blues in small bars. It just seemed like the natural thing to do. The music expressed an honesty that I felt." He, along with fellow ex-Byrds Gram Parsons and Chris Ethridge, formed a country band called The Flying Burrito Brothers, but instead of performing for a c & w audience, they found they were relegated to the coffeehouses and college campuses where the folk musicians have sought haven. "We seem to have our biggest audience along the East coast in cities like New York and Boston," Hillman laments. "Except for those places and Colorado, hardly anybody knows about us."

The future for the singer/songwriter appears even dimmer. Many of the smaller clubs are closing their doors or moving towards a rock format. A local band will draw in twice as many patrons as a singer with a guitar and will work for an even lower wage. The club-owners realize this, as do most booking agents and managers. One exception is Michael Brovsky, the promoter who helped build a nationwide chain of coffeehouses catering to folk acts. Brovsky put together a folk festival at Ohio University in Athens last spring which drew in over 20,000 folk fans and was not marked by any of the violence or drugs usually associated with music fests. But few other events on such a scale have occurred and the future looks bleak.

Jerry Jeff Walker finished his glass of white wine and motioned for the bartender to bring him another. "The only place where anybody can understand what I'm doing is down in Nashville," he said, fumbling with his glass. It was almost closing time as he rose from his barstool and walked over to a table where Dave Van Ronk and Keith Sykes sat nursing half-finished drinks. Van Ronk has a long-shoreman's body, a Bohemian-style beard and a strong Brooklyn accent. He has been playing and singing folk music for over 15 years. He is a legend to his devout legion of fans, but a tax loss to his record company. Keith, on the other hand, arrived in New York from Memphis less than two years ago and still retains the milkfat child-man face of the South. But, like Van Ronk, he has encountered the hard times of the folk musician. "They're all crazy, all of those people," he drawls, speaking to nobody in particular. "They don't know what kind of music they want to hear."

Dave Van Ronk laughs heartily at his young companion and pats him on the back. "But I've know that for years," he says, making a futile effort to straighten out his rumpled workshirt. A few heads turn around and nod grim agreement. Jerry Jeff Walker pushes away the last of his wine and silently leaves the table. He puts his hands deep into his pockets, hunches his head and walks out into the wintry dawn to become lost in the grey street, living the fable of *Mister Bojangles.*

RECOMMENDED RELEASES

Joan Baez/*Blessed Are* (Vanguard). Double album recorded in Nashville with music by top local writers. Her best in years.

Mickey Newberry/*Looks like Rain* (Mercury) and *Frisco Mabel Joy* (Electra): Top Nashville writer-balladeer performing his own special style of blues.

David Bromberg (Columbia). First solo venture of the great acoustic musician—he has played backup guitar behind more people than he cares to remember.

Townes Van Zandt/*Our Mother, the Mountain* and *Delta Momma Blues* (Poppy). Bespectacled Texas cowboy sings trad.

# MONEY

BOOM IN CRIME CONTROL

There's something in the art of business that cannot be taught, according to **Walter Gutman** – something that some people have and others don't, just as it is in sports or in looks.. He continues:

"For example, E. J. Burke Jr., whom I met recently, borrowed $300 from the pension plan of the Policeman's Benevolent Assn. in Buffalo late in 1963 and started Burke Security Inc. His 62% interest in the company has a market value of almost $5 million at current prices. Ed is finalizing a deal with a major banking house to bring him new capital and pave the way for a further rapid expansion of his business – sales in 1972 could be five times what they are in 1971.

"But Ed Burke had more than just intuitive genius when he borrowed the $300. He had family experience, because his late father had built a modest security operation. He had experience as a member of the Buffalo Police Force and as a rackets investigator for the Waterfront Commission. He also had the tide with him – the ever-enlarging crime wave created a demand for his know-how. What makes Ed a fortune-builder whom we should keep our eyes on is that he has made the most of the opportunity. He has done this by doing the details a little better than the competition and even more by seeing the bigger role that better security procedures can play.

"For instance, it's not just a question of catching pilferers and bringing them to account, but to get management to realize how much is at stake and how much can be saved by better security. Managements tend to be penny-wise and pound-foolish when it comes to security. Sometimes what is needed is some skilled undercover work and such an operator might cost the client $1,500 – $2,000 a month. How long the investigation is needed is never precisely predictable and some managements hesitate to make the commitment. But one utility company which hired a Burke undercover operator saved $250,000 that year in operating costs and also stopped pilferage.

"Ed's big pitch about security is that a hell of a lot of money is going down the drain because of needless lack of precaution. For instance, the steel industry figures it loses about $600 per employee through thieving. Some of the pilferage brings no profit to the employee. They just like to look at what they stole. One steel-worker in whose home Ed was a guest had a beautiful wrench used to tighten and loosen parts of a huge crane – he had no use at all for what he had stolen, he just liked it aesthetically. But whether for profit or for the love of art, the cost to the 65 companies that make raw steel and constitute 95% of the American steel industry is over $400 million a year. These companies in 1970 made less than $1 billion before taxes. Thus if they could cut pilferage in half it would add 20% to the industry's pre-tax profits. It's not just Japanese competition that has kept steel company profits down – it's the daddy image of large corporations which makes the employees feel that they are not really stealing when they "borrow" something from the corporate toolshed or supply room.

"The daddy image psychology is particularly prevalent in the retail industry. Just a small bottle of perfume – what does daddy care? – or a body stocking, or something bigger . . . Store employees instinctively form a friendly family cooperative unit and pilferage by employees is greater than by shoplifters. All sorts of technical equipment is beamed at the customers, like closed-circuit TV and surveillance mirrors, but you can't do that with the employees. "Only a trusted employee can steal", says Ed Burke pithily. It happens over and over again – the trusted secretary, the trusted accountant, and the boss who hates to believe it.

"But then bosses are not always so ethical – they hold back on justified pay raises, fail to establish well-thought-out procedures of compensation, push for a little less time for coffee break, a little more production than the employee feels is fair. And when the employee feels the boss is unfair then he thinks what he steals is really unofficial extra compensation. The situation is loaded with psychological quirks.

"Burke estimates that American business has been losing more than $2 billion a year for the last decade through internal pilferage and external larceny. With inflation affecting every statistic, the 1971 bill will probably be greater. The objective is to prevent the stealing rather than catch the thief – if you do catch the thief you still may not get back the stolen goods. So the security system has to be well thought out and the personnel well trained. Burke got a government grant to establish a school to teach guards and other operatives – especially to develop the skills among hardcore unemployables in Buffalo. The effort was so successful that of the 30 hardcores enrolled that first year 15 became permanent with the Burke organization, and most of the others were hired by other security organizations.

"Burke says: 'If we hold class just once a month, that's 12 times as much training as other companies like us give.' I asked him what his professors taught. 'The most important lesson is the value of courtesy in the maintenance of security. The most important word we teach our guards to use is 'sir'. We convince our guards that courtesy is a weapon. We teach them that being a security guard is not the same as being a tough cop. Courtesy creates cooperation and eliminates resistance. It's hard to get by a barrier of courtesy backed by disciplined well-informed firmness. The repetition of 'sir' knocks them apart like an ultrasonic device.'

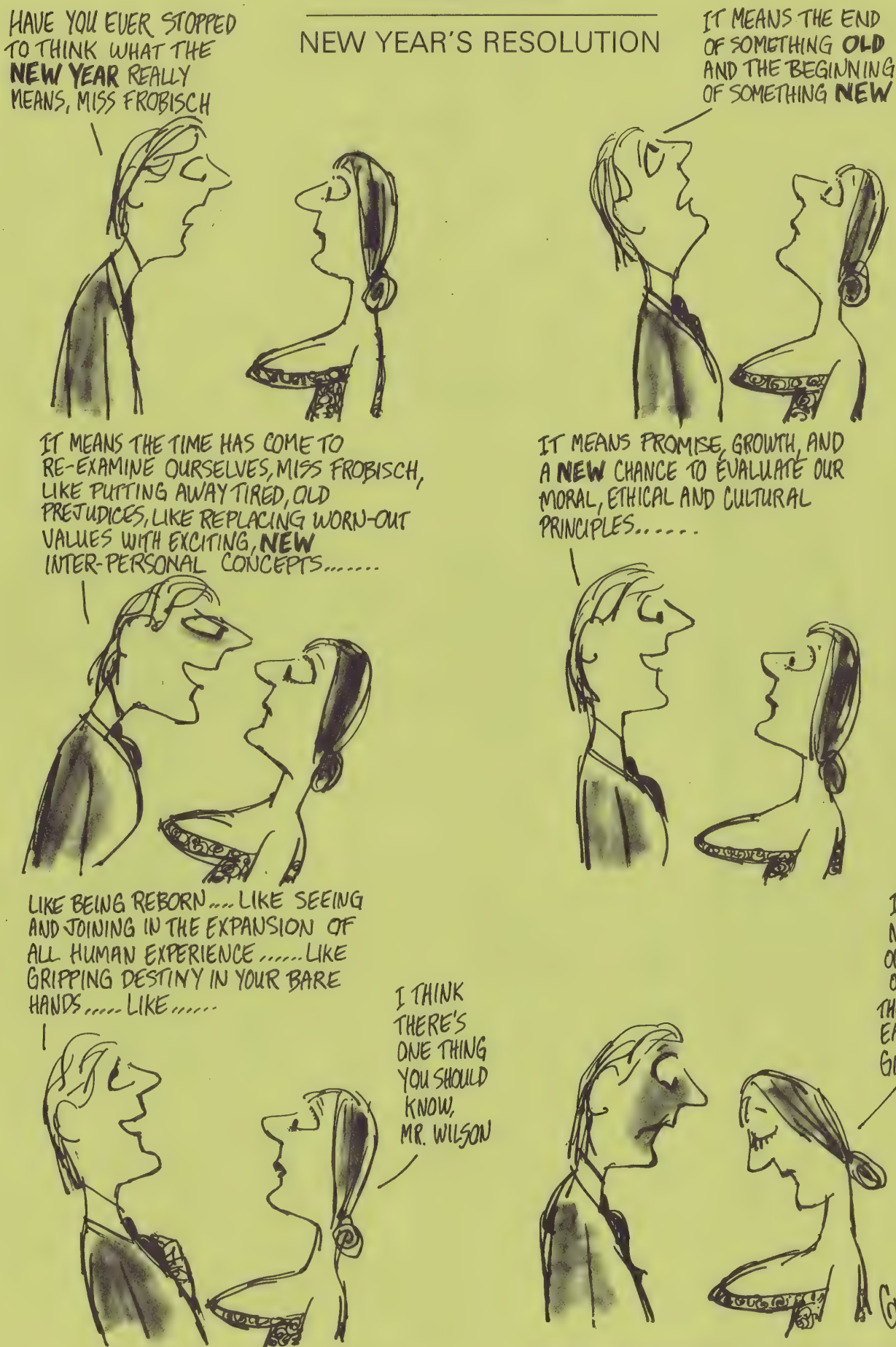
"The cost of crime, a far larger economic burden than is realized, is of course borne by you, Mr. Taxpayer. You may think that when the miscreant is arrested, tried and sent to jail he's out of the way – but not for you, for you pay for his yearly keep. One jailer said on a TV program that it costs as much to keep a prisoner in his jail as it does to send a boy or girl to Harvard. The yearly cost per prisoner in an institution like Attica is probably of the order of $5,000. The guards alone come to about $1,000 per prisoner per year and of course the building, beautifully constructed of masonry and the finest metals, has to be paid for. If the average residence in Attica is 20 years the prisoners in residence could account for $250 million in tax payment during this period. And that is just one prison.

"Crime receives much attention from the sociological point of view, generally with a bias of sympathy for the criminal, but this sympathy is divorced from a realization of the total damage that crime does society. For instance, putting a man on the moon cost $27 billion stretched out over 10 years. This is comparable to Burke's estimate of what pilferage costs in a single decade. Now we are cutting back on space exploration and on other government-sponsored scientific investigations because of inflation. Yet there is nothing more economically significant than to press forward in the knowledge of life . " Could there be anything sadder than to have to think that the cost of riots, muggings, rape and pilferage prevented us from searching deep enough into the secrets of life?

"But one of the very difficult aspects defying solution is that crime for many who practice it is a thrill. Ed Burke said to me: 'Rape isn't going to stop just because they make prostitution semi-legal – the rapists have wives and girl friends. It's the thrill, the fear, the relief from fear, the triumph of rape and often murder going with it, not simply lack of sex which drives the rapist on. And the same with other crimes. When I was on the Waterfront Commission we ran our own fence so as to collect evidence. Once we bought a $100,000 truckload of textiles for $3,000. That haul didn't return much to the criminals except excitement. But the danger of crime is one of the reasons for doing it!"

## GUCCIONE

### NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION


HAVE YOU EVER STOPPED TO THINK WHAT THE **NEW YEAR** REALLY MEANS, MISS FROBISCH
IT MEANS THE END OF SOMETHING **OLD** AND THE BEGINNING OF SOMETHING **NEW**
IT MEANS THE TIME HAS COME TO RE-EXAMINE OURSELVES, MISS FROBISCH, LIKE PUTTING AWAY TIRED, OLD PREJUDICES, LIKE REPLACING WORN-OUT VALUES WITH EXCITING, **NEW** INTER-PERSONAL CONCEPTS.....
IT MEANS PROMISE, GROWTH, AND A **NEW** CHANCE TO EVALUATE OUR MORAL, ETHICAL AND CULTURAL PRINCIPLES.....
LIKE BEING REBORN.... LIKE SEEING AND JOINING IN THE EXPANSION OF ALL HUMAN EXPERIENCE..... LIKE GRIPPING DESTINY IN YOUR BARE HANDS..... LIKE.....
I THINK THERE'S ONE THING YOU SHOULD KNOW, MR. WILSON
I'M NOT ONE OF THOSE EASY GIRLS
GUCCIONE

# HENRY MORGAN

Colin Meir

## THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE

One day it's Friday, 1971, and the next day it's Saturday, 1972. Now, what is this all about?

Friday is named for the goddess Frigg. Frig, her other name, was married to Wodin, the god of Wednesday. Saturday is named for Saturn, the god of seed-sowing, for the love of Jove. Now these gods, if that's what you want to call them, were made up by clods who hadn't even *heard* of the real nifties like Siva, Mohammed and Marjorie Post Hutton Davies, the goddess of Corn Flakes. Time itself was invented by some drunks who had to figure out, by watching the moon go by, when to plant the barley for making beer. Time is such a peculiar idea that the ancient Hebrews couldn't dig it at all, so when you read the Bible (when did you ever do that?) you can't possibly figure out what the hell is going on. It says Methuselah lived 900 years. By whose count—a flock of shepherds? You hang around on a hillside long enough watching sheep and you don't know what day it is, never mind what year.

Time is simply an artificial device by which we arrange to meet a guy at six o'clock to figure out how to find some broads before midnight. Midnight itself doesn't mean anything to anybody who's ever lived through a whole summer and a whole winter. The middle of the night probably comes once in December and once in June. The rest of the time you might just as well call it Charlie.

Listen. A group of scientists just went around the world in a jet with some finely tuned clocks. They wanted to test Einstein's theory that a watch or clock tells different time if you rush it through the atmosphere. Well, if a *moving* clock doesn't know what time it is and a moving scientist doesn't know any more than a sitting one, who are you to tell me when is New Year's Eve?

A fellow named Gregory once made up a calendar to suit himself and everybody who was anybody (though in those days nobody was anybody much) accepted it. He had started with the project in the days before people walked around saying things like "I have to catch the 9.15." The fact is that nobody was going anywhere.

Pope Gregory's calendar lasted till Julius Caesar—come to think of it, it must have been the other way around. Anyway, Caesar decided, like a Caesar, not that he didn't like time, but that he didn't like the *names* given to it. He took what they then understood to be a month and named it, very cleverly, I've often thought, after himself: July. (This later annoyed Augustus, also a Caesar, and you know what he did.)

Some smart foot later figured out that according to the Moon (there's an authority for you!) Gregory (was it?) was in error, so he changed the years around. This affected absolutely nothing. As a matter of fact our years *still* don't fit and it doesn't bother anybody a bit.

January is named for Janus, the god of doors and gates. Well, you see the kinds of people who used to be around. They drew him as having two heads, one facing south and one north to show the way a door swings. So the Romans figured he'd be great for the first month, facing the old year backwards and the new year forwards. Brilliant.

February is too short and not worth discussing.

March is for Mars, naturally, the god of war. People apparently thought a great deal of war at one time. There weren't many people around, it's true, but they could sure use the old noggin.

April is the cruelest month. It's from the Latin *aprilis* which you can look up any time you want to.

Look up May while you're at it.

September is a lot of laughs. Sept means seven, and Oct is eight, and so forth. Now it just so happens that the seventh month is July, not September. It's simple to figure that December, the tenth month according to its name, si really some time in February, which is not worth discussing.

Am I boring the hell out of you if I mention that Monday has to do with the moon and Sunday is just what you think it is?

Now, we say that there are 24 hours in a day. Is this true? Does an hour really have 60 minutes? Is the city of London at nothing, Greenwich Mean Time? Does light travel at 186,000 miles a second?

This reminds me of a joke I used years ago in radio. A guy says that the way he tells time is by using a stick with notches in it. He says that he sets fire to the bottom of the stick and waits until it burns up to the first notch. Then he knows it's time for breakfast. When it burns to the second notch it's time for lunch; the third notch is time for dinner. By the time it burns to the last notch he knows it's time to go to bed.

He calls it "burnus notches."

Read that again.

The Chinese invented a water clock. They measured time by when the tank got to be empty. This was so successful that they did nothing at all from A.D. 936 to 1912.

The Aztecs had a calendar based on the movements of the sun. They didn't know whether the world went around the sun or vice versa and they didn't care. They disappeared entirely.

Still and all, man would be in terrible shape if he hadn't dreamed up the concept of time. He wouldn't be able to say things such as "I'll be a millionaire in ten years" or "Boy what a party that was last night," or "When does this plane get to Chicago?" or "It's later than you think," or "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party."

And, let's face it, we've done very well. In the last couple of thousand years we've invented smog, plastic houses and dumb-Polack jokes. History shows perfectly well that no matter how dumb we've been in the past, there's always the future to be dumb in. The youth of the world has found a marvelous way to wipe out all conception of time and if they're right, only time will tell.

The Prophet said: "There's a time to live and a time to die." Maybe he knew something. If he did, he didn't say what it was.

So listen. Are you really going to celebrate on Friday that the next day will be Saturday? I guess there's no stopping you.

Like, Happy New Year.

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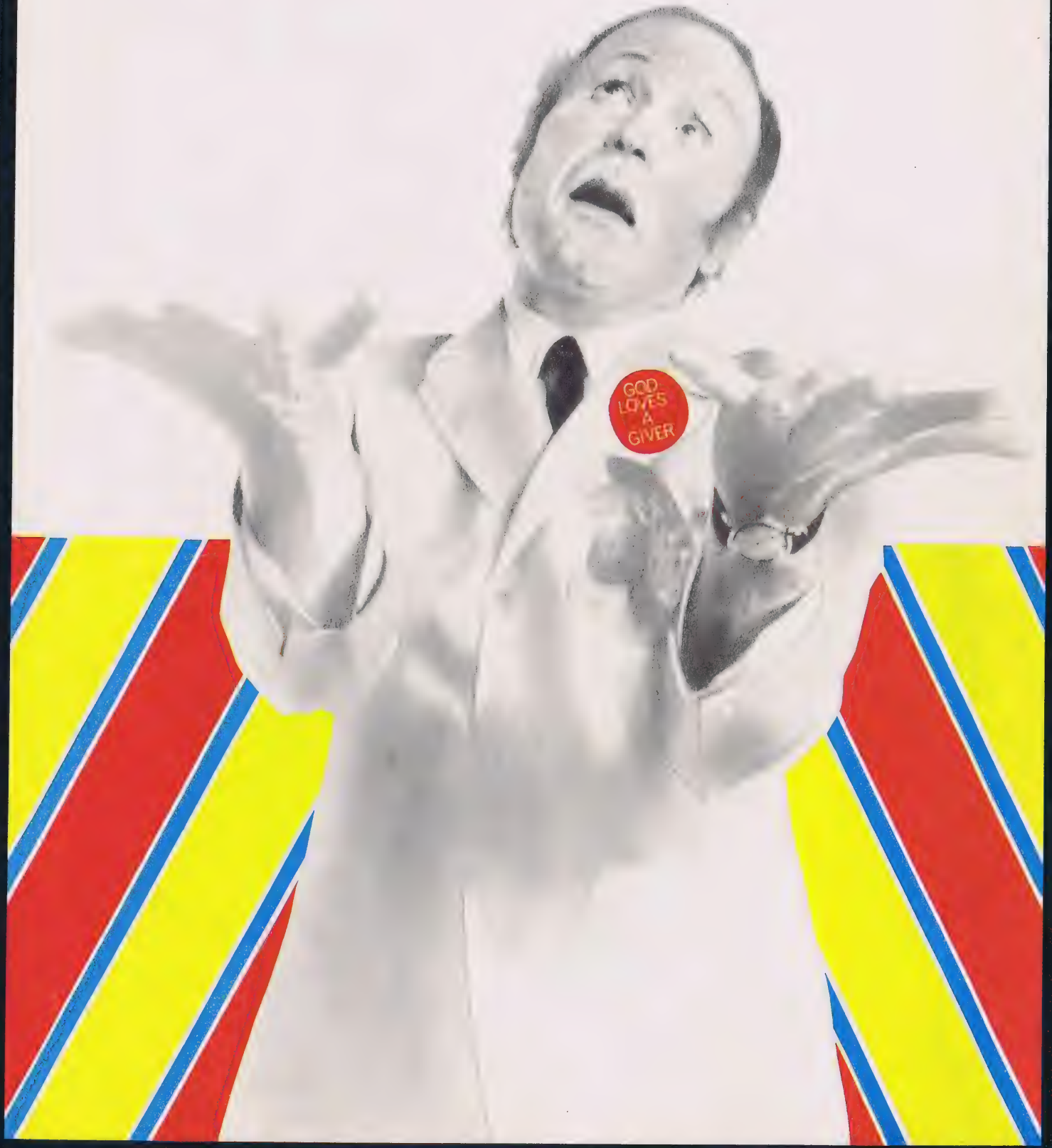
# BEGGING EVERYTHING BUT YOUR PARDON

In the big business of professional "fund-raising", nearly every cause is a good one – but does every good cause need charity? Why beg when you're loaded? by **Samuel L. Blumenfeld**



At a seminar of college presidents on fund-raising one of the presidents raised the question of how often to put the bite on the alumni. *Business Week* reported the answer: "There was a consensus on that one: as often as you can. Donors are like cows; if they are not milked, they dry up." The image of the donor as a cow crops up regularly in fund-raising literature. And milking the generous American cow has become a business just as organized as the dairy original.

If you have any doubts about how big a business begging is, consider some astounding figures published by the American Association of Fund-Raising Counsel: in the decade of the 1960s Americans gave a total of $125.5 billion to charitable non-profit causes. Of this, $97.5 billion was solicited from living individuals. That's a staggering amount of money to separate from its owners for no more than a receipt, a letter of thanks, a plaque, or your name on something. As for the phenomenal growth of "giving", here are the figures: in 1960 individuals gave over $7.1 billion to voluntary causes. In 1969 that amount was up to $13.6 billion—just about double—and in 1970, despite the recession, it was up to $14.3 billion. The increase reflects the growing affluence of our citizens, but it is also a measure of the proliferation of charitable causes and the sharpening skill of the professional fund-raiser.

In all, the more than $18 billion given for philanthropic purposes in 1970 represents nearly 2 per cent of the GNP. And fund-raisers expect to do even better in the booming years ahead.

Is "begging" the right word for such a big business? Well, the dictionary defines "to beg" as "to ask for as charity" and a beggar is defined as "a person who begs or asks charity, especially one who does so for a living." That's an almost perfect description of a professional fund-raiser. The professional solicitor, adhering to the ethical standards of the American Association of Fund-Raising Counsel, may not actually solicit the money, but only help the institution solicit it. Still, he does collect a fee which provides him with a comfortable livelihood.

The professional fund-raiser, however, prefers to see himself as a milker rather than a beggar. For while a beggar is inferior to the donor, a milker is superior to the animal he milks. Not that all fund-raisers think in these terms. The old-timers saw themselves as toilers in the vineyards of philanthropy, but the new breed is a lot more sophisticated and what they really think may not be printable. If you read enough fund-raising literature, however, you will easily conclude that professional fund-raisers are people who get a peculiar thrill from separating people from their money. Could some of them be repressed or frustrated extortionists who have found a socially acceptable way of exercising their peculiar predilections? What is certain is that the professionals are, in general, an uncommonly clever breed.

Due to this cleverness, fund-raising has become so big that some of the charity beneficiaries collect more money by begging for it than some large corporations make from selling products and services. For example, in 1969 the American Cancer Society collected $61,013,147 through its fund-raising efforts, and Harvard University harvested $50,947,768 by using some of the most efficient techniques of begging ever devised. Admittedly, Harvard is the oldest institutional beggar in America, having started in 1641 by sending three clergymen to England to solicit money for the college.*

The point being made is that Harvard and the American Cancer Society are only two of the hundreds of thousands of non-profit organizations and institutions subsisting on private generosity. And the number of these non-profit bodies is increasing yearly, so that Americans can look forward to becoming an even more frequent target of the fund-raiser than they are now. Is all of this begging necessary? Is there no better way to accomplish the same end?

The fact is that more money is being put into medical research by the commercial, profit-making pharmaceutical houses than by all of the national health agencies combined. The American Cancer Society is a case in point. It is spending more money scaring the living daylights out of cigarette smokers than finding a cure for cancer. In fact, only a small percentage of the money collected by the American Cancer Society goes to support cancer research in universities and hospitals. For this reason, many people are happy with President Nixon's proposal to set up a national agency to find a cure for cancer modeled on the Space Agency that got us to the moon. Frankly, few like to see government getting even larger than it is already. But the American people are impatient. The American Cancer Society has done a good job in making our people cancer-conscious, and Americans have been shelling out money for a cure for years. They want to see results.

As for schools, too many institutions of learning have succumbed to a kind of operative inefficiency endemic to the non-profit state of mind. Their status as beggars seems to handicap them in dealing with their problems realistically. There are enough profit-making institutions of learning in this country to have demonstrated that schools, colleges and universities need not become an eternal burden on their alumni and supporters. In most cases they can be run as efficiently as businesses, make a profit, pay taxes, provide excellent education, and be a charitable burden on no one.

But the trend is away from profit-making private education to non-profit private schools. For example, the National Association of Independent Schools reported that in 1968 111 of its member schools derived all of their income from tuition. In 1969 that figure was down to 66. In other words, in one year 45 schools had passed from the profit-making status to the non-profit one. Why?

The reasons are more psychological than economic, for new profit-making proprietary schools are still coming into existence despite increases in operating costs. The truth is that profit-making schools are discriminated against by the non-profit educational establishment. When Millard G. Roberts, the former president of Parsons College of Fairfield, Iowa, transformed in 11 years that deficit-ridden institution with an enrollment of 212 into a healthy college of 4,700 students with a year-end profit of $8 million, he was denounced by a national magazine in a slanderous article. Parsons College was also refused accreditation by the non-profit North Central Association of Colleges & Secondary Schools. Yet Parsons was successful not only financially, but academically as well.

What Roberts did was to cut down the number of costly hair-splitting courses, run the college on a year-round trimester basis, accept all high-school graduates who applied, institute a unique system of team teaching with free tutors for students who needed them, pay the faculty the highest salaries in the country except for Harvard and the University of Chicago, build efficient, practical buildings. He was able to do all of this on a cost-pricing basis.

The non-profit schools ganged up on Parsons because it had proved that it was possible to run a college as efficiently as a business without in any way sacrificing the quality of education. This was the last thing the non-profit schools wanted their supporters and alumni to know. It might put ideas in their heads.

Actually, education is not the largest recipient of American philanthropy. Religion is. In 1970 religion got 44.80% of the charitable pie, education got 16.66%, health and hospitals 16.40%, human resources 6.90%, civic and cultural 5.0%, and all others 10.24%. But individuals are still the greatest source of money for charitable causes, accounting for upwards of 78% of total giving. Foundations gave 9.30% of the total, bequests accounted for 7.65%, and corporations 4.90%. Which means

* The trio obtained £500 but eventually fell out. One of them denounced the whole expedition as a "cheat," one of them wound up on the scaffold, and one of them became a rector in England.

that the fund-raisers' main target is the individual citizen.

In 1970, the 128,470,000 church members in the United States donated $8.20 billion to religions. But the churches did not use all of that money for religious purposes. Some of it was used to fund so-called social action programs, against the objections of some church members. All the same, one cannot expect religion to operate on any basis but non-profit, unlike education. Yet it is in education that you find professional begging developed to a fine art, mainly because you are dealing with educated people. Anyone enrolled in a non-profit college becomes an immediate target for a lifetime of giving. The American Alumni Council's fund-raising handbook describes the techniques used by your alma mater's "director of development" to milk anyone who can be brought within the college's orbit of support. John Hunter Detmold, Director of Development of Connecticut College writes:

"It is very helpful to know who is being admitted in each new freshman class, and to have access to those admissions records which show the father's name, title, and business address. I spend many days each summer going over this information for each entering student and then hunting through *Poor's* and *Who's Who* for their fathers' names. By September, I have a pretty good idea of what new families have just been added to the college family—and I am already choosing freshman representatives for our Parents Fund."

Another development officer, William J. Cox, of Phillips Exeter Academy, is even more to the point:

"All of us and others in our organizations must sharpen to a keen edge the ability to identify new patterns of wealth. We must train ourselves to recognize special situations which create quick wealth, liquid or inherited wealth,"

Arthur J. Horton, director of development at Princeton, suggests that even dead alumni are not to be ignored:

"A gold mine of sorts, which went unexplored for years in the annual fund area, in any case, is the solicitation of widows—widows of alumni, that is, particularly those whose dedicated husbands were interested in and supported their alma maters. There is a good deal of real potential in this field, and—by delicate handling—much is being realized. Harvard has one of the most sophisticated programs in this field."

Non-alumni friends are also considered fair game for the educational fund-raiser. John Hunter Detmold describes an inspiring situation:

"Presidential cultivation of non-alumni friends has been responsible for some of the handsomest gifts Connecticut College has ever received. I think, for example, of the two little old ladies who lived across the river from our campus, never went to college, never married, but were invited to tea by the President from time to time. When they died they left the College, jointly, more than $1.7 million—which will pay for several cups of tea."

All of which brings us to an interesting fact about fund-raising: that between 80 and 85% of the money raised will come from between 15 and 20% of the donors. Harold J. Seymour described this phenomenon as the "rule of three": That is, one-third of the money comes from the top ten gifts, the second third from the next 100 gifts, the last third from everyone else. That is why so much time and effort is devoted to going after the fat cat, the rich donor. "Be sure you have a copy of *Poor's Register of Corporations, Directors, & Executives* in your office", writes Mr. Detmold. "I consider this the single most useful volume available to a fund-raiser."

Seeking out the power structure is a favorite pastime of the professional fund-raiser, for in the power structure are to be found those who have inherited fortunes, the newly rich and newly powerful, the top professional managers, the community's men of standing and influence—all potential donors to one cause or another. Patrick J. Nicholson, president of the American College Public Relations Association, describes his method of zeroing in on the key people:

"One of the easiest means of identifying most elements of the power structure, and of working over a prime prospect list, is to spend an afternoon incommunicado in the office of an alumnus or other avid supporter who really knows the community and area. One of the best candidates for such an endeavor is a former chairman of the United Fund, or a member of the rating committee for these campaigns. I have watched such a man—admittedly one with a remarkable memory—run through 500 cards in a half-day while he ticked off such statistics as probability of a contribution, asking range, current state of the prospect's business, specific contact with an organization, and best worker for the card. These are the golden hours which restore health, vigor, and confidence in free enterprise."

Free enterprise—our profit-making system—is, of course, the prime supplier of the wealth which permits the non-profit sector of our society to flourish as it does. The tax structure helps, too, though in the 1930s it was thought that high taxes would discourage philanthropy. However, a list of the largest individual gifts and bequests of 1970 indicates that there are still plenty of large personal fortunes around. Besides, modern fund-raising began just about when the United States adopted income tax, and much of the impetus for large-scale fund-raising came from the power structure itself, which has always been conspicuous about its philanthropy. The Rockefellers, the Carnegies paved the way with their foundations, contributing heavily to education and medicine.

However, those modern techniques of popular fund-raising with which we are now too familiar were pioneered by two young executives of the YMCA, Charles S. Ward and Lyman Pierce. In their fund-raising drive of 1905, the pair used the dramatic and effective "money clock" technique—that is, setting a limited (short) time in which to raise a large sum of money with the greatest newspaper fanfare. But they also used everything else: careful organization and planning, volunteers spurred by team competition, prestige leaders, powerful publicity, a large gift to be matched by the public's donations, meticulous records and report meetings. The most spectacular of these campaigns took place in New York City in 1913 when the dynamic duo raised $4,095,000 in ten days. The money came from 17,400 people, 400 of the contributors—including John D. Rockefeller, father and son—giving $3,600,000 in large amounts, while 17,000 others followed their lead with smaller contributions totaling $495,000.

After World War I, Ward, with another YMCA associate, Harvey Hill, created the nation's first professional fund-raising firm, Ward & Hill Associated. They were joined by Pierce and others a few months later. Their clients were the hospitals, colleges, libraries, science institutes, religious and recreation agencies which needed millions to be raised by public appeal. In addition, these men had gained valuable experience during the war by raising huge sums of money for the United War Fund and the Red Cross, campaigns in which such top Wall Streeters as Henry F. Davison, partner in J. P. Morgan, and Ivy Lee, John D. Rockefeller's formidable public relations counselor, worked closely with the new breed of professional fund-raisers.

Another rising star in fund-raising came onto the scene at about this time, John Price Jones, whose Wall Street sponsor was no less than Thomas W. Lamont of J. P. Morgan. He had raised $14.2 million for Harvard University in 1919 when Lamont had been chairman of the Harvard Endowment Fund Committee. In November of that year Jones created his own firm, John Price Jones Company, Inc., which from then till 1971 raised over one billion dollars for its grateful clients.

Note that through their wartime associations the first professional fund-raisers had the active support of some of the wealthiest members of the power structure, who were interested in getting other members of the establishment to support their favorite causes and

CONTINUED ON PAGE115

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PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

# FLIP WILSON

Flip Clerow Wilson is not only the most successful black comedian yet, but currently the most successful comedian of all. Now in his third season with his NBC TV show he is perhaps the biggest single reason why black is suddenly beautiful along Madison Avenue. A beneficiary of the long and slow improvement in video race relations, Wilson clicked after numerous appearances on NBC's *Tonight* show, sometimes as substitute host for Johnny Carson. Following this carefully planned build-up, he was rewarded with a single special of his own in 1970. It was a smash, with a 42% audience share, placing eighth in the week's ratings. Next fall the *Flip Wilson Show* became a Thursday regular. It was always in the top ten and several times ranked No 1. Wilson today is so much a part of the scene that it seems hard to remember the years when such acceptance for a Negro artiste was unthinkable. In 1956, just nine years BC (Before Cosby), Nat King Cole was the only Negro to head up his own network TV series—and he quit after 65 weeks, protesting the ad agencies' failure to find him a single national sponsor. But after *I Spy* provided the turning point (and the point of no return), the black snowball began rolling. There was a rush to compete for the services of everyone from Lena Horne to Louis Armstrong for radio or TV spots, and Diahann Carroll broke the black sitcom barrier with *Julia.* That series didn't sit well with many black critics, who saw in it a romanticized picture of Afro-American life, but the mass black audience gave it good ratings for three seasons. By 1970 it began to look as though the bandwagon might be about to sag under the weight of all this blackness. Leslie Uggams, heading up her own variety show, was a disaster; but she had taken over the Smothers Brothers' time slot after CBS had canceled them, thus incurring resentment from many viewers who felt the Brothers had been martyrized. It was around this time that Wilson got his momentous break. An experienced comic in his mid-30s, he had never quite made it to the upper rungs; but not for lack of dedication. A brilliant, often moody and occasionally morose man, Wilson is a loner for whom the art of creating durable comedy is a time-devouring obsession. During his working seasons, he remains incommunicado for all but his writers and other business associates. Reluctant to talk to reporters at any time, least of all about his private life, he spends his occasional spare hours playing pool or entertaining one or two of his children who visit him from time to time. He was married in 1957 to a girl from the Bahamas, who bore him two sons, then two daughters. Since the Wilsons were divorced in 1967, the children normally have lived with their mother in Florida. Flip lives alone in a cozy unpretentious house overlooking the Sunset Strip. His early life was not unlike that of thousands of ghetto youths who had more to contend with than most white Americans can appreciate. Born in Jersey City 38 years ago, one of 18 children of a janitor and a woman who abandoned the family, he spent several years in and out of foster homes, dropping out of school at 16 because he was ashamed to go there wearing shabby clothes. During a four-year hitch in the Air Force ("I lied about my age and joined up in 1950"), his commanding officer—a white southerner named Major Lancaster—was impressed by some humorous poems Flip had written, and took him in tow. He gave him grammar lessons and encouraged him to take a typing course. This training, Wilson says, enabled him to write all his own scripts. Discharged in San Francisco in 1954 he got a job as a bellhop, and persuaded the hotel manager to let him do a brief comedy spot on the show. There followed a long stretch of club dates, of endless wanderings with nights spent trying to grab some sleep in pay toilets and bus stations and on the tops of parked cars. The turning point came in 1965 when Redd Foxx, appearing on the *Tonight* show, gave Flip such an enthusiastic endorsement that Carson hired him for his first guest shot. This exclusive Penthouse interview, conducted by **Leonard Feather,** sprang from a rare press conference held at the NBC studios in Burbank. There Flip met Feather, a student of comedy styles and longtime admirer of his, and a private conversation was arranged soon afterward in his dressing room, between rehearsals for this season's shows. For the first time, Wilson not only rambled on freely about the topic of most direct concern to him—the anatomy of humor—but also about his sons and the warm relationship he has established with them through a shared interest in the subtleties of comedy.

> "When I was learning I was amazed how few comics knew the laws of humor. So many just had a natural flair for it and let it go at that
>
> When a young Southerner sees the rapport between the guests on my show, maybe this will ring a little bell. Like when somebody tells him 'Niggers ain't no good' he'll say 'Now hold it, I like that nigger.'"

**Penthouse:** Did your phenomenal success – with a show that has been rated as high as No. 1 in the country – come as a shock to you after the years of scuffling?

**Wilson:** In all honesty I must say that it hasn't surprised me. I always dreamed it would be like this, and I lived this all in my mind. Those nights when I was on my own, standing beside the highway and hitch-hiking, that's what kept me going. It seems a little weird that I dreamed it, and that it happened so much like the dream, and it's all good. All I have to do now is just get to see how much more of my dream will be realized. It's a great dream, it's a happy dream, and I'm just going to go with it like I have been going.

**Penthouse:** When you first started out did you have an objective?

**Wilson:** Yes, there was a certain sum of money I had in mind. I set my goal at $100. I wanted to reach the point where I had $100 in my pocket,

Illustration by Alistair McDonald

so that no matter where I was in the country, I wouldn't be stranded – I'd always have a bus ticket home. That was my only concern involving money.

**Penthouse:** How did your comedy style develop over the years?

**Wilson:** As you know, I devoted a long period to studying the art of comedy. I found that most comedians have one characteristic or another that gives them their special thing. Like with Jerry Lewis it's dynamics. With Bob Hope it's his timing. With George Burns it has always been his effortless, casual manner. With Rochester and with Butterfly McQueen it was their voices. Since there's never been a school for comedians, I just tried to learn something from all these qualities that I had seen used so successfully by the important comics.

**Penthouse:** Did you receive any special help from other comics?

**Wilson:** During this study period, I wanted very much for all of us comics to help one another. If any opportunity came along, I wanted to share my ideas with others. But I was disillusioned – I found out that most comics were not like that. There was a vicious thing going, with more stealing than sharing. I found that a lot of comics were on ego trips even bigger than singers', which I didn't feel was necessary. I certainly didn't want to steal any material myself, because I had plenty ideas of my own.

**Penthouse:** And you developed your own way of working out these ideas?

**Wilson:** I kept a lot of notes, which I would always try to discuss with other comics, but most of them had a strange attitude. They'd say: "Hey, you better cut it out. You keep studying so much, you're going to learn too much about it and you'll lose your funny . . ." That's what I constantly heard: "It don't do no good to know so much, you'll lose your funny!" Bullshit! I was really amazed at how few comics knew the laws of humor – guys who have been in the profession for years. So many of them just have a natural flair for humor, and they let it go at that, instead of enhancing it and finding a way to bring out all the beauty of what they are doing.

**Penthouse:** Do you know if you are the only comedian who has taken this analytical approach to his craft?

**Wilson:** The first guy I met who had studied like I did and had a library just like me, was Redd Foxx. Five or six years ago, when I first came out to Los Angeles and went over to Redd's house, I was tremendously impressed. We had so many things in common—unimportant things, like he had dogs and goldfish and a pool table the same as I did, but also important things like sincerity toward our work, dedication. I'm not an astrological nut, but during our conversation it turned out that we were both Sagittarians. Anyhow, I found out that he was doing all this reading and research just the way I did, and one of the results is that as a performer he is a true master, and the finest guy out here that I know.

**Penthouse:** Yet it took both Foxx and yourself an inordinately long time to reach the mass public. Would you ascribe this to the reluctance of people generally to accept black comics?

**Wilson:** I have always said that nothing happens before its time—when it happens, it's due to happen. Redd Foxx was certainly ready many years ago, but the opportunities were not on time, and this caused a great injustice. On the circuit where Redd had to mature and develop, there were only the smaller clubs, the little funky places. The people who went into those joints would work all week, make about $50 or $60, then buy a bottle and sit there and you had to fight to get their attention and then hold it. Well, it's always easy to grab an audience with risqué jokes. Anybody without any kind of training can tell a dirty joke and get a laugh. It takes finesse to get the same reaction with a clean joke. Now Redd had the ability to be perfectly clean and be just as funny, but he went the risqué route and nobody could see beyond that.

**Penthouse:** Nobody could call your own humor risqué.

**Wilson:** I used to do a lot of dirty jokes myself, and jokes about pot—things I wouldn't do today. It took me about three years to turn around, and then I changed because I saw the parade passing me by. I'd been out there before Dick Gregory, before Bill Cosby, before Godfrey Cambridge, before any one of them, and I had given myself a sort of 15-year plan. All of a sudden I'm saying to myself: "Here are all these guys shooting by me, now what the hell's going on here?" Now I'm not against them, but I *knew* where I was in relation to my ability compared to theirs, so I couldn't understand what was happening. This was when I was working at the Village Gate and Birdland and the Apollo, bouncing back and forth between jazz shows and rock shows, so I was being ultra-hip and trying to go for the hip crowd. Now you get a certain regular group of people who come into the hip places every night, and I was aiming at these regulars instead of devoting my attention to the audience at large. Finally I realized what was wrong. See, if I get four guys standing there and I'm saying, "So, Jack, like I'm busting down to see my man, and like dig, that's where it's at . . .", these guys could be telling me how great I am, but meanwhile 50 other people may be saying "What the hell's he talking about?" So I began to realize it was better to lose the four people and have the 50. I said to myself: "Will my hipness diminish?" And then it dawned on me the important thing is not just to be hip, the thing is to be funny and clever. Choosing the slang words, I had thought, was hipness. I'd imagined this made it automatically funny. Before I saw what was wrong, I had talent scouts coming in to see me work and consider me for a television show, and they would judge me by my material and simply say: "He could never use that on television. He's just too dirty."

**Penthouse:** Did you have TV in mind when you changed your approach?

**Wilson:** I redirected my whole thing to TV. Now with Redd, he didn't change much, but suddenly the whole showbiz thing changed. He was in his groove, making the top money he could at the level he was on, then almost overnight another level opened up and now he can work in Las Vegas doing that kind of material. My show was the first prime-time show that Redd did, and when I suggested him as a guest, I ran into the same initial opposition that people had against me, but I just said: "Let Redd go, he knows what to do." Before I finally hit with my show, I thought about the many great comics who never had the opportunities to present

*"Er . . . Your daughter was just saying, Chief –
it's two moons since we last met!"*

themselves to the fullest advantage. I said to myself, look at Moms Mabley, how long it took her, and then after all those years, just at the last minute, she made it. Boy, I said, that's beautiful. So I just couldn't give up. It's wonderful to see things happening for a beautiful person like Redd or Moms, better late than not to have it at all. I think the whole thing is opening up now; there are kids coming along who may be into my thing, and the opportunities that I have now will in turn make their thing be a little more wide open. It's been broadening out by degrees all along, and I represent another notch.

**Penthouse:** In Vegas, Redd will talk about sensitive subjects like the Panthers. You are in a more delicate position with a national television show. Do you find there are certain things you want to hold back on?

**Wilson:** I'm not held back or restricted, I have all the freedom I want. The difference lies in the objective. My original aim was just security. Today I think it has to be a little more than that. Without upsetting anybody, I think I can just stimulate the interest of people in each other.

**Penthouse:** What about the South? Isn't there a problem in that?

**Wilson:** A show hosted by a black had never been accepted in the South, so the first time that knob's turned on and the people look they are judging against all they have ever been taught. Now I guess that I must have been the first black to be in the home this many times, hour after hour on a weekly basis, so when parents turn the knob on and sit there with the kids that's a big step. And when a young kid looks, and sees the rapport between the guests on my show and sees how people can work together, maybe this will ring a little bell, so that whenever negative thoughts are expressed the kid stops. Like, he looks at it and says: "I like that cat." Then somebody tells him: "Niggers ain't no good." He'll say: "Now hold it, I like that nigger." That's the difference; it makes them stop and think for themselves. So maybe at school there will be a little black kid next to him, and they'll want to get interested in each other because they have both seen it work. It's been a traumatic experience for both, but they have seen that there's love, they can have fun together, maybe they'll say: "That thing I saw on TV, I could have the same thing with this cat." So they start to talk a little bit. I think that if I can just stimulate their interest in each other, they will take it from there, and this is something really meaningful, more important than money or anything else, and it's what we need most of all right now.

**Penthouse:** But of course you don't think of your show entirely in social terms.

**Wilson:** In general I look at a variety show the way one looks at a musical performance. A singer doesn't just stand up there and do all the same kind of songs. He'll mix it up, so that by the end of the show the audience has had a total experience of all the emotions. Similarly, on the show, we try to touch the audience in different ways, or find new ways of reaching them at some point during the hour.

**Penthouse:** Any performer who has as much power as you have now is likely to find inevitable changes, not only in his own attitude and personality, but also in people's attitudes to him. Do you find it harder now to meet interesting people? Aren't they less apt to be natural and be themselves, more inclined to stand back when they are confronted by a national celebrity?

> "I spent a lot of time driving through the South. I wasn't discouraged at any time. I never had any negative thoughts when I started. Just about everyone seemed to treat me the same—with enthusiasm and sincerity
>
> Geraldine says what she thinks and she's always speaking up for what she believes is right. She may not seem refined or sophisticated, but she's honest, she's frank, she's affectionate"

**Wilson:** It's true that being so wrapped up in the show now, I keep a tighter schedule at home and in the studio, so I'm not out as much to meet as many people. But when I'm traveling on a plane, or at the airport, people just come right up and talk. There's no problem meeting them; they always feel as though they already know me. I don't feel I have lost anything. I'm inclined to think my success showed me that I had things in correct perspective from the word go.

**Penthouse:** How did you go about preparing your stockpile of material for the current season?

**Wilson:** In 1970, before we went on the air, I spent only a month in advance writing. But in 1971 I didn't make any personal appearances at all. I just took all the time between seasons to rest and write. Consequently I built up a much greater fund of material. Aside from that, the attitude for this second season has been one of much greater confidence, based on the rapport I feel I have with my fans. I had a chance to establish it during my first month off, by taking an 11,000-mile drive with my valet, George Whittington, all around the country. I did most of the driving, which is one of my big hobbies; it relaxes me. I'd drive about 500 miles a day, then spend two hours in the evening writing. All day long I was meeting people and chatting. I took my new car, my convertible Rolls with the KILLER license plates . . . (*laughs*) I don't have a car; that's Killer's car, and he asked me to ride Geraldine around until he gets out. I spent a lot of time driving through the South, and I was overwhelmed. I was really extremely impressed by the response of the people there. When I got to New York, I turned around and came back that way.

**Penthouse:** Was there any incident in the South that typified your reception there?

**Wilson:** There were many things, little things, that sustained and inspired me. At one point I was going through Alabama—I had just left Montgomery and was on the road to Selma. It was Sunday morning and George and I were driving with the top down along a country road. It was about 11 o'clock, the sun was shining and we saw a little church off the side of the road. There were kids out front—four girls and two boys—so I pulled over. Now what struck me about it was, when I was a kid you'd have to go inside and sit there through the service—if you'd doze off, they'd thump your head. So here's this little church, the sun's shining, you can hear the voices inside singing and it struck me, wow! that's very nice of them to let the kids stay outside. So I thought I'd stop and talk to them, and the kids came over and lined up beside the car. I haven't said anything to them, and they haven't said anything to me. There's four girls in the middle and a boy on each end. So they touched the car . . . one kid said, "That looks like Flip Wilson," and another kid said: "Yeah, it looks like him." And the first kid said: "Do you think it's Flip Wilson?" "Naw, that ain't him." So the other one said: "Ask him." So he said: "You Flip Wilson?" So I said: "Yes," and he said: "If you're Flip Wilson, what you doing

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around here?" I said I was driving along the highway and I saw them standing out there, and they weren't doing anything, so God told me to stop and say hello. So the kid said: "*Who* told you to stop?" I repeated what I had told him, that God had told me to stop and say hello. There was a pause, then the kid said: "Yeah, that's *got* to be Flip Wilson!" Then he said: "Wait a minute, don't you go anywhere, don't move," and he started backing up towards the church. He got to the door of the church—you could hear the singing inside—then he shouted out "Mama! . . ." These little incidents were very touching to me.

**Penthouse:** Any more like that?

**Wilson:** In El Paso, Texas, George and I had just come into town and were looking for a hotel, and we saw two soul sisters on the corner. We asked them: "Hey, where's the Holiday Inn?" And they showed us where it was and we went there and checked in. Well, a little while later I got a call. It turned out that these were college girls and they had told their girl friends. They hadn't recognized me until the car pulled away, then they guessed from the license plates. So about seven girls showed up, called me from the lobby and asked for my autograph. I suggested they leave their names at the desk and I'd get some pictures out of the car later and leave them for the girls. They said: "But we want to see you!" I just said: "I'm too tired now, I've been driving all day, but the pictures will be there for you in the morning." Then I heard a noise outside the window and I looked out and there's seven girls out there, and they're not going to leave. All of a sudden a detective car comes up—the hotel must have called for it—and the detectives are just sitting there not saying anything to the girls, just hanging around watching my room. Every time I looked out the detectives were looking toward my room, and the girls were sitting in the car behind the detectives looking at them looking at my room. I finally went to bed. When I woke up at 5.30 a.m., the detectives' car and the girls' car were still there. But I could only see two images now in the girls' car. I said to myself, if they've stayed out there all this time, I'd better go ahead and sign some autographs. I called out "Come on up!" As the doors of the car opened, I saw a whole mob of them coming out—they must have been lying down in the back of the car. So I started signing autographs and we had a ball. But it was a thrill to me that they would stay out there all night in that car just to have me sign pictures for them.

**Penthouse:** Did you pick up any hitch-hikers along the way?

**Wilson:** Yes I did, three. The longest ride I gave was from El Paso, Texas to Los Angeles, and this was a veteran returning from the march in Washington. He was telling me how his dad had hitch-hiked around the world and kept a diary of people he met. His father had met Bob Hope, so he couldn't wait to get back and tell his dad he'd met me. He was keeping a diary himself and had me sign it. These hitch-hikers never knew who I was until they got in the car, but they didn't act shocked at that.

**Penthouse:** How did you choose which hitch-hikers to pick up? The ones who looked the most exhausted, or the cleanest, or what?

**Wilson:** No, I go on the vibes. Having done so much hitch-hiking myself, and knowing how it feels, I always help someone if I can. If there is any element of doubt in my mind, I'll stop at the next gas station and say: "Look, I don't mind giving you a ride, but I must give myself some protection, so I want you to give your complete identification to this gas station owner—and if anything happens to me, they gon' *find* you!" Still, if you see someone standing at the side of the road, and it's 110 out there, and you have three empty seats in the car, how can you say no? I never got picked up in a Rolls, and it's kinda nice.

**Penthouse:** Presumably your passengers always recognize you?

**Wilson:** In Alabama, I pulled into a little roadside place to get a soda, and a lady came out of the store, an elderly Negro lady, and she says (*uses Geraldine-type voice*): "Wow, honey! Look at that car! Can I ride in your car?" I said: "Where you going? I'm going to Selma." She said: "I'm going to Selma too." So we're riding along, and she says: "You got a telephone in here. Does that work?" I said yes. Then she says—now this is what really touched me—how much she appreciated the ride, because she lived in the woods right there, back off the road, and her best girl friend had died and she was going into Selma for her girl friend's funeral and had missed the bus. So I took her to the house of her friend, and that was the most gratification I had received in giving someone a ride. She was about 55, and she didn't recognize me. After we'd been riding a while, I asked whether she'd seen the show, and she said: "What show?" And my name was right there on the telephone.

**Penthouse:** Was there anything on the whole trip, perhaps encounters with white people, that discouraged you a little?

**Wilson:** No, I was never discouraged at any time. I never had any negative thoughts when I started. I expected to be surprised, but I was surprised even more than I expected.

**Penthouse:** In what way did you expect to be surprised?

**Wilson:** The first thing was that my show had been accepted totally by the entire country. There had never been any indication brought to my attention of where it had been less appreciated, in the South or any other area. So this shows that there were good vibrations. I knew this before I left on the trip, so I went along with the desire to feel out and meet people and talk with them. There was no difference in the enthusiasm and sincerity; just about everyone seemed to treat me the same.

**Penthouse:** Didn't you ever have fantasies of seeing someone like George Wallace or Lester Maddox watching your show and having them get a little something out of it?

**Wilson:** Well, yes, but I don't think it's a fantasy. I look at it like this: it's very hard to not like somebody who is smiling at you. Like if you say "I hate him" and you walk up and hit him, and he smiles and gets up and says "That's all right, man," what are you going to do? Your entire defense is wiped out.

**Penthouse:** You evidently believe in turning the other cheek. Perhaps that's the ultimate in what you may have accomplished on this show; by turning absolute bigots around a little bit.

**Wilson:** Well, I guess you could say it like that. I certainly hope that this will turn out to have been more than just an hour of comedy that somebody throws away. I hope we can all learn something from it. I don't think comedy should be all bullshit.

**Penthouse:** Has this urge to travel always been connected with your desire to communicate with the public and develop your material?

**Wilson:** When I first used to travel around the country it was more as a hitch-hiker than as a comedian looking for material. I guess I started traveling about 15 years ago, and I was never lonely out there on the highway, because I always met people who interested me, and I managed to enjoy myself even when I didn't know where I was going to stay that night and hadn't had anything to eat all day. So now, 15 years have gone by, and I have driven clear across the country four times and many other long journeys in between. I enjoyed it when I had nothing, so I said to myself, I'm going to go back across the country again and see if I have lost any of *me*. I will be able to go comfortably now, and if it's still as much of a thrill, then I'll know I still have me. So I went, and it was the greatest thing I could have done.

**Penthouse:** More rewarding under these more comfortable conditions?

**Wilson:** It couldn't have been—I couldn't have enjoyed it better, because I enjoyed it when I had nothing. I remember many nights when I'd sit out there on the road and be looking at the stars and I'd lay down beside a tree, and I had a ball. Then people would pick me up, and they'd say "Have you eaten today?" and I'd say no, so they'd take me to their house, give me dinner, and say, "hey, here's $2 for some cigarettes or something"... No, there's no difference, I had a ball that way. I think the main thing is, if you got some clean clothes on and your stomach's full, the rest is all secondary.

**Penthouse:** As you know, there has been unfavorable comment, including some from the black press, about the character of Geraldine. It has been said that the personality depicted downgrades the image of the black woman.

**Wilson:** I'll tell you how I feel about Geraldine, and what I mean by that characterization. To me Geraldine has one man that she loves; she's very devoted, which I think is a feeling every woman wants to have—and this is a compliment to all women. Geraldine on the show is constantly in the company of glamorous male celebrities—matinee idols, movie stars, great sports heroes. Most women in that situation would say: "Boy! Joe Namath! Boy! Perry Como!" But Geraldine simply says: "I'm straight—I got Killer!" Aside from this, Geraldine always has a job, she's always very neatly dressed, and in any situation she's never seen taking advantage of anyone. She says what she thinks and she's always speaking up for her rights, or what she believes is right, so these are all very commendable traits. Now I would admit that Geraldine may not project the image of being a refined sophisticated lady, but she's honest, she's frank, she's affectionate, and she's independent. I think that every woman should be like that. It's not my intention in any way to detract from any woman with my

Geraldine character.

**Penthouse:** How did the character originate?

**Wilson:** I was thinking about that the other day, and it occurred to me that the first part I ever played was a female part when I was in school. So here it is 25 years later and people are saying to me, boy, you make a great chick! It's like the wheel has come full circle. I think it was very funny then, and it's funny today. Actually Geraldine grew out of a variety of sources. I remember one day years ago in some mid-western town I saw a black soldier coming home out of the Army. He had a teenage sister and as he came up to the house, she was looking at him from the window. She said: "Here come Willie back from the war, Mama. Show Mama how you can march, Willie. Hup-2-3-4." That little scene stayed in my mind for years and the girl had a personality something like Geraldine's. Of course, Butterfly McQueen's voice was something of an inspiration.

**Penthouse:** When you were once asked whether you would personally go out with Geraldine, your answer was that if she told you she felt about you the way she did about Killer, you certainly would. Did this mean that she's your type of girl?

**Wilson:** I shouldn't have answered him, because there was no logic in the question. The man who asked it was just taking for granted a part of Geraldine's character that hasn't been shown. Any time anyone has seen Geraldine, it's always been on a job, and there has been a little conflict, making it necessary to bring out that part of her character. If you were out with her, it might be a whole different attitude, so his asking whether I would go out with her was just as hypothetical as his assuming that Geraldine would behave that way when she's out.

**Penthouse:** How do black preachers take to Reverend Leroy? Have you had reactions?

**Wilson:** None at all—none bad, anyway. Everyone likes Leroy, and all black people have known a Rev. Leroy at some time in their lives. I was about nine or ten years old when I met one in our little church. There's a church right here in Los Angeles called the Church of What's Happening Now, all young people of mixed nationalities, a whole new thing . . . I'm supposed to be going over to check it out, who knows, I may join it myself! I had a strong religious background, and I'm aware of the sensitivity of people on a subject as touchy as this; so all of us went through long discussions on the manner in which this should be handled. In the Church of What's Happening Now we never make any direct reference to the Bible, we never say Lord, we never say God . . . we say good or bad, and there's some kind of message of truth. We preach love, respect and warmth, so I don't think there's any reason for anyone to feel uptight about it.

**Penthouse:** Some of your critics allege that your characterizations tend to be nothing more than a 1971 version of Amos 'n' Andy—a perpetuation of the black stereotype.

**Wilson:** Obviously I can't agree with it. But in the first place, when you get right down to it, what the hell was wrong with Amos 'n' Andy? They were funny! Let me qualify that. The only thing wrong with them in their day was that this was the only image the American public was given of black people. If the whole spectrum involving the black performer had been seen, then it would have been correct to say there was nothing wrong with Amos 'n' Andy.

> "When you get down to it, what the hell was so wrong with Amos 'n' Andy? They were funny. The humor was based on our culture, but we have changed a lot since
>
> I liked Bert Williams, but he was before my time. In any case I wouldn't study other comics my first seven years because I didn't want to be influenced. I felt I had to be different"

*Flip Wilson in drag: Geraldine.*

**Penthouse:** But surely Amos 'n' Andy and their kind of humor was hardly representative of the way black people think.

**Wilson:** At that time, 30 or 40 years ago, there was certainly plenty of that kind of thinking around. We have changed a lot since then, but it hasn't stopped entirely. What has happened, I think, is that the attitude relating to it has changed. I don't think people have such guilt about it now. It's the thing today to say "Hellooo there, bro'. . ." and not give a damn who hears it.

**Penthouse:** If Amos 'n' Andy had been played by black guys in the first place, don't you think there would have been less resentment?

**Wilson:** The main point is that the humor is based on our culture, and it's this slightly different flavor that makes the whole thing interesting and amusing. Maybe Amos 'n' Andy could have done with a few Negro writers to help trim certain areas.

**Penthouse:** But what about black actors playing the roles, because originally in the radio days they were done by white guys?

**Wilson:** Yes, but it's a matter of how much liberty they felt they had to go in this direction. They were probably glad to get the jobs and they just did what was written.

**Penthouse:** You did a great sketch last season involving a white guest, Lily Tomlin, in which the two of you met by chance at a computer dating agency. It was established from your conversation that you were obviously very compatible, but at the end of the sketch the agency fixed you up with some square girl who clearly wasn't right for you, and Lily Tomlin was left sitting there alone. There seemed to be a carefully designed social point made in that. Was that your intention?

**Wilson:** Well, you remember it that way, and so do a lot of people. The main thing is that this was a beautiful, sensitive thing. Someone who didn't want the message, or couldn't understand it, would have gone right by it and maybe enjoyed it just for the beauty of the presentation. But anybody who would have gained anything from it certainly would have experienced it without any offense at all. It wasn't just black and white, it was what you thought when you saw it, and you are the sole judge of that. Lily has a marvelous quality of getting emotions across. I did the thing the way I felt it, and she did it the way she felt it. The way it came out, I don't think either one of us were thinking of that particular point you mentioned when we did it. But there was a certain touch there; I had goose pimples when I saw it back, and I couldn't have planned that.

**Penthouse:** Are any of your children interested in comedy?

**Wilson:** My main concern with my children is to develop their sense of humor, so that they will laugh at the right things. Then if they are interested enough and want to know enough about it to be professionals, I will do everything I can to help them. If I saw that they had a comedy leaning, I'd encourage it in little ways,

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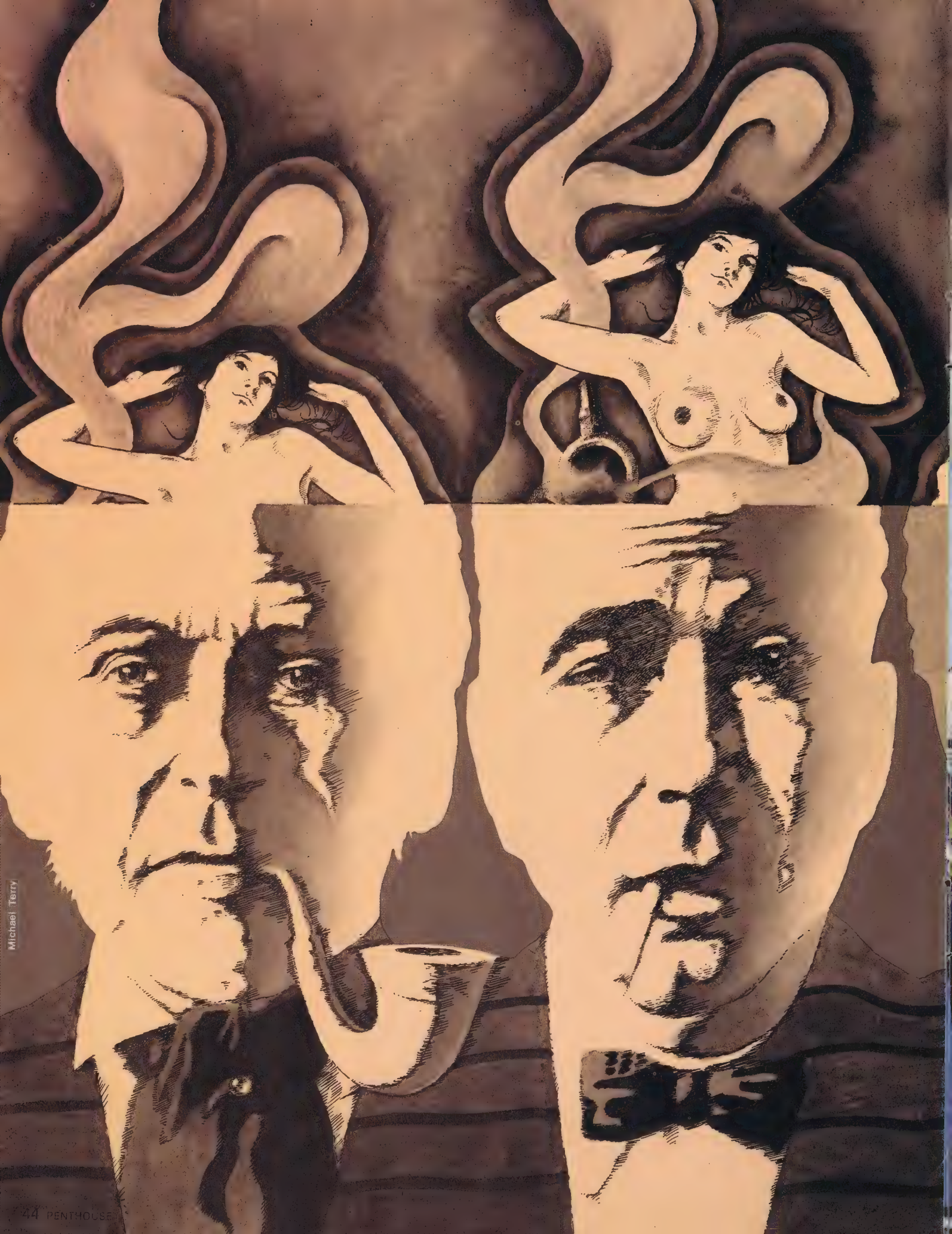
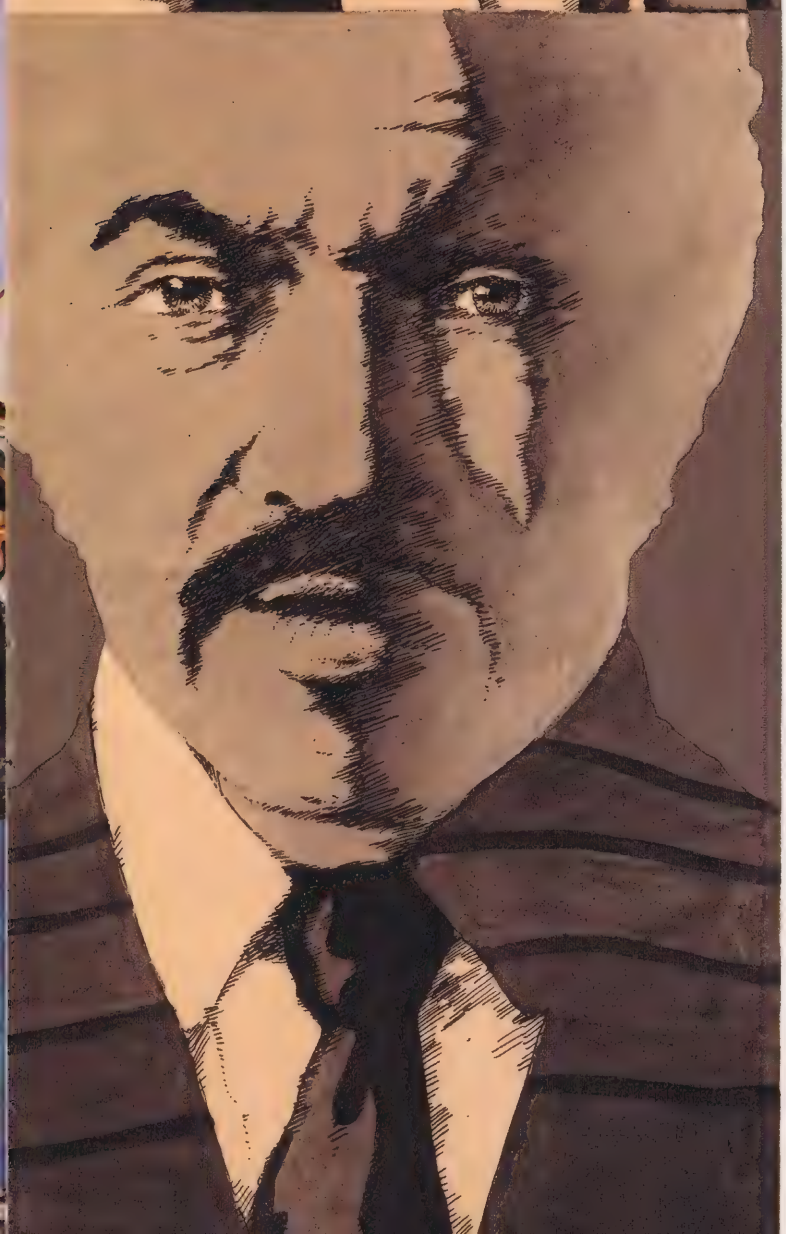


Michael Terry



It was 11 A.M., and the phone on the bedside table started to do its ding-a-ling number. I reached for it and missed. Somebody got in the way.

"He-e-y!" Somebody protested in a sultry sleep-tousled voice. "Watch who you're poking!"

"I am watching," I snarled, fetching her a shove with my foot that landed her smack on her comely kiester in the middle of the little shag rug. "Now pick up the phone and hand it to me!"

Small sparks of anger did a dance of pure adoration in her deep blue-violet eyes. She breathed in and out a few times, and the saucy uptilted nipples of her large firm breasts played peek-a-boo through the open front of the pajama coat I had loaned her. Then she suddenly reached up and wrenched the phone from its cradle.

"Nicely," I warned, locking my eyes into hers. A smart little girl, she laid the receiver in my waiting palm—gently—like it was all the love she had to give.

"Now beat it!" I barked. And she did.

# THE HARD GUYS

**Once a withdrawn loner, the hero of detective fiction keeps changing. Mirroring his times, today's fic-dick is human, harder and hornier**

BY WILLIAM IVERSEN

"Hello?" a male voice said at the other end. "Is this—?"

I knew the voice. It belonged to one of the big editorial guns in the magazine mob.

"Hi, pal," I growled. "If you're going to suggest that I do a piece on the hard-guy private eyes of popular fiction, you can relax. I'm already into it."

"That's impossible," he shot back. "The idea didn't occur to me until ten minutes ago. How did you know before I did?"

"I make it my business," I told him. "That's how I keep from getting dead."

There was a four-beat pause while he fumbled with the lock of my logic. I put the torch to a cigarette and silently chuckled the smoke out through my nose and my one free ear.

"Are you ready to deal?" I asked.

"Yeah, I guess so," he gruffed. And for the next couple, three minutes we dealt.

"Consider it done," I told him. But I must have been out of my mind. Tales of crime and detection outnumber all other books on the market. Hardboiled fiction

dicks have been swarming the subculture for almost 40 years, and new ones are coming on all the time. "Over 40,000,000 Shell Scott books sold!" "25,000,000 Carter Brown books in print!" "More than 30 million Mike Shayne mysteries have been printed in the Dell Book editions alone!" Mickey Spillane's Mike Hammer has punched, kicked, shot and screwed his way through more than 50,000,000 copies!

Subculture, did I say? *In the pig's*—to quote a quaint old hard-guyism—*valise*! The free-swinging fictional dicks are major mass-cult heroes. Their books are bought by the ton. How come? Is it the law-and-order thing? A spinoff, perhaps, from the support-your-local-fuzz movement?

Forget it, sweetheart. Your typical private fic-dick is not a member of the police establishment. He's a born outsider whose temperament, lifestyle and methods of operation often place him at odds with the official guardians of the law. He's been that way from the very beginning. From the time Edgar Allan Poe wrote the world's first detective story in 1841. It was called *The Murders in the Rue Morgue,* and had as its star shamus an eccentric French amateur: Monsieur C. Auguste Dupin. "The Parisian police, so much extolled for *acumen,* are cunning, but no more. There is no method in their proceedings, beyond the method of the moment," Dupin confided to the story's anonymous American narrator. ". . . In fact, the facility with which I shall arrive, or have already arrived at the solution of this mystery, is in the direct ratio of its apparent insolubility in the eyes of the police."

A physically frail bookworm, Dupin was not given to rough stuff. His clout was purely cerebral, and his solution to the gruesome Rue Morgue murders was worked out solely through the use of his prodigious "analytical abilities." Left to their own routine devices, the Parisian police would never have even guessed that Madame L'Espanaye and her daughter had been slain and stuffed up the chimney by an orangutan belonging to a Maltese sailor. And neither would anyone else.

By the time Poe had finished writing his third, last and most readable Dupin story—*The Purloined Letter*—he had singlehandedly created all the classic clichés which Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was to exploit so artfully and successfully in the Sherlock Holmes stories: the brilliant-but-eccentric sleuth, the perpetually astonished narrator, and the all-snug-in-bachelor-digs opening. "You remind me of Edgar Allan Poe's Dupin," Dr. Watson remarked, shortly after meeting Holmes for the first time.

"No doubt you think that you are complimenting me in comparing me to Dupin," the world's most celebrated gumshoe replied. "Now, in my opinion, Dupin was a very inferior fellow." And so, it soon appeared, was Holmes' every predecessor and contemporary. "I'm a consulting detective . . ." he explained. "Here in London we have lots of Government detectives and lots of private ones. When these fellows are at fault, they come to me, and I manage to put them on the right scent. . . ."

Though Holmes was the most renowned of analytical hard guys, his powers were not all of the mind. Through skilful manipulation of his educated dukes he could flatten an armed ruffian with dispatch, and his knowledge of "baritsu, the Japanese system of wrestling," was the winning clincher in his hand-to-hand struggle with the insidious Professor Moriarty, at the edge of a Swiss abyss. "Few men were capable of greater muscular effort, and he was undoubtedly one of the finest boxers of his weight that I have ever seen . . ." Dr. Watson reported. "Save for the occasional use of cocaine he had no vices, and he only turned to the drug as a protest against the monotony of existence when cases were scanty . . ."

It was on such occasions that Holmes supposedly would exclaim, "Quick, Watson, the needle!" But Holmes never said any such thing. Watson would not have lifted a finger to help Holmes shoot up. Sherlock's drug routine annoyed him almost as much as the great detective's fondness for clutter. Holmes was "one of the most untidy men that ever drove a fellow-lodger to distraction," and Watson's odd-couple kvetching led Rex Stout, creator of Nero Wolfe, to sportively hypothesize that Watson was really a woman—and that "she" and Sherlock were man and wife. But the notion had no more basis in fact than the one which was implied in the 1970 dick-flick, *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes.* Namely, that Watson may have been gay, and Holmes a consulting closet queen.

The four novels and 56 stories fail to support this canard. Watson, who was married three times, betrayed not the slightest inclination to hop into the sack with Holmes—who, in turn, was much too brainy to relish physical contact with any human being. The only person who ever came close to stirring Sherlock's interest in such matters was "the well-known adventuress," Irene Adler, who outwitted him in *A Scandal in Bohemia,* and was ever after referred to as *"the* woman".

Deduction rather than seduction was the order of the Victorian day, and Holmes' influence upon the character of future fictional dicks was that of a celibate and highly cerebral outsider. "For a good generation after Holmes every fictional detective of consequence was either an outright amateur or, at the least, a private consulting agent, engaged in outshining and humiliating the minions of the law," Howard Haycraft observed in his 1941 study of *Murder for Pleasure.* And for a good generation after that the genre was primarily British. When Scotland Yard began to gain prominence, and the status of government gumshoes improved, a gentlemanly police inspector was occasionally allowed to show up at the scene of the fictional crime—usually on a country estate inhabited by upper-class eccentrics, to whom the bourgeois inspector was continually tipping his bowler and mumbling "sir" and "ma'am." Class differences preserved the detective's role as an outsider, but no hard-guy antics were allowed. A bit of restrained scuffling for a Malayan *kris* was permissible—providing it was confined to the library, after the tea things were cleared—but pushing, shoving, punching, and rude language were out. The inspector who indulged in such vulgar behavior would never be invited to a murder at *that* house again!

Curiously, no one has yet done a study of the classic English detective story as a novel of manners, by means of which the masses could indulge their fantasies of wealth and breeding, while subliminally experiencing the anarchistic pleasure of watching the aristocracy eliminate itself by degrees. A more class-conscious and subversive literature would be difficult to imagine—though great care was taken to avoid suggesting that members of the lower orders might murder or marry their betters. Contrary to popular belief, the butler rarely did it, unless he happened to be a social equal of the deceased who had assumed a servant's disguise.

Writing of this hokey heritage in 1949, the English-educated American realist, Raymond Chandler, noted that the "classic" detective story always involved the same elements: "the same careful grouping of suspects, the same utterly incomprehensible trick of how somebody stabbed Mrs. Pottington Postlethwaite III with a platinum poniard just as she flatted the top note of the Bell Song from *Lakmé* in the presence of 15 ill-assorted guests; the same ingénue in fur-trimmed pajamas screaming in the night to make the company pop in and out doors . . . the same moody silence next day as they sit around sipping Singapore slings and sneering at each other, while the flatfeet crawl to and fro under the Persian rugs. . . ."

The scenario served both male and female writers in England and the United States. The most durable of all the lady-made sleuths was—and still is—that unbearable little Belgian, M. Hercule Poirot. But Agatha Christie's demi-dick, with his egg-shaped head full of "little gray cells," never managed to win as much genuine affection as Earl Derr

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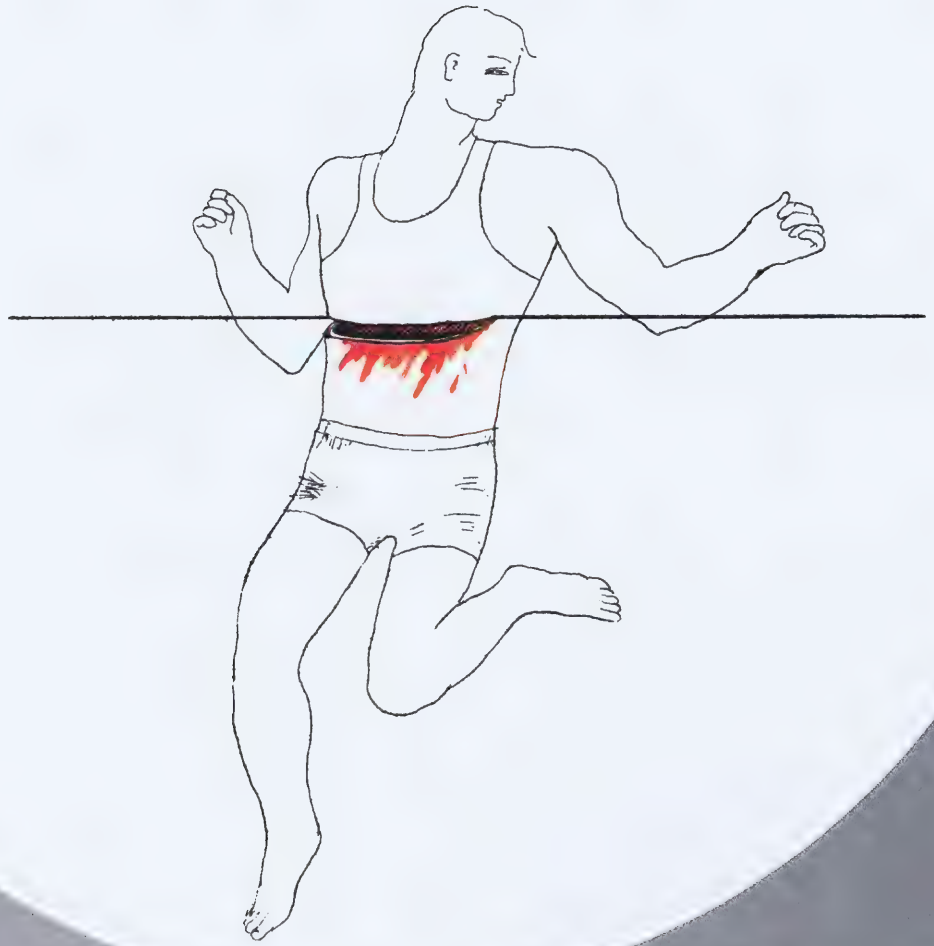
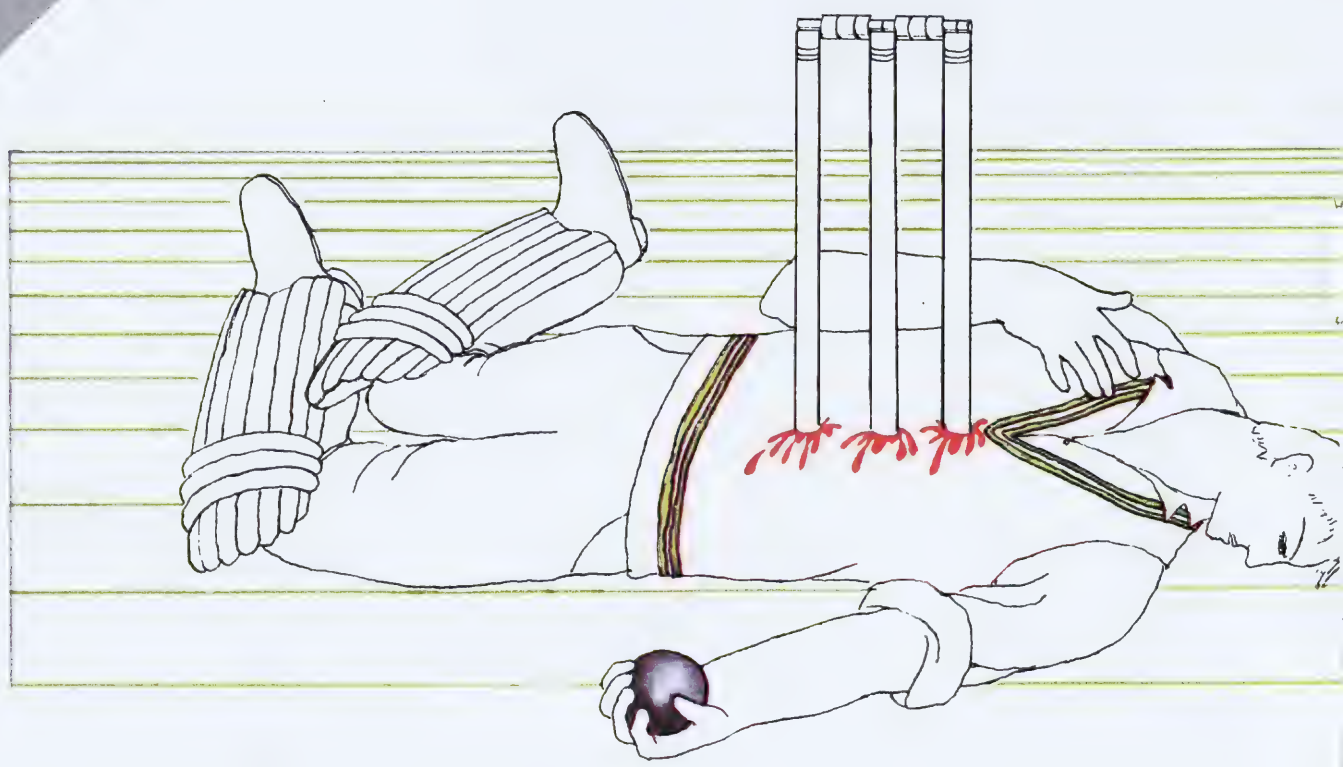
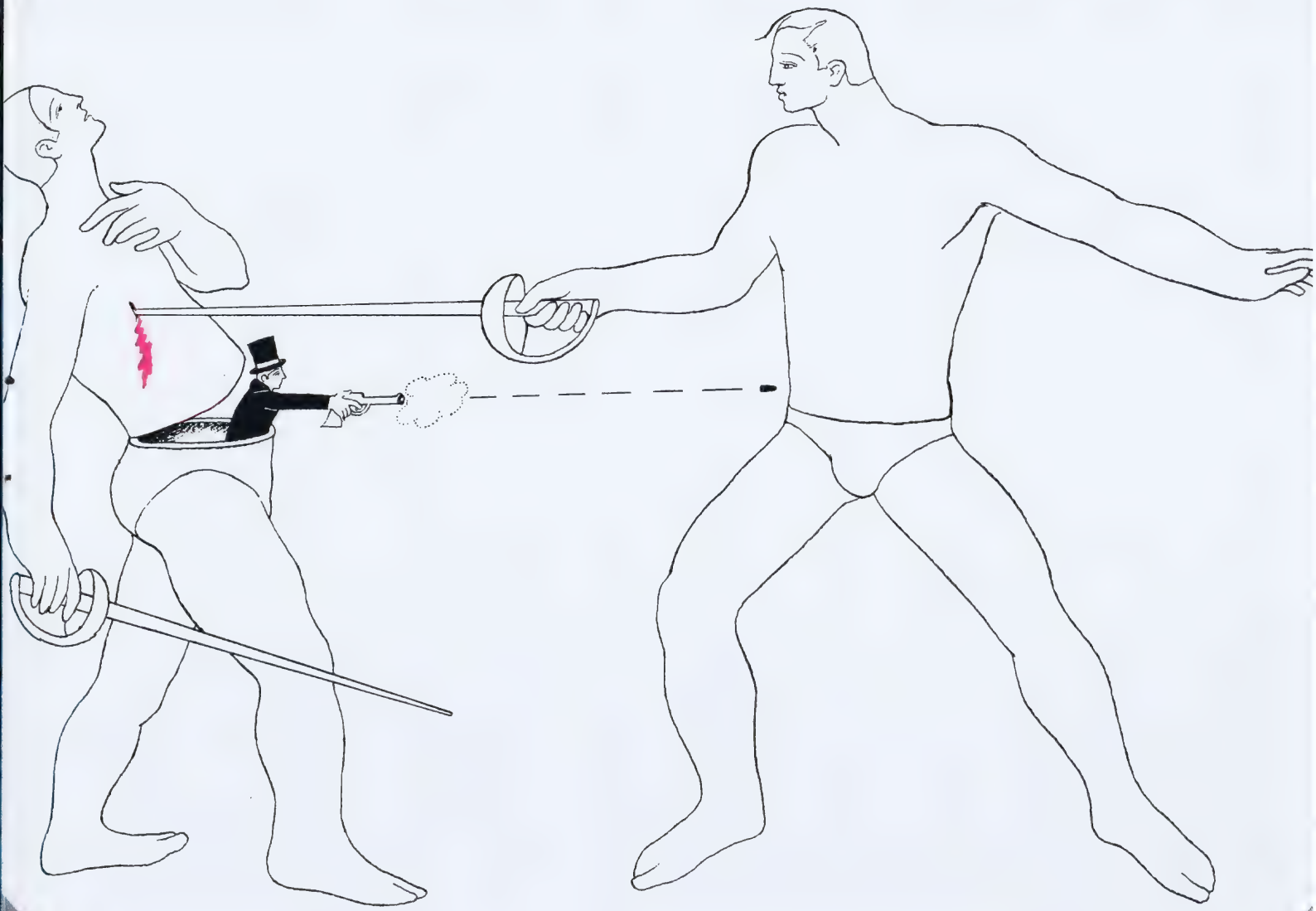
# THE SPORTSMAN

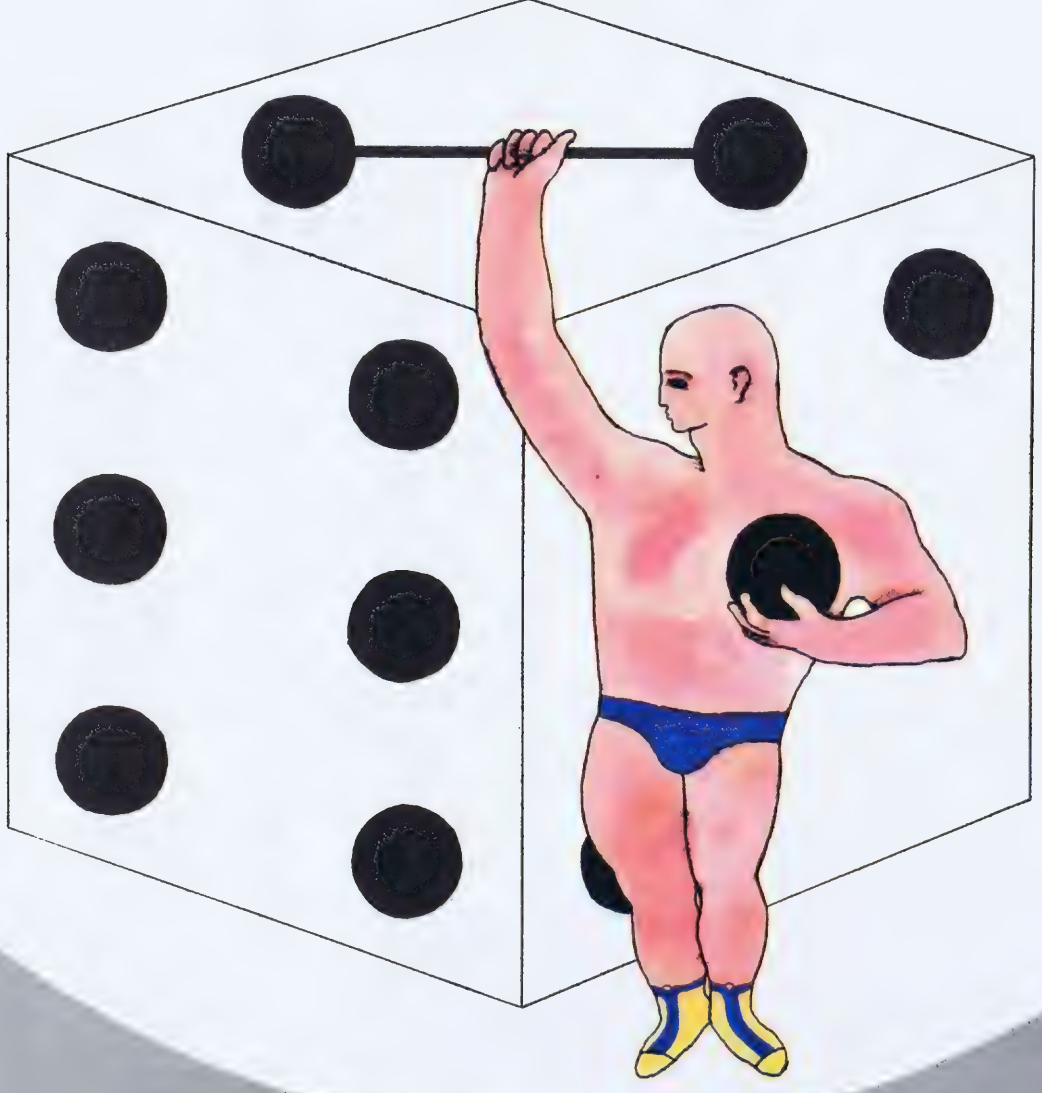
Aberrational athletics

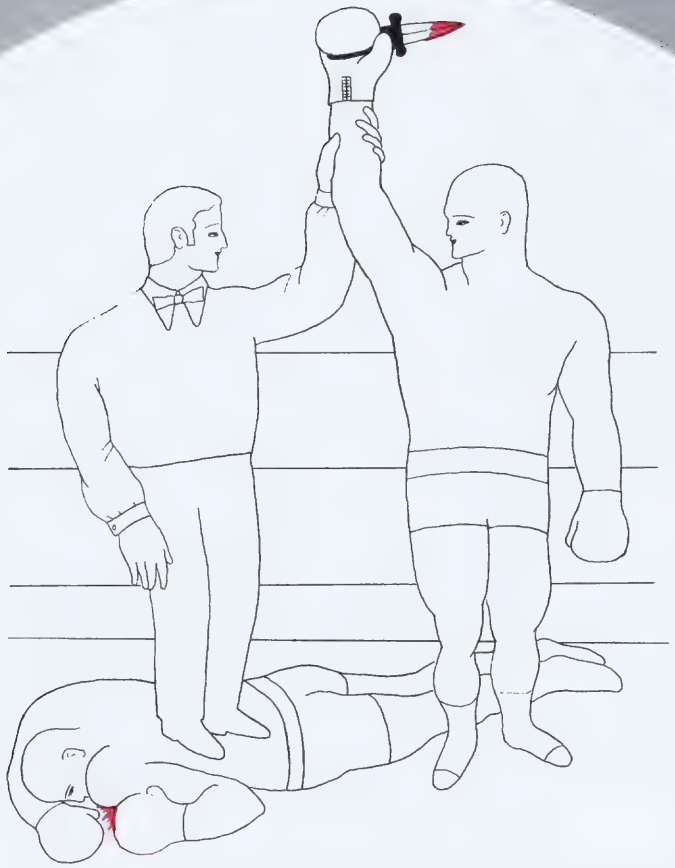
**by Paul Psorakis**

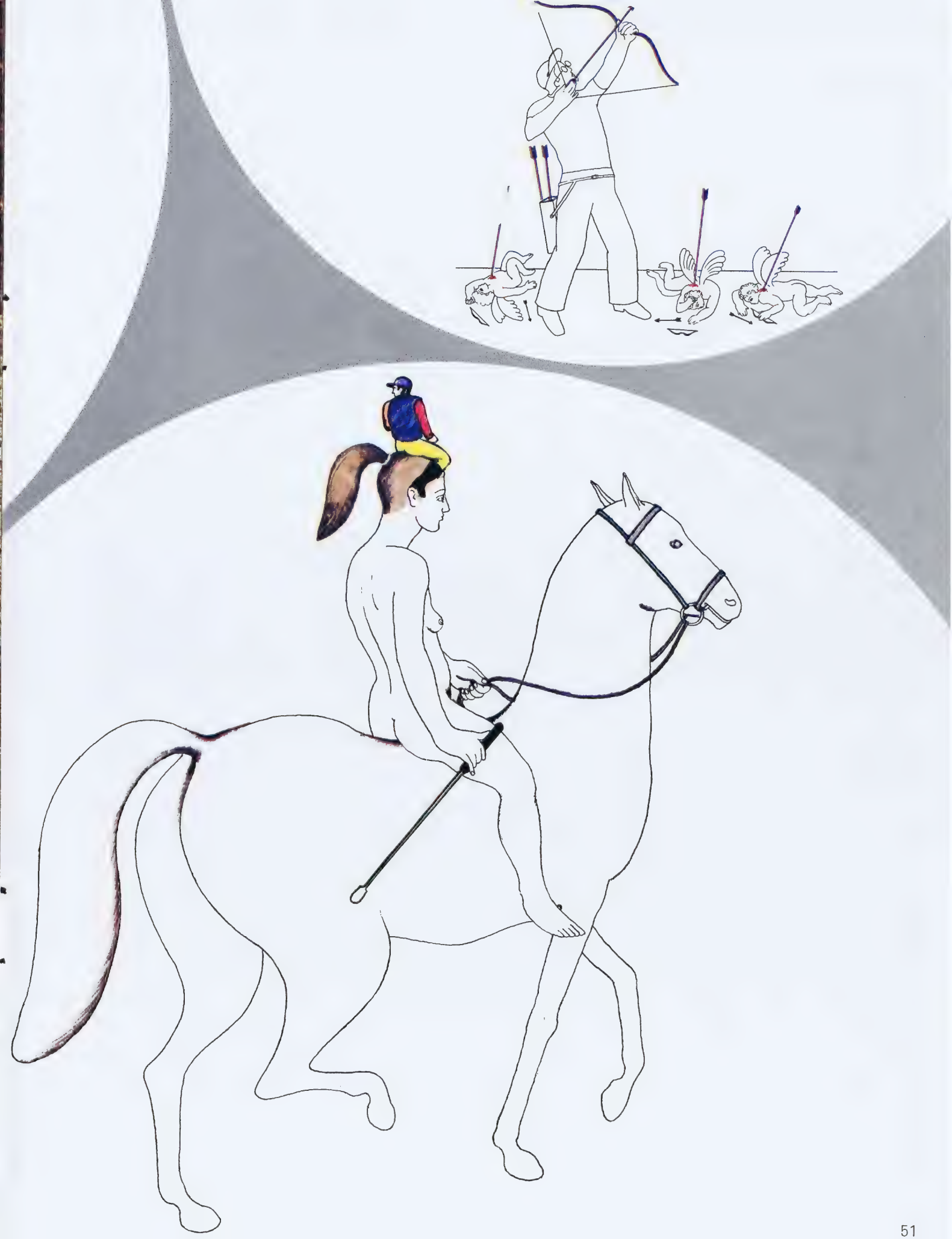












**PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

but I wouldn't push them toward this.

**Penthouse:** You have four children, don't you?

**Wilson:** Yes, David, who is 11, and Kevin, nine, and two girls who are younger. Kevin has a dry, subtle humor. He doesn't say much, but when he does it just slides out and it's stunning, knee-buckling. The other one, David, is fast. Like one day they were sitting alone in the studio watching me rehearse the show—it was just a run-through with only a crew working. Kevin turned to his brother and said: "You know if it wasn't for you and me, wouldn't nobody be watching this show." And David says: "If it wasn't for the people, wouldn't even *be* a show."

**Penthouse:** Do you talk about your work much at home?

**Wilson:** About five years ago, when David was just starting school, he said to me: "Daddy, how come when I see you here at home you make me laugh, but when I see you on television and everybody says you're funny, I don't laugh. Why is it like that?" I told him: "When I'm here at home I do little facial things, mugging, things that you can readily understand, but when I'm on television I'm working with words, and you haven't gone far enough in school yet to get the point. That's why I'm always encouraging you in school, and the more words you learn the more you'll be able to dig the humor." So he said: "Oh, oh, uh, uh, that's it." One day he said to me: "What's a joke?" I told him: "David, whenever something funny happens, we'll stop right there and break it down." So for two or three years we had a little thing going between us. David might say something funny, and everybody would laugh, and Kevin would say, "Joke! Now how was that funny?" and we'd analyze it right there and then. Pretty soon we got to the point where everybody was just dropping lines on each other, so I know the feeling of comedy is around. I let them see me doing my work. "What are you working on, Daddy?" "I'm working on a new joke. Come here and I'll break it down and explain the way it works, the tricks with words and so forth."

**Penthouse:** Are they your fans or your critics?

**Wilson:** Last time they were here, I gave them their allowance and some ladies were taking them to Disneyland. My son, Kevin, said: "Hold it, stop the car." He ran in a record store and came out clutching my album. I said: "Why did you buy my album?" He said: "Wasn't I supposed to?"—and he's goddamn right when you think of it. If you're my friend and you're performing, I'm willing to pay to see you perform—I'm not going to say, hey, give me four tickets. Friends are supposed to support each other. So I gave him his allowance, he bought what he wanted to buy. He thought enough of me to buy my album. I though that was just great.

**Penthouse:** What's your view of how far a parent should influence a child in shaping its future?

**Wilson:** My feeling about my sons' future is that I hope to provide them with the means to be just what they want to be, without running for the money. I would hope they would want to do something that might be a public service, like maybe run a community center, or be a doctor and give service to the people, or a lawyer. If they can just do what they want to do, be a whole person, then I will have accomplished my objective. They don't have to compete with me. I have always tried to stress that. They're just all-round clean, well-mannered, American kids. They belong to Little League, Boy Scouts, they go camping weekends, fishing, bowling, playing cards, shooting pool, ping pong; one of them has taken up golf. They fix breakfast for me. I have always wanted each one to find something he could do better than me. Last year when they were here David said to me: "Daddy, let's go in the pool." I said: "I can't swim." They were shocked and David said: "Wait a minute, I'll teach you how to swim." So I went in and put my trunks on, and I said: "Now if I drown, you're in a lot of trouble, NBC won't like it." He said: "You just do what I tell you, and you'll swim." So I said okay, and he showed me what to do, and man, I just glided across that pool and I was swimming in one time. I said: "Goddamn, David, thanks, that was my weak thing." So he can teach me, and we have something we can share with each other. Like on the pool shooting, they had to beat me to earn their cue—they had to beat me three straight games. David did it in six months and earned his monogrammed cue. It took Kevin about a year. I let him get up to two wins a couple of times, then I'd beat him on the third and leave him out there, just to let him get close and want to try even harder. Now David's hung up on the bowling thing. So I take him to the bowling alley with me and I just watch. I'm psyching him . . . he'd been bowling about six months and had 175 average—that's *my* average, so that's David, 11, got loads of patches, just running away with the bowling. In fact, one day he came and said: "Daddy, I beat my coach, I'm ready for you now." Then Kevin said to me: "Daddy, I want to take up weight-lifting." So each one has his own thing, and I'll encourage them in anything they want to do, but as I said, I would never push them into taking up what I'm doing.

**Penthouse:** Do you have any special ambitions that you haven't yet realized?

**Wilson:** I hope someday to do a situation comedy. My feeling is the opportunity is fine right now for a black situation comedy, something comparable with "All In The Family," and nobody would have to speak as though they had had a fine college education in order to get their point across. Ethnic humor, whether it's a black family or the Goldbergs, involves relating to the differences between the groups, and that's where the color is. I feel sure television is going to become more and more real in this sense. I think the situation between the races, where the area of understanding has to be expanded, is that whites have to become more familiar with the way we think and the way we talk. Like, take my Marvin and Howard characters that Bill Cosby and I did. A few years ago there would have been the thought in many viewers' minds, if they saw someone with the big natural and the raggedy clothes, that it's a hoodlum. But with Bill and me, and the people knowing and liking us and relating to us, they can see there's nothing to fear from the image of these guys. They gradually get to understand that love is being projected between the guys, and the same beautiful funny thoughts are being said in a different way, even if it may not be grammatically correct. Actually there was some debate, before I started my own show, whether it should be a situation comedy or a variety program. But I felt that I had had a great deal of experience in night clubs and emceeing shows, working with people, so I was sure that I could carry a successful variety show. A situation comedy really would be a much easier thing to do; the variety show is what offers the full challenge.

**Penthouse:** Any more ambitions?

**Wilson:** On a purely personal level, I'd like to do a lot more driving. I think maybe next year a trip to England might be my thing. I'd like to take a Rover and just drive all over the country, because I've never been to England and I'd like to see it that way.

**Penthouse:** How about the report that you were going to do a movie on the life of the early black comedian Bert Williams? More recently it's been reported that Sammy Davis plans on doing it.

**Wilson:** I think Sammy will do it, and I'm pleased. I'm sure he will do justice to the part. The only difference in whether Sammy or I do it is that I look a little more like Bert than Sammy does.

**Penthouse:** Were you influenced by Bert Williams?

**Wilson:** He was before my time, so I could only hear him on records. But I liked him. In any case, my first seven years I just wouldn't study any other comics, because I didn't want to be influenced. I felt that if I was going to make it I had to be different, so I had to find my own sense of humor. When I finally started to study other guys, I'd done so much studying on my own that I could observe them from a different angle. I'd say to myself, what about so-and-so is unique? Is it his physical actions, his dress, the type of material? I'm looking at him technically.

**Penthouse:** Do you have any other possibilities in mind for plays or movies?

**Wilson:** There is a thought in my mind of getting into motion pictures, but I'm not rushing it. I must do what I'm doing now. I must say, though, that it would really thrill me to take Geraldine to Broadway.

**Penthouse:** Your success, when it finally came, was sudden. Does that worry you when you think of the future?

**Wilson:** When I look back on what's happened over all these years, I remember saying to myself, well, it's gonna be hard. But look at all the great people in the past who didn't have a fraction of the opportunity that I've had, and yet they stayed with it. So no matter what happens to me from now on, no matter how hard it may become for me at any time, it can never be as rough on me as it was on those guys, and that's something I'll always keep in mind.

**Penthouse:** Mr. Wilson, thank you.

# CHEROKEE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

When a Red Indian girl pow-*wows* us as much as Patricia "Cherokee" Barrett, we have no reservation about according her um heap special 11-page portfolio. For though the 22-year-old subject of this super-size showcase has only 6.25% redskin blood in her veins, give or take a corpuscle or two, she does possess in full measure (36-22-35) all those other attributes that made her ancestors both noble and scarce. She owes her heritage to her great-great-grandfather, who hailed from the north of England, a Forty-niner in the Great California Gold Rush of the 19th century. This perceptive prospector, far from his native shore, amused himself between excavations with America's aboriginal assets and produced, with the co-operation of a beautiful Cherokee girl, Miss Barrett's great-grandfather. Now the seductive sedeciroon who is the heiress to his adventurous spirit has returned to England,

leaving her native Montana to search for gold by the more sophisticated system of the 20th century. "My principal ambition is to be a model, a successful one, I hope," explains this sixteenth-of-a-squaw. "I've come to London because I think it will be less demanding here. I'm a quiet sort of a girl, and the pace of life here is much more moderate." Does she consider that her exotic blood will lend her the aggressiveness

*Self-portrait: Editor-Publisher Bob Guccione pauses during photographic session to snap camp portrait of self and Cherokee*

that today's competitive media work demands? "To be really honest, I'm not even aware, physically or mentally, that I've got Cherokee blood in me. I suppose to someone who really knows what the Cherokee people were like, how fierce or how passive they were, the way I think and act would be an indication of how much I've inherited. But I don't even *know* any Cherokees, how can I know how they act? How many do *you* know?"

# History's Erotic Incidents-3

by Pierre Desfonds

## HOW THE KING OF LYDIA SHOWED OFF HIS QUEEN IN THE NUDE

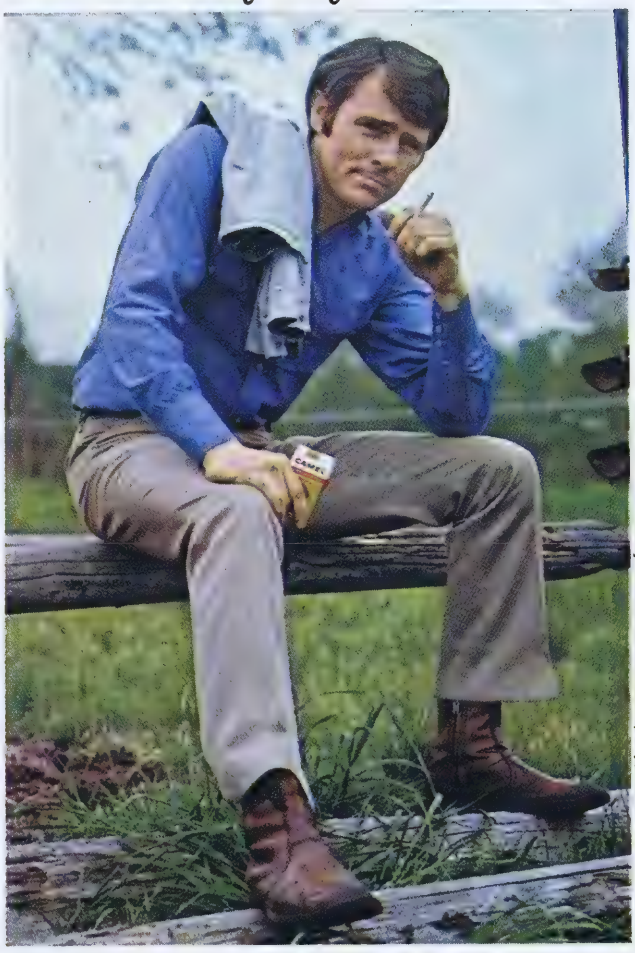
The ancient Greek city state, Lydia, had a young king called Candaulus who married a Persian girl of extraordinary beauty, Nyssia, daughter of the Governor of Bactria. Unable to keep such beauty to himself, Candaulus wanted someone else to see and admire his treasure. But it was unthinkable to ask Nyssia, with her oriental ideas of showing herself only to her husband, to display any of her charms, even her face, to other men. Driven to distraction by his pride of ownership of a secret treasure, Candaulus confided in Gyges, his friend and Captain of the Guard. A fellow Greek with an intuitive appreciation of beauty, Gyges agreed to hide himself behind a double door in the Royal chambers and observe Nyssia while she undressed, then, when she had gone to bed, he would make his escape. Everything began according to plan but, just when Nyssia stood entirely nude she noticed an eye behind the door, and then glimpsed Gyges' face as he hurriedly fled. She immediately guessed the share-the-beauty plot of the King, and was shocked at the dishonor. However, Nyssia said nothing then, but the next day she summoned Gyges and offered him herself and the throne if he would kill her husband the next evening as he slept. Otherwise she would accuse Gyges of attempted rape and *he* would die instead. Gyges elected to live—with, for him, the happy outcome that he eventually became the new King of Lydia and husband of the excessively modest Nyssia.

Source: *The Outline of Knowledge*, Richards, New York 1924.

On his last hunt, Major Hocum smoked a cigarette stamped with his family crest.

Now everybody will be smoking cigarettes stamped with their own family crest

...almost everybody.



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MISS PATRICIA BARRETT/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

Though she may not feel the turbulent history of America coursing in her arteries, the bi-racial Miss Barrett retains many of the traditional principles of the tribe. "For one thing, you might think I'm old-fashioned, but I'm an absolute believer in marriage. To me, the idea of two people living together is just out. I believe you've got to take your responsibilities head on, and if you want to live together in a society where marriage is the traditional, accepted way of life, then you should either get married or forget it. Everything's far too casual. The Red Indians were much sterner and more moral in their way than white people have ever been—that's one thing we could have learned from them." We could also have learned that they have very delectable descendants for, as these pages inarguably evince, Miss Patricia "Cherokee" Barrett is top girl on this month's totem.

Stanley Rosenbaum puffed furiously at his imported two-dollar cigar while thinking about the night before. Stretched out on the velvet couch in his vast Continental limousine, he looked at the nicely shaped legs of his private secretary Miss Rose Lee, who was going through the morning mail.

*"How"*, wondered Stanley Rosenbaum, while watching the streets of downtown Los Angeles whizzing by, *"How can I get rid of my wife's lover?"*. Despite the air-conditioning Stanley Rosenbaum felt stifled. He wiped the sweat from his fat neck with Kleenex tissues that Miss Rose Lee kept handing him. Automatically, without looking up from her work.

*"Take a girl like Rose Lee,"* Stanley thought. *"She's worked for the studio as my secretary for years and I've never heard one unfriendly remark. Why, she knows what a man deserves. What did he, Stanley Rosenbaum, actually have?"* He looked around the special interior of his car. There was a television set which he never watched, because watching TV gave him headaches. There were four stereo loudspeakers hidden in the thick carpeting and he never listened to them because he was happy to have a little silence around. Then there was the couch, the showpiece from the custom designer, all bright green velvet and arranged to fold out if Miss Lee's typing table were folded back. Yeah, he had a few nice memories connected with that: there he'd sometimes make little-stars-to-be or starlets who adored him, Stanley Rosenbaum. Adored him for his personality and energy and maybe also just a little for his dough and position in the film industry. He didn't give a bit, though: he knew what made the world turn.

His private Chinese chauffeur was dexterously driving the car in the direction of the busy Pacific Coast Highway, and Stanley Rosenbaum wiped his sweating neck with a fresh tissue. Problems, that was all he could get. Just problems. And all because of that damned dog. He looked at the well-groomed collie lying at his feet with ears pointed, peering up at him. It was too much; that dog was driving him out of his own home. Had already driven him out of his conjugal bed. And when the black limousine glided through the large gate of the studio, Stanley Rosenbaum had once more decided that the dog had to go. This time he'd take care of it himself. Nothin' could go wrong if he did it himself. Nothin'.

# A SAD STORY ABOUT LASSIE

Satire by Jan Cremer

**Stanley gritted his teeth and put up with the Wonder Dog – until the night it proved itself just a little too wonderful with his wife**

It all began when the studio got the new Lassie from the training school for film animals. She was the 27th Lassie they'd had in Hollywood since the Second World War (if you didn't include Audie Murphy), Lassie No. 26 having just died of exhaustion after a particularly strenuous 32-part television series. The new Lassie was no sooner installed in her dressing-kennel and halfway through Scene 6 Take 4 of the new series when some sharp-eyed bystander remarked that this particular Lassie was in fact a Laddie. A studio conference was hastily convened and it was agreed that a male Lassie was out of the question: the animal's contract was terminated forthwith. Even so, everything would have been fine if Stanley had kept his mouth shut, and hadn't been so stupid as to tell his wife Dolores about it during dinner.

Dolores, whom Stanley thought had an idiotic love for anything animal, insisted on going with him to the studio the next day to look at the dog. Dolores fell in love with the animal at once and he couldn't talk her out of it. Dolores wanted and would get the filmdog as soon as a filmbitch substitute could be found. And that's how Lassie No. 27 was lovingly adopted into Stanley Rosenbaum's Malibu home. This saved the dog from a certain death, because all past Lassies, when their contract ended, were taken in a helicopter and dropped from a few hundred feet into the desert. It had to be done this way because it would be bad for the image if the film public were confronted with 20 Lassies while being guided on a tour of the film studio. Besides, people thought there was only one, The Great Lassie, the wonder-dog who could do everything. The darling of millions of kids over the whole world. And their parents as well. And then their parents too. To let the film dogs live, even if it were far from Hollywood, couldn't be done either, since these dogs had been trained to act quickly and react like human beings. That would only create more difficulties. No, it was a studio rule, if they were burned out, or, as in this case, found out, they had to go to the hundehimmel.

It wouldn't have been so bad if Dolores' love for the dog hadn't increased day by day while her love for her husband decreased. In their Malibu beach-house it was Lassie-here, Lassie-there, Lassie-everywhere! Dolores gave all her attention to the dog. Now, Stanley Rosenbaum himself was an animal lover of sorts; he used to have a little blue-eyed pet

canary when he was a kid, and he also seemed to have a lot of fun with Lassie. Lassie in return would run to the mailbox on the porch in the early morning and bring the *Los Angeles Post* back between his jaws. Film dogs' teeth are pulled so they will never be able to bite co-actors or harm other animals in the studio zoo. Nor would they damage the newspapers. Wagging his tail, he'd lay the newspaper on Stanley's slippers. Lassie was a clever dog who could look at you in the sweetest way, almost human. Even Adolf Hitler was known to watch the Lassie movies eagerly in his bunker, and Stanley, who was known as a hard person, a tough guy to deal with, softened under the dog's affection.

Still, he could hardly swallow not taking first place with his wife. At first he thought everything would turn out all right, but he was wrong. Lassie became more and more important. And it even went so far that he, Stanley Rosenbaum, was sent out of the bedroom by his wife for daring to say something about the snoring of the sleeping dog between them. Stanley couldn't get used to the idea of the dog always being around. Even when he was in bed with Dolores he felt that the dog kept staring at him compassionately. Dolores had told him she didn't want to make love as long as Lassie was awake. She didn't want to hurt the dog's feelings. "A dog is just like a kid," she used to say, "you have to take care of it and be careful. And especially this dog, look how he's looking at us, he just knows he was almost put to death, poor thing. A dog is brighter than you think. And I want to consider and respect his feelings. Just as you should consider and respect my feelings, Stanley Rosenbaum!"

And that's the story of how Stanley Rosenbaum's life, which had once been rosy, had grown greyer every day. One night when he couldn't take it any longer, he had pushed Lassie out of bed, but the next moment Dolores was calling her lawyers for a divorce based on cruelty. Stanley Rosenbaum might be Hollywood's top producer but he had to be very cautious about his private life. If it ever made the gossip columns that he and Dolores had marriage difficulties, all would be lost. And if it ever turned out that a dog, especially Lassie, was the reason for divorce, the Women's Guild or the American Legion would get involved and ruin him. Why, they could even summon him before the Un-American Activities Committee. He had to be very cautious.

So Stanley Rosenbaum approached the problem more cleverly. He did nothing but pet the dog and buy Lassie tasty treats. And even when Dolores got the idea once in the middle of the night that Lassie might want a hot pastrami sandwich, Stanley put on his bathrobe and drove his Maserati through the city till he found a night-delicatessen with hot pastrami. All these nice little things he did for the dog were appreciated by Dolores, and Stanley was once more allowed to sleep in his own bed—with Lassie and his wife. He would lie there all by himself while Lassie and Dolores were intertwined. Sometimes he couldn't avoid the dog's look—a look of triumph, Stanley thought.

Soon the situation was becoming more than a nuisance. Stanley Rosenbaum was becoming a nervous wreck. He could hardly sleep. The recollection of how a stray dog once bit him as a little boy began to play tricks on him in his dreams. Sometimes he felt he was choking on dog hair stuck in his throat, sometimes when he was hardly asleep he dreamed that Lassie was attacking him in a jealous mood, ripping his throat open or scratching out his eyes. He was afraid to talk to anyone about it; his friends would laugh at him. He thought of psychiatrists as crooks and so Stanley Rosenbaum lived as if in a bad dream. At length he hatched a plan to get rid of the dog.

One night he'd put some rat-poison in the doggy-bowl along with the caviar. The next morning their old butler James died on the mat in convulsions. This "heart attack", as the coroner certified it, shocked Stanley so much that for a while he agreed to everything Dolores wanted for herself and for the dog. Some time later, he took Ping, his Chinese chauffeur, into his confidence. After all, he reasoned, colored people react differently to animals than whites do. In his heart Stanley didn't want to kill the dog outright, since the poor animal couldn't help the whole situation it created. It had been his own stupid mistake right at the start to tell Dolores that Lassie was as good as dead.

One day when Dolores was baking apple-pies for the yearly Fancy Fair for the Orphans of Las Vegas Croupiers, he gave Ping money to fly with the dog to New York. The same evening Ping returned—without Lassie. Ping had kicked the dog in his butt near Kennedy Airport and boarded the plane back to Los Angeles. When Dolores returned late that evening after a successful Fancy Fair she was beside herself. Where was Lassie? Stanley played it as if he too were deeply hurt, saying comfortingly: "Come on, sweetie, Lassie will be back, he must have run away. He'll be back!" He laughed in his sleeve and thought he'd solved things nice and neatly. "That was a smart idea to send the gook to New York, one of my many, many grand ideas," Stanley chuckled.

That night Dolores couldn't sleep. The doctor had to come and give her some shots to calm her. Stanley Rosenbaum couldn't sleep that night either, but that was because the doctor had said that he had to keep an eye on Dolores, to see that she didn't do anything funny, like slashing her wrists or putting her head in the gas oven. She was capable of anything, the doctor had warned. The next morning at eight o'clock when Stanley was getting the *Los Angeles Post* himself from the mailbox on the porch, the telephone was ringing. It was Los Angeles International Airport. A dog, a collie, had hidden in the baggage compartment on the New York-Los Angeles flight and it had a collar tag with Stanley Rosenbaum's phone number.

> "One night he put rat poison in the dog's caviar. The next morning he found the butler dead on the mat"

Dolores went almost out of her mind with happiness. Stanley cursed Ping and once more told himself that you couldn't leave anything to gooks but cooking chop suey. Dolores and Stanley drove to the airport to fetch the dog. Lassie looked quite good after the adventure, Stanley thought. The whole day he kept cursing his stupidity in underestimating the film dog. The reunion was a happy one, but though Dolores didn't directly accuse Stanley of helping the dog disappear to the East Coast, he knew she suspected him of having something to do with it. Therefore Stanley Rosenbaum had to try three times as hard to do his best to make the dog happy. Then came a night when he caught them in the act. He had come home late from a shareholders' meeting and tiptoed into the bedroom, obeying Dolores' command of walking through the house in socks so as not to disturb Lassie's slumber. He had turned on the light and seen Dolores lying there on her back with her legs spread and the dog's body held in her arms.

Stanley Rosenbaum furiously put out the last of his imported two-dollar cigars in the tigerskin-covered ashtray on his desk. One thing was for certain: Lassie had to get out of his and Dolores' lives. He had to deal with it firmly. This was his chance. Dolores went for a short visit to London. She would stay away a couple of days. Maggie, the superstar from the studio, their million-dollar project, and Dolores' best friend, was in the hospital there with back pains. And since

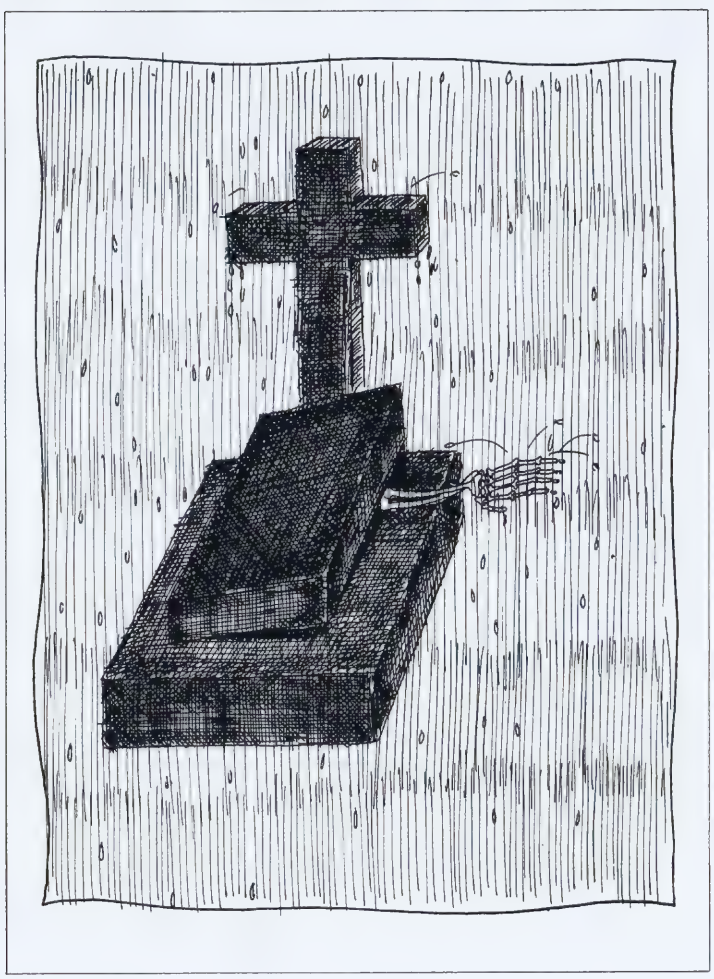
"Door"!

there was a legal quarantine of six months in Britain, Dolores couldn't take the dog with her. "Don't you worry a bit", Stanley had said at breakfast, "Go see Maggie in London and see she's up and around soon. Because we can't start *Flipper* without her. I'll take care of the dog, don't worry. I'll take him along to the studio, even though I have to be careful no one sees him, and I'll keep him beside me the whole time. I will take care of him as if he were my Emmy award, the one I got for *Tammy goes to Harlem*."

Lassie lay at his feet under the desk acting as if he were asleep. The dog cautiously kept an eye on all his boss's movements. Stanley Rosenbaum looked at the animal pensively. "Stupid mutt", he mumbled, "I don't want you to die, you're too nice for that. But you've gotta understand, pal. I don't wanna lose Dolores! It's either me or you who has to go, and as it works out, old boy, you're the one who's gotta go! Even though I'm sorry to have to do it, I have to get ridda you before the little ole lady gets back! But how?" Stanley meditated and fretted until his eyes fell on the cover of a scandal sheet, *The National Inquisitor*.

In heavy print it said: "Dog eaters in Hongkong", with a gory picture of a Chinese eating with a spoon out of a dog's head. After quickly reading the article, Stanley Rosenbaum pressed the intercom: "Miss Rose Lee, order two tickets for today's flight to Hongkong . . . Yeah, you heard me right, Hong Kong. . . . One for me and one for the dog . . . not as luggage. No, as passenger!" I can't let that dog out of my sight, Stanley thought, not a minute, he's too smart for me. Miss Rose Lee called back a few minutes later. Two seats were booked on the one o'clock flight to Hongkong.

It really broke Stanley Rosenbaum's heart, though, when he had to perform a little play in a measly restaurant in Aberdeen, Hongkong's slum, to get rid of Lassie. Back at the studio he had hurriedly packed an old, worn-out tropical outfit, one they had used over and over in the Tarzan movies,



from the props department. He had changed clothes in the restroom of the Hongkong air terminal. Now he looked like a bum, like an embassy envoy who'd landed in the gutter. He walked through Aberdeen with the dog on a rope until he came to an obscure restaurant. He kept hearing whining and barking from the kitchen. When he finished his meal, he acted as if he were penniless. All at once the cook, the restaurant owner and a few more Chinese arrived and threw him roughly into the street. Lassie had been taken away from him. He was just able to see how the cook had pulled the struggling dog into the kitchen on a rope. Lassie's paws glided over the damp tiles and the dog whined in fear. Poor thing! Stanley Rosenbaum considered himself the biggest bastard alive while he was changing again in the air terminal restroom. But then, he had had to do it to get rid of the dog, to save his own life. No one here in Asia knew him or the dog's image, because they didn't buy American television-series. What's more, he was sure he was on safe ground with Dolores. She could hire a private detective if she wanted to, but what private detective is going to look in Hongkong for a dog lost in Los Angeles? Mike Hammer maybe, but he was off the air.

The plane was soon hovering over Victoria Bay in Hongkong, and Stanley leaned back. One more stop in Anchorage, Alaska, and then back to Los Angeles. No one would ever know he'd gone to Hongkong—Hongkong of all places—to get rid of his traumas. Except maybe Rose, for she'd certainly ask about Lassie. "Well", Stanley thought, "I guess I'll just have to make her again on the green velvet couch in the car and give her another 1000-dollar raise."

The stewardess wheeled a cart with sodas and alcohol down the aisle. Stanley stared at the Asiatic beauty of Japan Airlines. All at once, the stewardess screamed and jumped aside because a flashing figure had sprung out of the curtain in the kitchenette and scrambled past her legs down the aisle. It was Lassie! Lassie ran right away to Stanley Rosenbaum's seat and covered him with licks. Everyone, including the frightened stewardess, was touched. Stanley had no choice but to hug and pet the dog. "The dog must have got in the plane at the last minute", the stewardess said.

"Yes", lied Stanley Rosenbaum, "Poor animal. I lost him in Aberdeen. I've been looking for him for hours!"

"You're very lucky, sir" the stewardess said. "They eat dogs in Hongkong you know!" Stanley acted as if shocked while Lassie lay his head on his knees and looked at him faithfully.

In Anchorage it was freezing cold. "I wanna make an expedition to the North Pole in a helicopter", Stanley Rosenbaum said to the clerk in the travel office at the airport. "The North Pole is a very dangerous place this time of year, if I may advise you, sir" the clerk replied—and thought to himself "*another nut who wants to go to the North Pole*". He continued patiently: "Ice floes all over, you know sir, but if you insist on making this trip our travel agency can try to arrange a guide with a helicopter for you. But it's still a perilous venture, really a death trap. Polar ice is extremely unreliable at the moment. Wouldn't you rather go to Honolulu or Acapulco? Because if I may advise you sir, the weather conditions at the Pee, that's what we call the North Pole here, are very bad."

"That may be," said Stanley Rosenbaum casually, "but I have a few days' vacation and took my favorite dog, and on the way from Hongkong to Los Angeles, I thought all of a sudden why I shouldn't do the North Pole as well. I've done the whole fourteen-countries-in-ten-days bit and I've been in Honolulu and in Acapulco but I've never been to the North Pole! That's why I wanna go and see it."

"The Pee, I mean the North Pole, is beautiful", the clerk said, "but it is and remains dangerous. Ice floes and such. If you walk on the ice you have to be very careful not to walk in a hole or drift off on a floe!"

"I'll be extremely careful", Stanley feigned, looking at Lassie beside him with mutual understanding. "It's also nice

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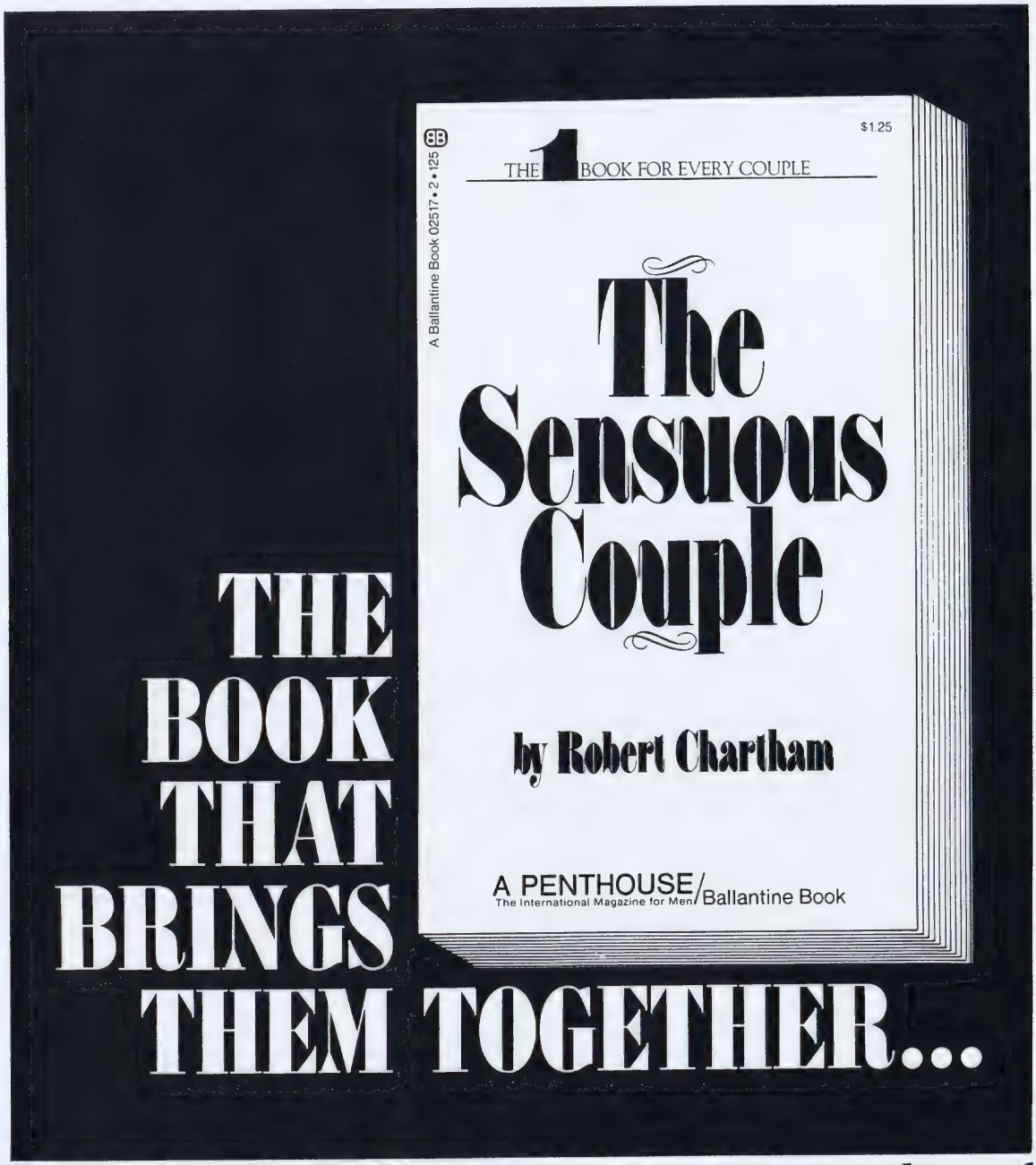
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# OTT MAN OUT

PHOTOGRAPHER: ERIC BACH

The life of Sissy Ott, actress and model, is a classic case of starvation in the midst of plenty. For the statistically superlative Sissy, who is Ott property in German film, television and photographic circles, has passed up real romance in order to scale the more rarefied reaches of her profession. Though she mingles with celebrated actors, distinctive models and all the more persuasive admirers of beautiful women, she is a firm subscriber to the

*A romantic setting for a photocall* (opposite) *is the nearest Sissy comes to real romance*

notion that abstinence makes the bank balance grow stronger, and she spends her sparse leisure time in practising her swimming, riding, yoga and "keeping myself in perfect trim". Sissy is not so dedicated, however, that she has lost sight of romance altogether. "I have an ideal, you see," she avers. "I can imagine myself in a beautiful country house, with the man I love, living in an elegant and old-fashioned style. I want this kind of romance, but it will not fall in my lap. I must work for it." Until that time, the ascetic Sissy's advice to all prospective partners will be nothing more than : "Keep Ott."

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PENTHOUSE

# SEXINDEX

*An encyclopaedia of erotic enlightenment*

**Abelard, Pierre** (1079-1142): French philosopher and theologian, famed for ill-fated affaire with his pupil Heloise. At 38 a noted lecturer at the cathedral school of Notre-Dame de Paris, he fell in love with the 17-year-old Heloise, niece of Canon Fulbert. They fled together to Brittany where they were secretly married, and Heloise bore a son. The incensed Fulbert had Abelard castrated, and the unfortunate lover retired to a monastery. Later his teachings were condemned as heretical and he was driven to live as a hermit, but disciples nonetheless gathered around him and the hermitage became the monastic school of Paraclete. Heloise meanwhile had taken the veil, and she later took over Paraclete. When they died, the pair were buried together. Their still extant love letters are among the most famous in the world, and have inspired poets and playwrights. There is a suggestion that Heloise and Abelard practised anal love (q.v.).

**Abortion:** Strictly, the termination of a pregnancy within the first three months—after that it's a miscarriage—but generally used to mean any artificially induced termination. Traditionally illegal in most countries, abortion has become more accepted under the Permissive Society, with relaxations of the law in Britain, some U.S. states (like New York), Japan etc. In the Soviet Union legal abortion was one of the early reforms, later reversed under Stalin, but since reinstated and now common to all the Soviet satellites. The British Abortion Act of 1967 permits abortion where any two doctors agree that continued pregnancy would mean risk to the woman's life, injury to her physical or mental health or to the life or health of her other children, or risk of serious deformity (mental or physical) to the unborn child. This liberality has led to a trade in abortion for visiting foreigners, earning London the epithet of "abortion capital of the West" from hardliners. Foremost among these in all countries is the Catholic Church, which forbids abortion even when childbirth would cause the death of the mother. Because of such restrictions through the centuries, illegal abortion methods survive in most countries, desperate (but doubtful) remedies including quinine, ergot of ryé, slippery elm, powerful purgatives, drinking gin in a hot bath, strenuous exercise like horseback riding or jumping downstairs, and even probing the vagina with instruments (which risks perforation of the uterus or septicaemia). But the normal foetus is so well insulated inside the womb that unorthodox methods are more likely to harm the mother than the child. Similarly, backstreet surgical abortions by "midwives" or others notoriously risk permanent sterility or dangerous haemorrhage. When performed in correct medical conditions, however, and at an early enough stage, abortion is a simple operation of scraping the uterus (curettage), rarely harmful to the mother. Newer methods, such as vacuum extraction, promise to make it still simpler, and may eventually reduce the emotional factor for those doctors and nurses who decline to take part in abortion operations on aesthetic grounds.

*Abelard writes to Heloise*

**Abstinence, sexual:** Alleged to have spiritual or moral benefits, but of dubious psychological or physiological merit, and known to have caused impotence in men who abstained for several years. (Dr. Magnus Hirschfield, *Sexual Perversions.* See "Religion and Impotence.") Limited abstinence (48 hours or so) can help to restore virility after intense sexual activity, but longterm total abstinence decreases, rather than sharpens, sexual appetite and ability. Sexual abstinence is observed among most orders of monks and nuns as part of their renunciation of worldly experience; many nuns having to wear a shift even while bathing, to avoid seeing their naked bodies, and some monks being prohibited from touching their penises when urinating in case they are stimulated.

**Acton, Dr. William** (1813-75): Practising specialist in genito-urinary disorders and popular Victorian writer on socio-sexual topics. Published, 1857, *Prostituion, considered in its Moral, Social and Sanitary Aspects, in London and other Large Cities and Garrison Towns, with Proposals for the Control and Prevention of its Attendant Evils,* with sensible argument that since prostitution couldn't be prevented, it should at least be regulated. This led to the short-lived 1866 Contagious Diseases Act, which provided that prostitutes in garrison towns or naval depots should be subject to regular medical examination and free treatment for venereal diseases. But Acton's most popular work, first published in 1857 also and reprinted regularly till the end of the century, *was The Functions and Disorders of the Reproductive Organs.* The title is misleading: the book is really about male sexuality, and is the source of all those Victorian myths about masturbation making you blind. Here is his description of the Boy Who Masturbates: "The frame is stunted and weak, the muscles undeveloped, the eye is sunken and heavy, the complexion is sallow, pasty, or covered with spots of acne, the hands are damp and cold, and the skin moist. His intellect has become sluggish and enfeebled, and if his evil habits are persisted in, he may end in becoming a drivelling idiot or a peevish valetudinarian." Re women, Acton remarked: "I should say that the majority of women (happily for them) are not very much troubled with sexual feeling of any kind . . . A modest woman seldom desires any sexual gratification for herself. She submits to her husband, but only to please him; and, but for the desire of maternity, would far rather be relieved from his attentions." So now you know whom to blame.

**Adler, Alfred** (1870-1937): Pioneer Austrian psychiatrist, an early pupil of Freud, who gradually departed from Freud's basic ideas, especially the importance of infantile libido, and in 1911 founded his own system of "Individual Psychology". His best-known idea is the "inferiority complex", *i.e.* the feelings centred round an obvious physical or mental handicap, such as short stature or lameness. He believed that any such handicap gave the individual an extra incentive to excel, and called this the "compensatory mechanism". Hence the lame Byron has to swim the Hellespont, stuttering Demosthenes becomes a famous orator, and Napoleon's drive derives from his short height. Of course some people have an inferiority complex without any satisfactory or successful compensatory mechanism and this, Adler believed, was the root of neurosis.

**Adolescence:** Period of growth from childhood to sexual maturity—usually between 9-13 in girls, 10-14 in boys. Boys develop deeper voice, first traces of facial and bodily hair (secondary sexual characteristics), and their testicles descend from pelvic cavity into scrotum, if they haven't already, where they begin manufacture of spermatozoa (primary sexual characteristics). Girls develop breasts, body hair (secondary characteristics), and commence ovulation and menstruation (primary characteristics). Mental sexual awareness heightens. Adolescence sometimes begins early in obese or bedridden children; and in the West is generally tending to start marginally earlier in successive generations. From Latin *adolescere,* to grow up.

**Adultery:** Copulation by married person with someone other than spouse. Prohibited in the Ten Commandments (No. 7) and traditionally the strongest—in some places the only—ground for divorce. In ancient civilizations a capital offence, especially by women, and punishable by such spectacular penalties as stoning to death, a fate now superseded by alimony.

**Albany Trust:** Internationally noted charitable trust founded in 1958 in London for research into sexual problems, sex education by means of lectures and seminars at schools and universities, and counselling individuals about their personal problems. In its early years mainly concerned with homosexual law reform, but now planning to widen its scope. The present director is Michael de la Noy, and its address is 32 Shaftesbury Avenue, London W.1., England (Tel: 734 5588).

**Algolagnia:** Common term for sadism and masochism (coined by the sexual specialist Schrenck-Notzing), used when they are being considered as similar aberrations or manifestations of the same psychological condition. Sadism and masochism are rarely apparent in a pure form in any individual, and elements of both are generally found in sadists and masochists. Dr. Magnus Hirschfield considered that sadism was a hyper-excess of male sexuality, whereas masochism was its female counterpart; thus, in his opinion, sadism and masochism were only *deviations* when masochism was found in a man, and sadism in a woman. See *Sadism, Masochism.*

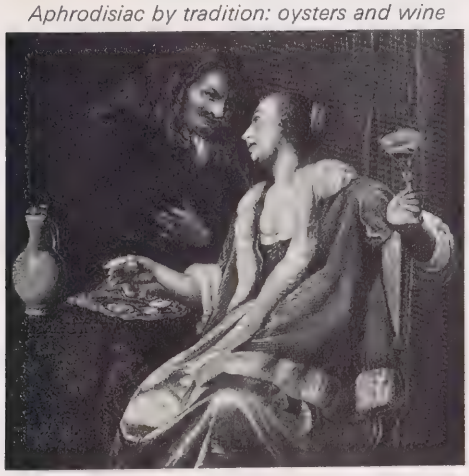
**Allan, Elkan:** Pioneer of the sexual documentary with his film *Love in Our Time* (1969), which reconstructed real-life erotic escapades of half-a-dozen couples, using the genuine protagonists as actors. The film included adultery, wife-swapping, sexual violence.

**Allegro, John:** Philologist and one-time translator of the Dead Sea Scrolls who postulates that Christianity originated as a fertility rite. Based on his research into the origins of biblical language he theorizes in *The Sacred Mushroom and the Cross* that "Jesus" was an hallucinogenic mushroom, centre of a religious cult in the Middle East that saw God as a massive penis spurting semen (rain) on to the ground. See *Phallic worship.*

**Almanachs:** In the 18th and 19th centuries, often meant an erotic almanach listing local prostitutes and their charges. A typical French almanach of 1791 was titled: *Almanach of the Addresses of Young Ladies of All Kinds and All Classes, or a Calendar of Pleasure Containing their Names, Houses, Ages, Portraits, Characters, Talents, and the Prices of Their Charms.* Forerunners of contemporary "underground" press ads.

**Aloisia, Sigea:** Pseudonym of Nicholas Chorier (1612-92), author of diverse philosophical and historical works. *The Dialogues of Luisa Sigea* (1678) is an erotic "teach-in" between two girls in the manner of Aretino's *Ragionamenti*—still too outspoken for general publication.

*Aphrodisiac by tradition: oysters and wine*



**Amenorrhoea:** Interruption of menstruation, without pregnancy. Occurred widely among married and unmarried women in combatant countries throughout both world wars, probably as a result of undernourishment; menstruation resumed when a proper diet with adequate proteins and vitamins could be obtained. Any woman suffering from amenorrhoea should consult her doctor.

**Anal love:** Stimulation of the anus for sexual arousal. Between men and women, anal love can be either a prelude to vaginal intercourse or, if the woman's clitoris is manually stimulated by the man, a complete substitute for coitus during menstruation or pregnancy or to vary sexual life. Contrary to popular belief, no fecal matter is present in the rectum until defecation is imminent. Hence objections on aesthetic grounds are not valid. Germs abound in the rectum, however, and a penis that is not washed between anal and vaginal insertion can be the cause of vaginitis. As the rectal lining is extremely delicate, lubrication (with water-soluble surgical jelly) is desirable, and care must always be taken not to pierce the lining with sharp or awkward objects—damage which can often only be rectified by major surgery. Some women find anal intercourse extremely arousing, whereas others always find it uncomfortable and painful. Most women, however, respond to the middle finger in the anus and the index finger in the vagina, while the thumb strokes the clitoris. Anal intercourse is considered an "unnatural act" in British law and is illegal even between husband and wife, as it is in many American States. Anal intercourse is sometimes adopted by homosexuals as a method of mutual stimulation.

**Anilingus:** Stimulation of the anus with the tongue. See *Anal Love.*

**Anxiety:** Common cause of impotence, and to some extent of frigidity. Anxiety about work or domestic life can lead to a failure of the motor neurons governing penile erection. This causes further anxiety, which in turn affects even more the ability to achieve erection. There are other causes of impotence, but when it is due to anxiety alone, the cure is either the removal of the original source of anxiety, psychological treatment, or a complete recognition by the sufferer that he is being affected by anxiety, and consistent effort to overcome it. *See Impotence, Frigidity.*

**Aphrodisiac:** Anything taken to increase sexual desire or enjoyment (from "aphrodisia", a Greek festival in honour of the goddess Aphrodite). Almost every edible substance has been proposed as an aphrodisiac at one time or another: oysters, celery, onions, asparagus, mushrooms, truffles, tomatoes (known as "love-apples" in some countries), tulip bulbs etc. Most of these are favoured for no better reason than that they look like either the upright penis or the testes. Paulinus, author of a medieval book of magic, recommended bull's urine, hen's turds, stag's testicles, donkey's penis, sparrow's blood and brains, and other revolting titbits. Menstrual blood has figured in many love-recipes from the *Kama Sutra* onwards. In the East rhinoceros and oryx horn are still believed to have aphrodisiac properties, but most of what is sold under these names is probably powdered pig's bone. There is no evidence that any of these substances has the slightest effect, beyond increasing the believer's confidence. What does have an effect is Spanish Fly, the popular name for the drug cantharidin, which is derived from the blister beetle. It irritates the bladder and urethra and, by reflex, the sexual organs, and it is used effectively in breeding farm animals. Easily causes death, however, when taken experimentally by laymen, since the dose needed to produce an effect is virtually the same as a fatal one. Nux vomica, better known as strychnine, presents the same problem: it might well be a stimulant, were it not a killer first. Other dangerous stimulants, of dubious efficacy, are yohimbine, LSD, quebrachine, and mescaline. Many people believe alcohol to be

*Aphrodisiac by association: asparagus*

an aphrodisiac, mainly because it loosens inhibitions. Unfortunately it also dulls the sensations and, taken by men in sufficient quantities, can prevent full erection ("brewer's droop"). Marijuana is similar in that it heightens sexual desire but may diminish performance. The only well-authenticated aphrodisiac is the male hormone testosterone, which measurably increases sexual desire in both men and women, and is sometimes prescribed in cases of total impotence. However, in potent men, it can result in atrophy of the testicles, and in women it can cause masculinization. It also damages the liver if used indiscriminately. For these reasons, it is only available on prescription and as a last resort.

**Aphrodite:** Greek goddess of love created, according to mythology, when a god's castrated testicle was thrown into the sea (her name means literally "from the foam"). The love she sponsored was of the promiscuous, rather than marital, variety, and she herself had countless liaisons, producing such licentious offspring as Eros (god of love), Hermaphrodite (the twin-sexed) and Priapus (god of virility).

**Apuleius, Lucius:** Latin writer, born in North Africa in the 2nd century A.D. and educated at Carthage. Travelled widely and gained inside knowledge of many secret religious cults and their "magic" arts. Marrying a wealthy woman much older than himself, he was accused by her relations of using witchcraft to seduce her, but he eloquently refuted this charge in his *Apologia.* His most famous work is *The Golden Ass* (or *Metamorphoses*), a picaresque novel describing the adventures, many of them erotic, of one Lucius, who is accidentally turned into an ass. Later the ass copulates with an ancient prostitute in the public amphitheatre.

(*continues next month*)

# PEAK PERFORMANCE

WEAR IT'S AT FOR THE SARTORIAL SNOWMAN

**Fashion by Ed Emmerling**
**Photographs by Amnon Bar-Tur**

On the slopes of Grand Motte (left to right) in nylon shell and lining, a mandarin snap-collar self-belted ski parka with wide contrasting band design by Aspen Skiwear, $46; coated nylon warm-up in aleutian blue by Aspen Skiwear; girl's majorette two-piece ski suit by Ski-doo Sports, Ltd; a 100% polyester belted ski jacket in aubergine color with epaulets and polyester pile fur collar by McGregor-Doniger, about $40; an overall look with adjustable suspenders, front zipper closing in black nylon outershell with orlon fleece lining by Ski-doo Sports, Ltd., $45, white crew-neck sweater with shoulder racing stripes by Ski-doo Sports, Ltd; girl's combination fur-like and synthetic leather snowmobile suit by Ski-doo Sports, Ltd; a longer-length belted ski parka with multi-colored patch pockets on solid body by Peter Max for Mr. Wrangler Sportswear, $28, polyester/nylon ski jean in brown ribbed denim look by Mr. Wrangler; girl's red two-piece crinkled patent leather ski suit by White Stag; all goggles and ski accessories by Ski-doo Sports, Ltd.

Skisuits (picture right, front to back) nylon ski jean suit in the western look with contrast double-stitch design in the new dubonnet color by White Stag, $56; natural jackal fur arctic parka with hood and zippered closure by Mr. Fred for Fur and Sport, about $450; girl's waterproof woven nylon outershell blizzard cape with attached hood and two side openings by Ski-doo Sports, Ltd.

Disembarking from KLM's super 747 jumbo jet in a waffle-weave wool turtleneck sweater by Puritan, $22.50.

Though the sand and sea have their charms at this time of year, an ever increasing number of jet setters prefer the super-sensation of skimming rapidly over powdered grain on finely honed skis, particularly if they're doing it on the vast network of ski slopes in Grand Motte, a high and immense ski area in Lac de Tignes, in the spectacular French alps.

To get there, as many ski enthusiasts are doing, Penthouse's fashion editor and photographer became members of the Matterhorn Sports Club and flew the club's charter flight via the luxurious KLM 747 featuring first class service to Geneva, Switzerland. The meals, the open bar, and the fashion shows held by the editor aboard the 747 literally made the flight a party over and back at 30,000 feet.

Some of the world's finest ski resorts lie just across the French/Swiss border in the French alps. The area is a gateway to the most ultra-modern and in some places futuristic resort architecture seen anywhere. Lac de Tignes, at the foot of Grand Motte, has snow year round for fine skiing. From the balcony of the architecturally-inspired hotel, L'Orée du Lac, skiers can be seen on the steep slopes.

When the Penthouse people hit the slopes they did it with cameras to record this fashion report on the season's wearables for the rugged ones. And the new fashions are certainly rugged-sounding enough. The guy is in if he wears the "tough" look in ski jeans and work clothes—looks straight out of the railroad yard. That means lots of railroad stripe patterns in stretch knits and wool and spandex combinations for active skiing.

On the balcony of the Hotel L'Orée du Lac in Lac de Tignes are (left to right) turtleneck sweater in burgundy with blue and white Norwegian motif by Jockey Menswear, $15; worn with railroad stripe denim stretch ski jean by White Stag; girl's striped sweater and stretch ski jeans by White Stag; plum-colored velour shirt with geometric print planket front by Eagle Shirtmakers, $20; water-repellent 100% glacé nylon maroon wind shirt by White Stag, $12; worn with geometric striped sweater pants by Pendleton, patent leather belt by Giovannelli; girl's blue corduroy vest with white pile lining by Jockey; (in background) men's beige 100% virgin wool shawl-collared sweater in brown Indian jacquard motif by Pendleton, $40; all wool ski caps by Cisco sportswear.

The new Western look in short nylon jackets and matching bottoms features contract double-stretch design and chest yoke panels, usually of leather vinyl or stretch quilting.

Something else for the male skier are nylon suspender overall pants : bib front with higher ridge back panel, held up with suspenders. When worn with a slim matching jacket they give the illusion of a one-piece suit.

The important colors to watch for (and they are hard to miss) are flame red, aleutian blue, moondust, moss green and of course, aubergine. Look, too, for the resurgence of black.

For après ski, knits are the many-splendored new thing—in printed patterns of tweed, herringbone and geometric, available in ski pants and shirts. And this season sees the comeback of velours and the introduction of tricot bodyshirts that knock the woven wind shirt right off the slopes.

The skinny rib sweaters of the past few seasons will continue, but be aware of the bulkies in cables and Norwegian designs as they begin to take over. The sweater suit is almost a staple around Lac de Tignes and other nearby fashionable ski resorts.

Skiing is such a whole way of resort life that many different kinds of clothing are now suitable, and this season's new ski collections jump with the best.

# Announcing a new Where-to-buy-it service for Penthouse readers

If you would like to examine for yourself the men's wear featured in this month's editorial fashion pages, we recommend that you visit one of the fine retail stores listed below. The stores marked with a (•) are currently displaying at least some of the featured merchandise.

**ALABAMA**
*Auburn*—The University Shops Inc.
*Bessemer*—Sokol's
*Birmingham*—
Canterbury Stores, Inc.
Jones-Lawless Inc.
Odum Bowers & White
Parisian Inc.
*Cullman*—Stiefelmeyers, Inc.
*Decatur*—Parisian, Inc.
*Huntsville*—Bill's Inc.
Dunnavant's, Inc.
*Parkway City*—Bills Inc.
*Tuscaloosa*—Wiesel Co.
The University Shops Inc.

**ARIZONA**
*Safford*—J. Green & Co.
*Tucson*—Dave Bloom & Sons
Jacomes Dept. Store

**ARKANSAS**
*Conway*—Lou Hoffmans
*Helena*—
Michael Lazer Men's Wear
*Hot Springs*—
Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.
*Jonesboro*—
Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.
*Little Rock*—
Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.
Irving Koram Inc.
Lou Hoffmans
*Ozark*—Wakefield & Co.
*Pine Bluff*—
Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.

**CALIFORNIA**
*Anaheim*—Cotlers
*Arcadia*—Hinshaw's
Richards Mens Store
*Bakersfield*—Coffee's
C. H. Dunlap Co.
Juoy's—"Gear for Guys"
*Buena Park*—
Dewey's Store for Men
Juoy's—"Gear for Guys"
*Burbank*—Ed's Towne Shop
*Canoga Park*—
Juoy's—"Gear for Guys"
Greene's Mens Wear
*Carmel*—
Dick Bruhn's Mans Store
*Costa Mesa*—
Juoy's—"Gear for Guys"
*Downey*—
Juoy's—"Gear for Guys"
*El Cerrito*—Foley & Bonny
*El Monte*—Richards Mens Store
*Fresno*—Coffee's
*Gilroy*—
Dick Bruhn's Mans Store
*Hermosa Beach*—
Jeans Apparel Shops, Inc.
*Hollister*—
Dick Bruhn's Mans Store
*Hollywood*—Matsons'
of Hollywood
Sunny Lane Mens Shop
*Indio*—Wise Shops
*King City*—
Dick Bruhn's Mans Store
*La Habra*—
Juoy's—"Gear for Guys"
*Lakewood*—
Dewey's Store for Men
Juoy's—"Gear for Guys"
*Los Angeles*—Campbell's Inc.
Charleston's
Cotlers
Juoy's—"Gear for Guys"
Model Men's Shop
Shirt Gallery
Union Store for Men
Volume Mdse. of Calif.
Wise Shops
*Los Cerritos*—
Richards Mens Store
*Modesto*—C. H. Dunlap Co.
*Montclair*—
Juoy's—"Gear for Guys"
*National City*—
Ellis Bros. Men's Stores
*No. Hollywood*—Campbell's Inc.
Yeakel & Goss Dept. Store
*Oakland*—Smiths of Calif.
*Orange*—Cotlers
*Palo Alto*—Wideman's
*Sacramento*—Capitol Clothing Co.
*Salinas*—
Dick Bruhn's Mans Store
*San Bernardino*—
Juoy's—"Gear for Guys"
*San Diego*—
Ellis Bros. Men's Store
Granson
Juoy's—"Gear for Guys"
*San Francisco*—Granson
Howard's Clothing Co.
*San Jose*—Berg's
*Santa Ana*—Jackman's
*Santa Monica*—Campbell's Inc.
*Ventura*—Ronald Bank
*W. Covina*
Greene's Mens Wear
Juoy's "Gear for Guys"
*Whittier*—Hinshaw's

**COLORADO**
*Aspen*—Slak Shak
*Colorado Springs*—Target Stores
*Denver*—May D. & F.
Target Stores
*Greeley*—Hibbs
*Loveland*—Hibbs

**CONNECTICUT**
*Bridgeport*—Skydel's
*Bristol*—Grand Way
*Danbury*—Grand Way
*Gales Ferry*—Vality Inc.
*Hamden*—Eli Moore Inc.
Richard Thomas for Men
*Manchester*—
A. G. Fields & Co.
*Middletown*—R. W. Camp Co.
*Milford*—Eli Moore Inc.
*New Britain*—Grand Way
*New London*—Outlet Co.
Savard Bros. Inc.
*Stamford*—Lou Konspore
"The Man's Store"
Sarner's Dept. Store
*Stratford*—Grand Way
*Torrington*—The Oxford Shop
*Waterbury*—Grand Way
*West Haven*—Grand Way

**WASHINGTON, D.C.**
Farnsworth-Reed Ltd.
Slak Shak of Georgetowne
Webster Men's Wear

**DELAWARE**
*Wilmington*—
Strawbridge & Clothier
Wright & Simon

**FLORIDA**
*Clearwater*—Jackson's Byrons
*Coral Gables*—
Hills Store for Men
Jackson's Byrons
*Ft. Lauderdale*—Grand Way
Jackson's Byrons
Irving Berlin's
Lansons
Sterling's Ivy Man Shop
Sterling's Mens &
Boys', Inc.
*Gainesville*—
Wilson's Dept. Store
*Hialeah*—Lansons
Jackson's Byrons
Irving Berlin's
*Hollywood*—Lansons
*Jacksonville*—Rosenblum's
The Young Men's Shop
*Miami*—Grand Way
*Miami Beach*—Lansons
*Pensacola*—Douglas Allen
Ed White Inc.
Ordon's Inc.
*Pompano*—Jackson's Byrons
*S. Miami*—Garber's
Jackson's Byrons
*St. Petersburg*—
Egerton & Moore Inc.
Grand Way
Jackson's Byrons
Rons Toggery
The Real Place
*Tallahasee*—Jackson's Byrons
Mendelson's
*Tampa*—Grand Way
Kirby's Mens Wear
*W. Hollywood*—Grand Way
*W. Palm Beach*—Anthonys Inc.
Jackson's Byrons

**GEORGIA**
*Albany*—Rosenberg's
*Athens*—
The University Shops Inc.
*Atlanta*—
H. Stockton-Atlanta Inc.
Hirsch's
*Belvedere*—Hirsch's
*Cobb County*—Hirsch's
*Decatur*—
H. Stockton-Atlanta Inc.
*Greenbriar*—Hirsch's
*Griffin*—Morrow Powell
*Lenox*—Hirsch's
*North DeKalb*—Hirsch's
*Rome*—The Fahy Store
*Savannah*—
John B. Rourke, Inc.
*South DeKalb*—Hirsch's
*Valdesta*—Olam H. Luke, Inc.
• *Waycross*—Jacobson's, Inc.

**HAWAII**
*Honolulu*—McInerny

**IDAHO**
*Boise*—Ralph Davis Mens Store
*Payette*—Farber's Dept. Store

**ILLINOIS**
*Barrington*—Chuck Hines
*Belleville*—Imber Mens Wear
*Benton*—Walker's
*Bloomington*—Bachrachs
Moberly & Klenner
Ulbrich & Kraft
*Carbondale*—Walker's
*Champaign*—Jos. Kuhn & Co.
*Chicago*—Baskin
Eric Salm, Inc.
House of Duro
Tom Hynes,
Fashions for Men
*Collinsville*—Imbers Mens Wear
*Crawfordsville*—
Rapps Sire Shop
*Decatur*—Bachrachs
Myers Brothers
*Des Plaines*—
Allen's Store for Men
Svoboda's Mens Wear
*Dunbee*—Chuck Hines
*DuQuoin*—Walker's
*Edwardsville*—
Imbers Mens Wear
*Elgin*—Chuck Hines
Four Squires. Inc.
Wieboldts
*Glencoe*—Bus Goodman Inc.
*Harvey*—Marks Toggery, Inc.
*Herrin*—
J. V. Walker & Sons, Inc.,
*Kankakee*—Plant-Kerger Co.
*Kewanee*—Kirley & Sons
*Lolies Park*—
Rockford Dry Goods
*Marion*—Walker's
*Monmouth*—The Model
*Mt. Vernon*—Walker's
*Naperville*—Dean's
*Rockford*—
Rockford Dry Goods
Bernhardt's, Inc.
*Springfield*—The Hub Clothiers
Myers Brothers
*Urbana*—Baskin
*Waukegan*—Chuck Hines
*West Frankfurt*—Walker's
*Wheaton*—Gaede's

**INDIANA**
*Elkhart*—Rapps Sire Shop
*Evansville*—Gordons
Sater's
Weinbach Men's Shop
*Ft. Wayne*—
Goldens Mens Wear
Patterson Fletcher
*Indianapolis*—
Wm. H. Block, Co.
Squire Shop
*Jasper*—Schneider's Dept. Store
*Kokomo*—Maher's
*Lafayette*—Rapps Sire Shop
The Rapp Shop
The University Shops Inc.
*Logansport*—Kellers Sire Shop
*Muncie*—Stecks
*South Bend*—Robertsons
*Terre Haute*—Bachrachs
Schultz & Co.

**IOWA**
*Ames*—Bledsoe's Inc.
*Des Moines*—
Frankel Clothing Co.
*Elkader*—Raizes Dept. Store
*Fort Dodge*—
Charles A. Brown, Inc.
*Mason City*—
Raizes Dept. Store
*Sioux City*—Karl's
Karlton's
*Storm Lake*—Douglass Clo. Co.
*Waterloo*—The James Black Co.

**KANSAS**
*Abilene*—Royer's
*Coffeyville*—Strasburger's
*Emporia*—Harry Ropfogel's, Inc.
*Kansas City*—The Leader Clo
*Laurence*—Obers
*Manhattan*—Stevensons Clo.
*Salinas*—Stevensons Clo.
*Topeka*—Crosby's
Ray Bears Clo. Co.
*Wichita*—Bricks

**KENTUCKY**
*Ashland*—
The C. H. Parsons Co., Inc.
Stars' Fashion World
*Bowling Green*—
Golden-Farley Inc.
*Frankfort*—HWB Store
*Hopkinsville*
Golden-Farley Inc.
*Lexington*—
The University Shops Inc.
*Louisville*—Levy Bros.
Martins
*Richmond*—
The University Shops Inc.

**LOUISIANA**
*Alexandria*—Caplans Mens Shop
*Baton Rouge*—
The Varsity Shop, Inc.
*Lafayette*—Abdalla's Oil Center
The Varsity Shop, Inc.
*Leesville*—Caplans Mens Shop
*Monroe*—Selber Bros.
*Natchitoches*—
Caplans Mens Shop
*New Orleans*—Labiche's Inc.
• Rubenstein Bros.
*Shreveport*—
Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.
Selber Bros.

**MAINE**
*Amherst*—House of Walsh, Inc.

**MASSACHUSETTS**
*Boston*—Krackerjacks, Inc.
Lebow Bros. Inc.
Sumner's
*Cambridge*—Krackerjacks Inc.
*Fitchburg*—
John Edwards Clothes
*Framingham*—Zayre
*Hyannis*—
• Burman's of Hyannis
Krackerjacks Inc.
*Lowell*—Lynches
*New Bedford*—Star Store
*Saugus*—
A. Hoffman & Sons, Inc.
*Shrewsbury*—World Apparel Ltd.
*Worcester*—Ware Pratt Co.

**MARYLAND**
*Baltimore*—
Calby's Male Apparel
Gann's
Stewart & Co.
Webster Men's Wear
*Bel Air*—Calby's Male Apparel
*Bethesda*—Slak Shak
*Chevy Chase*—
Farnsworth-Reed Ltd.
*Ocean City*—Slak Shak
*Riverdale*—Slak Shak
*Wheaton*—Slak Shak

**MICHIGAN**
*Birmingham*—Demery's
Todd's Clothes
*Dearborn*—Muirheads
Todd's Clothes
*Detroit*—Demery's
Todd's Clothes
Wurzburg-Demery's
*Eastbrook*—Wurzburg Co.
*Farmington*—Demery's
*Grand Rapids*—Herpolsheimer's
Houseman's
Wm. Klein Store for Men
Wurzburg Co.
*Holland*—Ambassador Shop
*Jackson*—Jacobson Stores Inc.
*Kalamazoo*—
Libin's Varsity Shop
*Lansing*—Wurzburg Co.
Webster Men's Wear
*Marquette*—Stern & Field
125 Shop
*Muskegon*—Hoslen's Inc.
Square Clothing Co.
*Northland*—Todd's Clothes
*North Kent*—Wurzburg Co.
*Pleasant Ridge*—Next Door
*Royal Oak*—Todd's Clothes
*Southfield*—Todd's Clothes
*Southland*—Wurzburg Co.
*Utica*—
Van Dyke Clothes for Men
*Warren*—
Van Dyke Clothes for Men
Van Dyke Formal Wear
Next Door
*Wyoming*—Rogers Dept. Store

**MINNESOTA**
*Brookdale*—Donoldson's
*Duluth*—Livingston's
Maurices Men's Shop
*Hopkins*—Meyers Dept. Store
*Mankato*—Matt J. Graif Inc.
*Minneapolis*—
Donoldson's
Meyers Dept. Stores
Olson Clothing
Target Stores
*Redwood Falls*—Wilson's Clo.
*Rochester*—Donoldson's
*Rosedale*—Donoldson's
*Saint Paul*—Donoldson's
*Southdale*—Donoldson's
*West St. Paul*—Van Arsdell's

**MISSISSIPPI**
*Columbia*—Rankins
*Hattiesburg*—
Fine Bros.—Matison Co.
Mississippi Britches
The Essex House
*Jackson*—Emporium
The Rouge, Ltd.
*Laurel*—Alex Loeb, Inc.
Fine Bros.—Matison Co.
*Meridian*—Alex Loeb, Inc.
Marks Rothenberg Co.

**MISSOURI**
*Kansas City*—Indins
*Springfield*—
Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.
Venture
*St. Ann*—Venture
*St. Louis*—Famous Barr
Target Stores
Venture

**MONTANA**
*Billings*—Buttrey Suburban
*Butte*—Buttrey Suburban
*Great Falls*—Buttrey Suburban
F. A. Buttrey Co.
*Havre*—F. A. Buttrey
*Kalispell*—F. A. Buttrey
*Missoula*—Buttrey Suburban

**NEBRASKA**
*Alliance*—
The Famous Clo. House
*Fremont*—Philips Stores, Inc.
*Lincoln*—Magee's
*Nebraska City*—Rowe Clothiers
*Omaha*—Magee's
• Philips Stores, Inc.

**NEW HAMPSHIRE**
*Bedford Mall*—Lynchs
*Claremont*—David Heller Co.
*Concord*—David Heller Co.
Edward Fine & Son
*Franklin*—Decator's Men's Wear
*Laconia*—Lynch's
*Manchester*—Lynchs
Easler's
*Portsmouth*—Kimball's

**NEW JERSEY**
*Bound Brook*—
Archies Mens Shop Inc.
*Cherry Hill*—
Strawbridge & Clothier
*Clifton*—Levy Brothers
*Closter*—Grand Way
*Dover*—Furstman & Feinberg
*E. Paterson*—Grand Way
*Echelon*—
Strawbridge & Clothier
*Elizabeth*—Levy Brothers
*Fort Lee*—Schweitzer's D. S.

*Irvington Center*—
Gruber's Men's & Boys
*Keansburg*—Grand Way
*Menlo Park*—Archie Jacobson
*Montclair*—Hahne's
*Newark*—Hahne's
*Paramus*—
Grand Way
Stern Bros.
Weber & Heilbroner
*Paterson*—Meyer Brothers
*Phillipsburg*—Orr's Dept. Stores
*Pt. Pleasant*—Capt. Quarters
at Winograd's
*Salem*—Princes
*Toms River*—Harris Bros.
*Trenton*—
Fredic W. Donnelly & Son
Wineberg's 1893
*Union Center*—
Gruber's Men's & Boys
*Union City*—Paul Servo
*Wayne*—
Weber & Heilbroner
*Westfield*—Hahne's
*West New York*—Schlesinger's
*West Orange*—
Gruber's Men's & Boys
*Woodbridge*—Field Brothers

**NEW MEXICO**
*Albuquerque*—Fedway Stores
*Santa Fe*—Goodman's
Moore's

**NEW YORK**
*Albany*—Grand Way
*Auburn*—
Homick's Mens Shop Inc.
*Batavia*—
Charles Men's Shop, Inc.
*Binghamton*—Grand Way
*Brockport*—
Brockport Clothing Co.
*Brooklyn*—Field Brothers
Howard Stores Corp.
Martin's
*Buffalo*—Sattler's Inc.
Riverside Men's Shop
*Cortland*—Grand Way
Harold's Men Stores
*Elmira*—H. Strauss Inc.
*Endicott*—
Alexander Harvey Clothing
Grand Way
*Garden City*—Outlet Co.
*Hornell*—Murray Stevens
*Horseheads*—Grand Way
*Jamestown*—
Edward's Men's Wear
*Johnson City*—
Ben's Clothes Shop, Inc.
*Kingston*—H. G. Rafalowsky, Inc.
*Long Island*—
Field Brothers
Martin's
Weber & Heilbroner
*Nanuet*— Grand Way
*Newburgh*— Grand Way
*New York*—A. G. Fields & Co.
Franklin Simon
May Mdse. Corp.
National Shirt Shops
Ohrbach's
Paul Barry
Paul Stuart Inc.
Weber & Heilbroner
*Niskayona*—Nusbaum's
*Olean*—Bradner's Inc.
*Oneonta*—Bresee's Dept. Store
*Patchogue*—Mace Kavner Inc.
*Plattsburgh*—Grand Way
*Potsdam*—Herbert's Men's Wear
*Queens*—Beau Brummel Ltd.
Field Brothers
*Rome*—Grand Way
*Schenectady*—
Jos. Nusbaum, Inc.
*Wappinger Falls*—Grand Way
*Staten Island*—
Archie Jacobson

**NORTH CAROLINA**
*Asheville*—Belk
Bon Marche Inc.
*Burlington*—
B. A. Sellars & Sons, Inc.
*Charlotte*—Ivey's of Charlotte
*Goldsboro*—Weil's Inc.
*High Point*—Frank A. Stith Co.
*Kinston*—The Man's Store
*Morganton*—Lazarus
*New Bern*—Hill's
*Raeford*—Joe Sugar's
*St. Pauls*—Joe Sugar's
*Wilmington*—
Belk Beery Co., Inc.
*Wilson*—
Oettinger's Men's Store
*Winston-Salem*—
Frank A. Stith Co.
Norman Stockton, Inc.

**NORTH DAKOTA**
*Devils Lake*—Glickson's Inc.
Shark's Clothers
*Fargo*—deLendrecies
Shark's Clothiers
*Grand Forks*—McDonald's
*Jamestown*—The Straus Co.
*Minot*—Shark's Clothiers

**OHIO**
*Akron*—Halle Bros.
The University Shops Inc.
*Ashtabula*—Globe-Ball Inc.
*Athens*—
The University Shops Inc.
*Beachwood*—Harry Jacobson
*Bellaire*—The Phil-Mor
*Bowling Green*—
The University Shops Inc.
*Canton*—Halle Bros.
*Cincinnati*—Nadler's
The University Shops Inc.
*Cleveland*—Bill's Clothes, Inc.
Halle Bros.
Harry Jacobson
Higbee Co.
Skall's Men's Wear, Inc.
*Cleveland Heights*—
Harry Jacobson
*Oxford*—
The University Shops Inc.
*Columbus*—
The University Shops Inc.
*Dayton*—The Metropolitan Co.
*Delaware*—Wilson's
*Euclid*—Gorniks
*Fremont*—Joseph's Dept. Store
*Hamilton*—Vogue Shops Inc.
*Marietta*—
Sniffen's Shop for Men
*Marion*—Jim Dugan's Inc.
Markert & Lewis
*Martins Ferry*—The Phil-Mor
*Miamisburg*—
Suttman's Men's Wear
*Mt. Vernon*—Vogue Shops Inc.
*Newark*—
Cornell-Bazaar Mens Shop
*New Carlisle*—Vogue Shops Inc.
*Richmond Hts.*—Bill's Clothes
● *Springfield*—Vogue Shops Inc.
*Steubenville*—
The Hub of Steubenville
The Phil-Mor
*St. Martins Ferry*—The Phil-Mor
*Toledo*—Damschroder's Inc.
*Willowick*—Bill's Clothes
*Xenia*—McDorman's

**OKLAHOMA**
*Bartlesville*—May Brothers
*Enid*—S & Q Clothiers
Trego's Inc.
*Muskogee*—
Dillard Dept. Store, Inc.
S & Q Clothiers
*Oklahoma City*—
Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.
Orbach's
Park's Apparel Co.
● *Tulsa*—Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.
Renberg's, Inc.
*Woodward*—Trego's Inc.

**OREGON**
*Eugene*—The Bon Marche
*Pendleton*—Hamley & Co.
*Portland*—Lowenson's
Nudelman Bros.
*Salem*—Bishop's Inc.

**PENNSYLVANIA**
*Ardmore*—
Strawbridge & Clothier
*Altoona*—Gable's
*Baden*—The Coach House
*Beaver Falls*—
Benson's Dept. Store
Taylor's
*Bethlehem*—
Orr's Dept. Stores
Silverberg & Goldberg Inc.
*Charleroi*—David Israel
*Cheltenham*—Gimbel Bros.
*Clairton*—Cmarada's
*Dubois*—Levine Bros., Inc.
*Easton*—Orr's Dept. Stores
*Erie*—Halle Bros.
*Harrisburg*—Doutrich & Co.
Gimbel Bros.
*Haverford*—Nan Duskin
● *Hazelton*—Lauderbach & Co.
*Indiana*—Waxler's
*Jenkintown*—
Strawbridge & Clothier
*Johnstown*—Glossen Bros.
*King of Prussia*—Gimbel Bros.
*Lancaster*—Gimbel Bros.
*McKeesport*—Cox's, Inc.
David Israel
Henry B. Klein Co.
*Monroeville*—Kaufmanns
The Coach House
*Moorestown*—Gimbel Bros.
*Mt. Lebanon*—Kaufmanns
*Neshaminy*—
Strawbridge & Clothier
*North East*—Gimbel Bros.
*Olyphant*—Sigmund Spitz Inc.
*Philadelphia*—The Boyd Store
Gimbel Bros.
Jackson & Moyer
Nan Duskin
Strawbridge & Clothier
*Pittsburgh*—Gold Coast
Kaufmanns
Krazy Legs Inc.
The Coach House
*Plymouth Meeting*—
Strawbridge & Clothier
*Rochester*—Kaufmanns
*Scranton*—The Globe
Samter Bros. Co.
Zilenchicks
*Springfield*—
Strawbridge & Clothier
*Strafford*—Nan Duskin
*Stroudsburg*—A. B. Wyckoff
*Sunbury*—Grand Way
*Upper Darby*—Gimbel Bros.
*West Chester*—Grand Way
*Wilkes-Barre*—The Hub Clo. Co.
Louis Rosenthal Inc.
*Williamsport*—Troisi

**RHODE ISLAND**
*North Dartmouth*—Outlet Co.
*Pawtucket*—Apex Inc.
Bernstein's Inc.
*Providence*—Outlet Co.

**SOUTH CAROLINA**
*Anderson*—
Gene Anderson Co. Inc.
*Asheville*—Ivey's
*Charleston*—
Leon's Mens Wear
*Columbia*—Brittons
Lourie's
*Florence*—
Coker's of Florence, Inc.
*Georgetown*—
Ray's Men's & Boy's Shop
*Greenville*—
Ivey's of Greenville
*Hartsville*—J. L. Coker & Co.
*Spartanburg*—
The Aug. W. Smith Co.
*Sumter*—
Coker's of Sumter
*Warwick*—Apex Inc.
Outlet Co.

**SOUTH DAKOTA**
*Rapid City*—Haggerty's Inc.
Seeley Inc.
● *Sioux Falls*—E. C. Olson Co.
Fantle's, Inc.

**TENNESSEE**
*Chattanooga*—
Browning & Hamilton
Dunnavant's, Inc.
*Bowling Green*—Kentucky
*Donelson*—Castner Knott Co.
*Jackson*—Holland's Dept. Store
*Memphis*—Julius Lewis Inc.
Oak Hall
Stamm's Top Drawer
*Nashville*—Castner Knott Co.
Davitt's
Dunnavant's, Inc.
Webster Men's Wear
*Union City*—Bennett's Inc.

**TEXAS**
*Abilene*—S & Q Clothiers
*Almeda*—Foley's
*Amarillo*—Fedway Stores
White & Kirk
*Arlington*—Leonards
*Austin*—
Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.
Jack Mortons
*Corpus Christi*—
Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.
Fedway Stores
*Dallas*—Dreyfuss & Son
Reynolds Penland
Target Stores
*El Paso*—Tibor's
*Ft. Worth*—A. Davis Co.
John L. Ashe, Inc.
Leonards
*Grand Prairie*—Leonards
*Houston*—Foley's
Norton Ditto
Sakowitz, Inc.
Target Stores
The Symbol
*Hurst*—Leonards
*Irving*—Big State Men's Store
Leonards
*Longview*—Fedway Stores
*Lubbock*—S & Q Clothiers
*Paris*—
L. O. Hammons Men's Store
*Pasadena*—Foley's
*San Antonio*—
Dillard Dept. Stores, Inc.
Leo Mendlovitz M/B Wear
*Sharpstown*—Foley's
*Tyler*—Hurwitz Man's Shop
*Wichita Falls*—Fedway Stores

**UTAH**
*Ogden*—Buehler-Bingham
Village Fair West
*Salt Lake City*—
Bud's Duds for Men

**VERMONT**
*Burlington*—Nate's Inc.
Shepard & Hamelle
*Montpelier*—Nate's Inc.
*So. Burlington*—Grand Way
*St. Albans*—Nate's Inc.
*St. Johnsburg*—Nate's Inc.

**VIRGINIA**
*Alexandria*—
Cohen's Quality Shop, Inc.
*Danville*—J. Berman, Inc.
*Hopewell*—
Rucker Rosenstock, Inc.
● *Janof*—Rice's
*Lynchburg*—J. Kulman, Inc.
● *Newport News*—Nachman's
● *Norfolk*—Rice's
*Petersburg*—
Rockingham Clothes
for Men
Rucker Rosenstock, Inc.
● *Princess Anne*—Rice's
*Richmond*—
Rockingham Clothes
for Men
*Roanoke*—Jos. Davidson Inc.
● *Wards Corner*—Rice's
● *Warwick*—Nachman's
*Williamsburg*—
Williamsburg Dept. Store
*7 Corners*—
Farnsworth-Reed Ltd.

**WASHINGTON**
*Kennewick*—
Wade's Clothing for Men
*Pasco*—
Wade's Clothing for Men
*Pullman*—Empire Men's Shop
*Richland*—Dawson-Richards
*Seattle*—Lamonts
*Walla Walla*—Sporleders

**WEST VIRGINIA**
*Beckley*—
E. M. Payne Co., Inc.
*Charleston*—
A. W. Cox Dept. Store Co.
The Diamond
*Hinton*—The Hub Clothing Co.
*Morgantown*—
The University Shops Inc.

**WISCONSIN**
*Appelton*—W. A. Close, Inc.
*Eau Claire*—
The H & L Men's Shop Inc.
The H. & L. University Shop
*Green Bay*—C. A. Gross Co.
Stiefel's
*Kenosha*—
Bell Clothing House Inc.
Isermann Bros.
Mullen's Outlet Stores
*Madison*—Baskin
The Hub
*Milwaukee*—Polacheck's
Stock Bros. Inc.
Target Stores
*Oconomowoc*—
Snyders Fine Clothes
*Oshkosh*—Maurices Gear Shop
W. A. Close, Inc.
*Sheboygan*—Art Imig
Maurices Men's Shop

**WYOMING**
*Cheyenne*—Sam Stark & Sons
*Sheridan*—
Stevens Fryberger & Co.

GROOM AT THE TOP

# LEAD HER BY THE NOSE

BY ED EMMERLING

Perfumes **from top row, left to right:** *Ondine, by Latour – floral bouquet with undertones of oak moss; Shalimar, by Guerlain – combines oriental fragrances of florals and spice; Replique by Raphael – combines jasmine and rose with an intense, lingering undertone of incense; Coeur-Joie, by Nina Ricci – combines heavy floral blend with clean, woody overtones; Xanadu, by Fabergé – blend of florals with mid-forest greens, and a touch of spice; Amaranthe, by Dina Merrill – includes buoyant floral top-note, undertones of spice, with a rich woody base; Norell, by Norell – combines floral notes against hints of greenery; Intimate, by Revlon – exotic blend with lasting undertones of jasmine and Oriental woods; Joy, by Jean Patou – aura of jasmine, with light undertones of rose and other florals; Graffiti, by Capucci – blends floral and oriental herbs; Arpège, by Lanvin – a floral bouquet with woody undertones, predominated by rose and jasmine; L'Aimant', by Coty – modern floral bouquet of rose and jasmine fragrances; Y, by Yves St. Laurent – cypress blend of floral overtones, with oak moss, jasmine and rose; Chanel No. 5, by Chanel – a sparkling blend of floral notes; Sortilège, by Le Galion – symphony of florals, woods, ambers and musk; Chantilly, by Houbigant – an aura of woodsy, mossy, and leafy fragrances.*

The secret of success in selecting a woman's perfume is in how well you know her and her clothes. With kooky street fashions becoming passé and elegance regained, the kind of perfume a woman uses today must complement her renewed interest in classic good taste. The signs of the times: romance, nostalgia and softness.

As a follow-up to last month's selection of fine men's colognes, here is a sampler of exciting fragrances to go with today's new woman. Again, all are explained according to their essences. Select the perfume that best explains her; to know her is to know her perfume.

It's helpful to bear in mind her whole personality: whether pensive, happy, emotional or regal.

## THE INCREDIBLE BULK

Bulky sweaters are traveling the comeback trail by way of jeans country. Young sweater-makers first called the shots with nostalgia in the form of reindeer ski sweaters and the "No, No, Nanette" Twenties look.

Now for an encore they're playing up to bulky knits and turtlenecks with all the names that sound like "grandpa's specials". To name a few, there are Rex Harrisons, Varsity Sweaters, Alpines and Caseys. The difference now is the way they're being scaled down to fit the tastes and dimensions of today's jeans generation. Bulkies are brand new to them, but the trim proportions, high armholes, slim sleeves, aren't. What this new round of bulkies does have are the trappings that made them what they used to be: shawl collars . . . buttons and/or zippers . . . fancy trims . . . and the big, thick stitch that says it all.

So don't be surprised when you see fisherman knit patterns, school award sweaters, shawl collared cardigans, and alpine cardigans with embroidered panels – they're on their way to being this winter's warm status wear.

Their greatest contribution to cold-weather fashion is that they bring a slim, hip line to what has traditionally been a season of shapelessness and bulk. Now, with little more than jeans, thick socks and a new-style sweater, a guy can keep himself snug and look fashionable at the same time. Already the heavy look is going down well on campus.

Colors are more cheerful than before, too. There are radiant whites, clear ochres, and a host of freshlooking plums, pecans and aubergines.

In sum, this winter's accessory look is chunky but neat — clothes should look ready for action, but tasteful too. Now that jeans come in a wide variety of colors, full "matching" is possible

*A shawl collared, thick stitch panelled bulky sweater, by Brentwood.*

# TIMING AND THE SENSUOUS COUPLE

**by Robert Chartham Ph.D.**

An exclusive extract from the noted sexologist's fast-selling new book, *The Sensuous Couple* (Penthouse-Ballantine, $1.25)

ANY time is loving-time to the Sensuous Couple. But I believe the planned session ought never to last less than one hour, preferably an hour and a half; ideally, two hours or more.

I say *planned* session to differentiate it from more spontaneous occasions—those sessions which come about when one is least expecting them, sparked off by a fortuitous caress, a gesture, a look, a word, when all of a sudden the serpent of sex stirs in the loins, uncoils and prepares to strike. This usually happens some time after one has been in bed, during the middle of the night, on a workday morning or maybe at lunch time, when there just isn't time to spare.

The majority of couples, unsensuous as well as sensuous ones, make love on average between 12 and 16 times a month. An inquiry into the nature of the sex drive which I have just made with the cooperation of 100 couples spanning most age groups between 20 and 65, found that half of all copulations are in response to the sex drive, the other half being cold-bloodedly (though that seems a strange word to associate with it) provoked. In other words, at least half the time most couples do not wait for the body's chemistry to nudge them into action, but just the reverse; they nudge the body chemistry into action.

There is a certain danger in this arrangement of a couple's getting into a set pattern of timing—Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays, for example. The trouble is that the social round (in which I include work and bringing up a family in a well-run household) favors the time pattern. But, except for Saturdays and Sundays, the Sensuous Couple will avoid like the plague the regular setting apart of certain afternoons and evenings.

I think that most couples who take their lovemaking seriously—and this, of course, includes all Sensuous Couples—realize this, and that it is this realization that urges so many to plan a session outside the rhythm of the body chemistry.

The body chemistry, *i.e.* the sex drive, works on a certain pattern or rhythm rather like a woman's monthly cycle. It differs in various individuals, and things can happen which will upset the rhythm. But the young, healthy, average-sexed man, for example, has a three-day rhythm. That is to say, if he has a love-session on Monday night which empties his seminal vesicles of fluid and sperm and his prostate gland of its fluid, and he then doesn't have any kind of sexual activity until Thursday, by Thursday his seminal vesicle and his prostate gland will be straining at the leash again; and if he has sex on Thursday night he will emit his maximum volume of ejaculate and his maximum sperm-count with his first orgasm that night.

I am not saying that the fullness of seminal vesicles and prostate are what prompt the man to seek a sexual outlet, or that they regulate his sex drive. They have something to do with it, but it's a bit more complicated than that, and I needn't bore you with it here. What I am trying to get across is that the sex-drive works on a time pattern that is more or less regular. If one responds only to the sex drive, therefore, one immediately establishes a pattern of love-sessions, even though over a long period one would be making love on different days of the week.

Fortunately, neither men nor women have to wait for their sex drives to operate. They can fuck whenever they have a mind to, provided the man hasn't any hang-ups that prevent his penis from getting stiff under direct manipulation of fingers or mouth, and the woman's vagina can be relaxed enough, because she may not be aroused, for the penis to get into it with the aid of saliva. But any Sensuous Woman can, like the male, be aroused at will if her partner is a Sensuous Man.

Every Sensuous Couple can recognize sex drive promptings when they experience them. That tenseness in the loins and genitals, that pleasant sensation of interior fullness which indicates that something, somewhere, has got to be emptied, which are experienced as a gradual build-up, reach a pitch where they impinge on the consciousness, but which is not the peak of the build-up taken as a whole. In other words, you get due warning.

This warning can come at any time of the day, and when it does you know for a certainty that within a short time you're going to be having sex. It is the inevitability of this which allows you to *plan* the timing of your session, having taken into consideration what has to be done (get home from the office, get the children to bed) before you can get down to it. The deliberate session can be a planned session too if you say to yourself sometime beforehand, though without any prompting from your body chemistry: "I wouldn't mind doing it tonight."

I haven't had the opportunity to analyse completely my sex drive material, but what I have done convinces me that the deliberate session is the saving grace of human copulatory activity; and on this basis I commend it to all Sensuous Couples, though I feel pretty certain they will have made the discovery for themselves, unconsciously if not consciously.

One thing I probably ought to point out to forestall my more niggling critics: there are not many couples in the world whose sex-drive rhythms coincide. So, often, the Sensuous Man will be responding to sex-drive promptings while his Sensuous Partner will not be, and vice versa. But this doesn't

matter. Lovemaking is an equal partnership. Both have the right to initiate activities and, with Sensuous Couples, both have the right to expect the other to cooperate.

Although one partner has made up his/her mind that there must be a session before the day is out, the Sensuous Couple don't announce it to one another beforehand. That would be too deliberate. They make their desires known to one another by gestures and caresses, so that, when the time comes, a hint of an early bed, or a caress that means business here and now doesn't come as too great a surprise.

"Who the hell can afford two hours for a session?"

The Sensuous Couple will make sure that they can. Of course, it won't always be possible, because the days are always so full and the hectic demands of our hectic lives necessitate the recuperation of several hours' sleep. But the self-respecting Sensuous Couple will make the time as often as is feasible.

An hour and a half can frequently be found; an hour is always possible.

But why so long?

The basic rule is this: The Sensuous Couple embark on every session determined to give each other the greatest sexual thrill they've ever had. They do so, because they are using their penis and vagina, their mouths, and their hands and any other parts of their bodies to assure their minds that their love for each other is genuine and deep.

You can't, or at least you shouldn't, try to hurry any woman, and any woman who lets herself be hurried cannot honestly claim to be a Sensuous Woman.

Equally, no man can claim to be a Sensuous Man unless he can control absolutely his speed to orgasm. I know many men will think I'm talking bull but, honestly, it can be done. It may take time and patience, but it is within the eventual scope of all except the psychologically hung-up too-rapid ejaculator or partially impotent. And it doesn't mean that his partner is not to caress him at all, or even only half-heartedly. He should be able to take all she can provide in the way of stimulation.

A man very well known to me can make love to a Sensuous Woman and be made love to by her for any length of time, and though he may at times be close to the boil, he can always be sure he is not going to boil over until he gives himself permission to do so. He can pass an hour, after a long session of fellatio and other exciting activities, with his penis in a vagina and, what's more, keep up a constant movement and still not come. When he is sure that his partner is satisfied (and if he's not sure, he will ask her) he tells her, "I'm going to come now!" and he does so in 10, 15, 30 seconds!

He doesn't do it by reciting a poem, or by thinking about that snag on such and such a job at work, or by smoking a cigarette, or reading a book, or any such gimmick. By a kind of self-hypnotism, he has trained his body to respond only to the commands of his mind. He's an experienced man, admittedly; he's in late middleage; and he's been fucking since he was 13. But he's absolutely certain that this is well within the reach of every man who is prepared to take himself in hand.

Here is a practical tip from my study of too-rapid ejaculators. During this study I discovered that all too-rapid ejaculators begin to thrust with buttock muscles tensed as soon as they get the penis in position. It hadn't struck me before that tensed buttock muscles had any connection with speed to orgasm, but a brief analysis of my own techniques soon showed that a significant part of the secret of delaying orgasm lies in relaxed pelvic and buttock muscles. Unconsciously, so I found out, I had been using the technique of relaxed buttock and pelvic muscles for delaying orgasm and of tensing them when I wanted to come.

My very good friend confirmed the necessity for this. "When I have decided I'm going to come," he told me, "I can control the speed with which I come by the degree to which I clench my buttock and pelvic muscles. Really tight, 10 seconds; not quite so tight, 15 seconds; and a shade more relaxed still, 30 seconds."

Sexologists use one word for the action of the penis in the vagina—thrust. I used to use it myself. I don't any longer. With pelvic and buttock muscles relaxed I describe the movement as "swinging"; when these muscles are tensed, then the man is "thrusting".

I am quite sure that all Sensuous Men have discovered this for themselves; but I thought I would mention it.

Still the cry goes up: "Why an hour, an hour and a half; why in heck two hours?"

I thought we had agreed that the Sensuous Couple make love with a view to obtaining the most intense sensual experience their bodies and techniques will allow, and that you hope to come with such an orgasm that you will be out of this world—and I mean, out of this world—for a few exquisite moments.

All right, then, there is a practical reason for the length of time you devote to your sessions. It's this. The more you are stimulated, the more intensely you will come. And the technique the Sensual Couple use is this. They bring each other to the threshold of coming, pause till they are relaxed again, begin stimulation once more to the same point, pause again.

*The more often both the Sensuous Woman and the Sensuous Man are brought to the threshold of coming, when they do decide at last to come, the more devastating the orgasm will be.*

The Sensuous Man can be brought to the threshold at least six times an hour; the Sensuous Woman at least four times. To do this, the Sensuous Man must have the absolute control I was talking about a few moments ago, but when he finally does go over the edge it will all have been worth it. If the couple make love for two hours he can come to his petit climax (the threshold) 12 times. Each petit climax means that the grand climax (orgasm), when it at last arrives, will be the more ecstatic. So it is, too, with the Sensuous Woman, who will have taught herself to respond to stimulation until she can, if she works at it, have as many petit climaxes as her Sensuous Partner.

This is why you must have time, except, as I have said, on those comparatively rare occasions when both are on the point of coming before they've started. The grand climax then can be—in fact, invariably is—absolutely wild. But only on such occasions is the slam-bam justified. I've found, too, that wild though the climax is there is nearly always an urge to begin another, more leisurely, session after a short pause.

As for timing, as I have said, any time is lovetime for the Sensuous Couple. But just a hint of advice. Don't go in for violent antics after a heavy meal!

If you are going to use dinner as an aid to seduction, choose the food with care. If you're at home and the Sensuous Wife has fed you, she will have seen to it that you have eaten wisely. Nevertheless, time things so that you have your orgasm not less than two hours after you've finished eating.

Coupling puts quite a demand on heart and lungs. Someone has calculated that it's equivalent to the exertion of running 100 meters in 11 seconds, and no one would do that after a heavy meal except a true dolt. You may think you are getting away with it when you are young, but you are really laying up trouble for yourself later on. When you're 55 or 60 you wouldn't like to put your Sensuous Partner in the embarrassing situation of having a coronary while you're coupled, would you?

Scientifically speaking—and I'm not joking—the ideal time for a session is between 6 a.m. and 8 a.m. It has been discovered that most men's daily production cycle of testosterone—the hormone that among other things makes him feel horny—sexually responsive—is at its peak at 7 a.m.

The Sensuous Couple, however, will vary the time, as they do the place, to avoid an encounter with that vicious love-killer, boredom.

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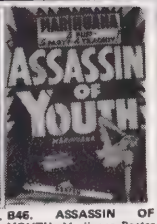


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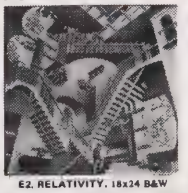

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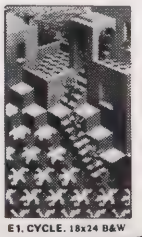

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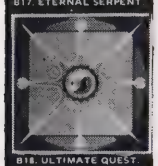

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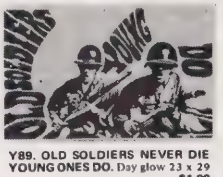


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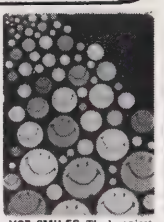

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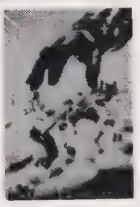

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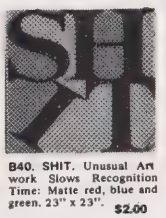


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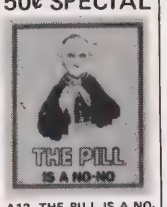


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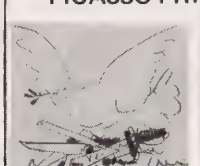

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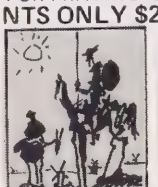

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# THE POCKET-SIZE CRUSADER

Dedicated to psycho-sexual education, Forum magazine at first shocked with its frankness, but grew to become an international publishing phenomenon now on U.S. newsstands by Madeleine Francis

Man's sexuality has probably caused him more puzzlement, frustration and anguish over the centuries than any other single aspect of his makeup. Until recently, ignorance, guilt, fear and inhibition dominated Western society's attitude to sex, and the individual just suffered in silence or wrote off for stilted leaflets under plain brown covers.

When *Forum* was launched four years ago in Britain it was a revolutionary concept in magazines. Designed to fight sexual ignorance on all fronts, it took shape as above all an intimate magazine, printed in pocket size, at first circulated to subscribers only, carrying no advertisements, and entirely matter-of-fact and unsensational in its editorial treatments. Its progenitor was of course Penthouse, which had made an immediate hit with the novelty, among others, of frank correspondence from readers on their sexual experience and interests. In the new climate of shrivelling censorship the "Penthouse Forum" became the most-discussed feature in British journalism, and letters poured in as though a floodgate had been lifted on secret anxieties and yearnings. So when Publisher Bob Guccione decided to start his new-style journal of human relations he borrowed the name from the Penthouse correspondence section, and the early issues were founded on overflow letters from the parent publication.

From then on *Forum* fashioned its own standards, as—being the only one in its field—it was bound to do. Editor Albert Z. Freedman assembled a team of contributing doctors, psychiatrists, psychotherapists, lawyers, clergymen and sociologists, all enthusiastic about the opportunity to reach laymen on subjects hitherto considered unsuitable for public discussion. A pattern evolved of informative articles by specialists, interviews with controversial personalities in the socio-sexual field, and (along with the readers' letter pages) a Forum Adviser service to answer specific problems. Almost from the beginning too, *Forum* produced a spinoff in outside activities such as discussion meetings with student and other groups.

Reassessing the impact of what it called a "most important innovation" (*Forum's* launching) *The Times* of London reported in a special article last summer: "With hindsight its importance can be seen first in the nature of *Forum's* content, which aimed at wide-ranging public discussion of all sexual matters, featuring comments, advice and articles from qualified doctors, psychiatrists, sociologists, and clergymen as well as a vast number of readers' letters; and also in the magazine's small format (8 inches by 6)."

The magazine quickly amassed subscribers, and letters arrived from all parts of the world, full of relief and gratitude that such an outspoken magazine

should exist at last. A clamor to purchase it openly on the newsstands was also evident, and the subscription-only policy was dropped in Britain as soon as legal clearance was granted. *Forum* sales trebled overnight.

A national controversy put *Forum* in the news when the Archbishop of Canterbury's office was approached in the hope of securing the view of the Anglican hierarchy on the changing socio-sexual climate in Great Britain. The Archbishop's press officer, Michael De-la-Noy, offered to write an article himself. The article was duly written and published in *Forum,* whereupon Mr. De-la-Noy was fired by the Archbishop. The ensuing public storm brought *Forum* before a nationwide audience and set it on the path of growth that led to its transatlantic crossing last autumn.

## FEMALE SEXUALITY STUDY

Because of the shortage of research in the vital field of sexuality—apart from Kinsey (virtually outdated) and Masters & Johnson (who covered only a narrow field) there was very little—*Forum* decided to undertake its own. So began the now famous "Studies in Female Sexuality", for which trained researchers conducted interviews on tape with hundreds of women and girls selected from all walks of life. The great honesty of women was the outstanding impression as they opened up and explored their inmost thoughts, feelings and fears. The initial batch of Studies by Sandra MacDermott was republished in book form in Great Britain, and last September Simon & Schuster brought it out in the U.S. under the title *Female Sexuality.*

Three English girl researchers have now initiated similar studies in America, and their findings (providing interesting material for comparison) will be published as another book. Other studies in progress are on male sexuality, and marital behavior. *Forum* has also conducted its own study of impotence and of premature and rapid ejaculation. It also recently completed a much-needed "Penile Survey", which put an end to myths about the importance of penis-size in lovemaking.

Latest *Forum* inquiry is a major research project on human sexual behavior. This follows a successful pilot study, and it is hoped to involve at least 10,000 participants in the new investigation. A group of *Forum* consultants, together with sociologists, has devised a unique questionnaire, and results will be processed by computer. One of the main objectives will be to trace the effects of early life on adult sexual behavior, and from this it will be possible to make other significant correlations.

Despite all this important activity, there's no doubt that the letters still constitute the most provocative part of *Forum.* Almost every area of psycho-sexual relations has been discussed in them. To those who ask why most of the letters concentrate on sex, the editors have a simple answer: sex is the area of human relations which most desperately needs airing. Generations of sexual repression cannot be lifted overnight. As sexologist Robert Chartham, *Forum's* Editorial Consultant and author of best-selling books on love and marriage, points out, the correspondence in *Forum* has proved itself to be an active guilt-reducing agent, slowly but surely helping people to acquire new attitudes of tolerance, understanding and compassion towards each other.

To narrow the sexual field for the convenience of readers, the letters are divided into two sections, "Love and Marriage", which is self-explanatory, and "The Open Forum", in which any topic of interest to readers—from circumcision, fetishism, masturbation and prostitution, to bisexuality, women's lib and public morals—is avidly discussed. Then there is the Forum Adviser correspondence. Here an experienced panel of highly-qualified medical and psychiatric personnel answers individual inquiries and provides sympathetic, intelligent advice.

This feature led to further spinoff. Immense demand for help with sexual problems was revealed and to cope with it *Forum* created the "Personal Adviser", a non-profit-making service of hour-long in-person consultations. Expert consultants attend at *Forum's* offices, and complete privacy is assured. As yet this service is only available at Forum's London premises, but the Adviser clinic has already helped hundreds of people, many desperate for lack of anyone to discuss their problem with. In conjunction, for those who require help in communicating with others, *Forum* conducts sensitivity groups under an experienced psychotherapist.

A group therapy course specially for doctors is now being planned, to help them find out more about themselves and the techniques they use for dealing with psychosexual problems. Through group therapy they can develop a more understanding approach. *Forum's* editors hope this will mark the start of a new trend through which doctors will begin to utilize the powerful benefits of group work for themselves and their patients.

## BOOKS AND MEETINGS

A measure of the magazine's vitality is the continual flow of books it inspires. A book on the "Forum Adviser" is due to be published in Britain by Michael Joseph, and *Sexual Stimulation in Marriage,* a book based on *Forum* letters by Dr S. G. Tuffill, already published in Britain by MacGibbon & Kee, will appear in America next year. A continuing series of books, dealing individually with topics raised in the magazine, such as contraception, changing patterns of marriage, sex education, etc, is currently being negotiated with a leading American publisher.

In these different ways, *Forum* strives to extend its enlightening function outside the mere written word. It has also conducted open college forums in universities in Great Britain, and in America (notably at Georgetown University in Washington, and at the U.S. International University in San Diego). Participants entered into frank discussion of such subjects as the Pill, drugs, marriage, VD, homosexuality, and the generation gap.

Is *Forum* shocking? To some it will always be. It is often brutal in its honesty about matters usually swept under the carpet. But to those genuinely concerned with understanding themselves and others to the full, the shock effect is always positive, because it reduces fear. *Forum's* credo is that we have all suffered too long from hypocritical restraints imposed on us by a society still very afraid of itself. We owe it to ourselves to explore and accept human sexuality for what it is, because only then can we experience the joy of realizing our own potential in this all-important area of our lives.

## PRESCRIBED BY DOCTORS!

How far this credo is making itself felt was revealed by a survey on reader-reaction in Britain. Results showed that 67% of readers claimed to be more aware after reading the magazine, 37% felt they were more tolerant, and 30% said their guilt had diminished. Another 27% had been actively helped in resolving their problems, and 50% of married readers agreed that their marital relationships were definitely improved. Such statistics are a reward in themselves.

Today copies of *Forum* can be found in the libraries of medical schools all over Europe, and regular readers include doctors, psychiatrists, and professional people concerned with human welfare. Doctors have even been known to recommend the magazine to their patients as a treatment in itself!

"In Europe, said *The Times* of London, *Forum's* policy of publicly offering education and advice on sex has been borrowed and in many cases bent and distorted" to an extent amounting to a "revolution in the sex magazine field". Chances are that the same fate awaits *Forum* in the States. Such is always the price of successfully identifying and supplying a widespread public need.

# Best of the Wurst

## A salaam to salami, and all that boloney

FOOD & DRINK BY LIONEL BRAUN

As a young man, I worked for a small men's haberdasher on Carmine and Bleecker Streets in the heart of the Greenwich Village Italian belt. Every Saturday I would get in line in front of a large iron-roofed stainless-steel push-cart, parked near the curb, and wait for Charlie Caruso to dish out *salsiccia dolce*. I loved his salsiccia, and because I would sell him his six pairs of white mercerized socks every Sunday morning (he put on a new pair every day), he would stuff my roll with an extra half of sausage, explaining: "You're a nice-a boy!"

Poppa Charlie and I used to argue all the time about how to cook his coils of sweet sausage. I would tell him to prick the pale plump monsters, and he'd come back at me: "I cook, you eat—no prick-a da meat!" He would quickly slice the sausage with his butcher knife, sear the insides, and scoop it into a soft bun, along with a topping of Mrs Caruso's translucent Italian peppers. Not to be forgotten was the dash of hot red pepper seeds on top which helped burn lips and tongue, and ready the mouth for a 5c bottle of coke.

Those of us who live in New York still have some things to be thankful for, including a number of good sausage makers. There is P. Carnevale who specializes in Italian and French sausage, Shaller and Weber for German and Viennese goodies, Vince Manganaro for Italian varieties. Hormel in Chicago makes Italian meat products you can't tell from the imports, and for Kosher sausage Hebrew National still turns out a superior line of smoked meats.

Have you ever looked long and hard at sausage and wondered why some are slightly curved, others are horseshoe-shaped and some straight? It depends on the casing—casing from the upper intestines curves naturally, but the lower intestines are straighter. Tying also has something to do with it. The more you tighten your sausage, the more it curves. Bigger and fatter sausage, by the way, keeps better than small sausage.

Sausage is man's meat. Sausage has character. Sausage goes great on baked potato, not just scrambled eggs, and if you stay with me you can attend my first all-sausage party.

Let's start with ale and sausages. Get the Jones pure pork variety (links). While I prefer to drop in a couple of tablespoons of butter first, you may eliminate this and pour in some water for browning. Now, by God, prick them a few times! When the little fellows are well browned, add 12 ozs of ale. Let the ale come to a slow boil and cover for 30 minutes. The Tenenlich sisters used to add Swiss chard or mustard greens to the simmering preparation. Serve with boiled new potatoes and mugs of cold beer.

For a sausage salad you'll need the following:

3-4 oz. cans Vienna sausage
½ cup French dressing
1 cup pitted green olives w/pimento
½ cup tiny cocktail onions
1 cup mayonnaise
8 oz. tomato sauce
4 hard-boiled eggs
Some capers

Begin by draining cans of sausage. Slice sausages and add French dressing. Marinate 3 to 4 hours. Next slice olives and add to sausages after dressing has been drained into cup for later use. Add tiny onions. Mix tomato sauce with mayonnaise and slowly add in the French dressing marinade. Beat until smooth. Pour this into bowl with other ingredients and refrigerate.

Serve on lettuce bed with quartered hard-boiled eggs. Sprinkle with black pepper and top with capers—Yum!

Late one night, I found myself with a couple of guests and a bottle of Valpolicella. What more reasonable thing could I devise for a midnight repast for my broadbreasted friends, who were both hot and sweet? Only a sausage casserole, thought I. The great thing about sausage is its versatility, and ever ready with sausage in the deep-freeze, I set about to prepare for the night's eating orgy. I laid out the following on my kitchen table.

1½ lbs. sweet Italian sausage
2 tbsps pure olive oil
¾ cup chopped peppers
¾ cup sliced onions
½ cup beef bouillon
1 cup grated mozzarella

Brown the sausages lightly in a shallow casserole. Remove fat from shallow pan. Now heat olive oil and sauté onions and peppers for 5-6 minutes, continuously stirring spread mixture over sausage. Pour broth over mixture and top with grated cheese. Cover and bake for 30 minutes at 325°. Remove cover for last five minutes. Serves 4-6 people. A crusty loaf of French bread belongs with this perky dish and may be followed by a soft couch for that tummy-warming feeling.

Like the martini man who claims 3:1 or 15:1 for the perfect cocktail, the sausage man is absorbed by the question "To prick or not to prick." Here are my own rules:

1. Never prick hard casings or large sausages like French saucisson.
2. Don't prick a frank, they'll wrinkle.
3. Don't prick a Viennese sausage. He may prick back.
4. Goose liver and liverwurst are not to be jabbed.
5. Hard sausage (salami) never put a fork to.
6. Jab only plain pork sausage or white veal sausage. This will release grease. A finish with a nice brown casing.

# THE HARD GUYS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

Biggers' Charlie Chan. An ethnic outsider of amiably ample proportions, Charlie first popped up in Honolulu in 1925, when mainland America was in the grips of an Oriental-South Seas craze that brought in chop suey, mah-jong, Hawaiian fox-trots and ukuleles:

A serene ivory-colored face appeared suddenly at the broken window. An arm with a weapon was extended through the jagged opening.

"Relinquish the firearms, Mr. Jennison," commanded Charlie Chan, "or I am forced to make fatal insertion in vital organ belonging to you."

Jennison's pistol dropped to the floor . . .

With his fortune-cookie philosophizing and politely inscrutable smile, Charlie Chan was disarming in every sense of the word. He couldn't afford to act like a hard guy. Chop suey and mah-jong notwithstanding, sinister Orientals were the period's leading pulp-fiction fiends, and Americans were not about to take any rough stuff from an uppity fat Chinese.

As the father of 11 kids, Charlie Chan was the sexiest sleuth in American fiction. In the whodunits of the day, fic-dicks never indulged in sex. On the evidence of the text, Ellery Queen and S.S. Van Dine's Philo Vance were not only consulting virgins, but had yet to experience the onset of puberty. Ellery Queen, when last I looked, was still living with his father, and Philo Vance was on the phone in his girl-free Manhattan penthouse.

. . . A slight frown ruffled his brow; and his eyes reflected his inner amazement. From time to time, he gave vent to a murmured "Amazin'!" or "My word!" or "Most extr'ordin'ry!"—his favorite expletives—and when at the end of several minutes he spoke to Markham, a curious excitement marked his manner.

"Oh, by all means!" he said. "I shouldn't miss it for all the lost comedies of Menander . . . It sounds mad . . . I'll don fitting raiment immediately . . . *Au revoir.*"

"This Philo Vance is in the Sherlock Holmes tradition," the critic for the *Saturday Review of Literature* noted, in 1927, "and his conversational manner is that of a high-school girl who has been studying the foreign words and phrases in the back of her dictionary. He is a bore when he discusses art and philosophy, but when he switches to criminal psychology he is delightful. . . . He manages always, and usually ridiculously, to be wrong. . . ."

The critic knew whereof he spoke. A former Pinkerton operative, whose experience ranged from the Nicky Arnstein case to a caper involving a purloined Ferris wheel, he went on to write the most original and influential detective novel of the century. His name was Dashiell Hammett, and his 1930 novel, *The Maltese Falcon,* made all the stuff that had gone before look like the lost comedies of Menander. Its detective protagonist was no double-domed closet sleuth or gentlemanly inspector, but a case-hardened tough-minded private investigator: Sam Spade. To millions who have seen the movie, he is Humphrey Bogart. And even on the printed page the resemblance is close:

. . . Little irritable lines had appeared in his forehead. He blew his breath out heavily through his nose and his voice was an ill-humored growl. "You wouldn't want the kind of information I could give you, Bryan. You couldn't use it. It'd poop this gambler's-revenge scenario for you."

Bryan sat up straight and squared his shoulders. His voice was stern without blustering. "You are not the judge of that. Right or wrong, I am nevertheless the District Attorney."

Spade's lifted lip showed his eyetooth . . .

A licensed loner, Spade showed his eyetooth to all establishments—legal, criminal, county, state and federal. "At one time or another I've had to tell everybody from the Supreme Court down to go to hell," he once explained, "and I got away with it. Surrounded by double-dealers, he himself triple-dealt. One by one, each of the gold-hungry connivers was converted into a paying client—the genially sinister Gutman, Joel Cairo the scented Levantine, and that loveliest of all congenital liars, Brigid O'Shaughnessy:

Spade made the growling animal noise in his throat again . . . "How much money have you got?" he asked.

The question startled her. Then she pinched her lower lip between her teeth and answered reluctantly: "I've got about 500 dollars left."

"Give it to me."

She hesitated, looking timidly at him. He made angry gestures with mouth, eyebrows, hands, and shoulders. She went into her bedroom, returning almost immediately with a sheaf of paper money in one hand.

He took the money from her, counted it, and said: "There's only 400 here."

"I had to keep some to live on," she explained meekly, putting a hand to her breast.

"Can't you get any more?"

"No."

"You must have something you can raise money on," he insisted.

"I've got some rings, a little jewelry."

"You'll have to hock them," he said, and held out his hand . . .

Fictional detectives weren't supposed to treat pretty girls that way. But murders had been committed in the name of avarice. The pretty girl was implicated, and money was the point at which all fiction stopped. "I've given you all the money I have," Brigid finally blurted, with tears of frustrated greed glistening in her soulful eyes. "I've thrown myself on your mercy, told you that without your help I'm utterly lost. What else is there? . . . Can I buy you with my body?"

Their faces were a few inches apart. Spade took her face between his hands and he kissed her mouth roughly and contemptuously. Then he sat back and said: "I'll think it over." His face was hard and furious.

But not for long. About 20 pages later, Brigid "put her open mouth hard against his mouth, and her body flat against his body"—and, in the patch of white space between Chapters IX and X, Sam Spade was laid!

For all its tradition-shattering, precedent-setting impact upon the future of the American detective story, the incident did little to soften Spade's attitude toward Brigid. He slept with her—just as he had once slept with the wife of his murdered partner, Miles Archer—but he did not trust her. And out of that lack of trust came the scene that Hollywood didn't dare show—the scene in which Spade forced Brigid to strip in a hotel bathroom, to see if she had stolen a thousand-dollar bill:

He did not raise his voice. " . . . Take them off."

She looked at his unblinking yellow-gray eyes and her face became pink and then white again. She drew herself up tall and began to undress. He sat on the edge of the bathtub watching her . . . When she was naked she stepped back from her clothing and stood looking at him . . .

The scene added a whole new dimension to the meaning of the term "private eye." In Spade's book, however, the lust for gold and the will to self-preservation were more powerful than the desires of the flesh. When the day of reckoning came, and both he and Brigid were candidates for San Quentin, he did not hesitate to make her his victim. Though Brigid had it coming to her, Spade's attitude would have seemed brutally callous in the context of the conventional detective novel. It could be justified only by his passionately single-minded devotion to his job:

. . . His eyes burned madly. He said: "Listen . . . when a man's partner is killed he's supposed to do something about it. . . . Then it happens we were in the detective business. Well, when one of your organization gets killed, it's bad business to let the killer get away with it. It's bad all around—bad for that one organization, bad for every detective everywhere. Third, I'm a detective, and expecting me to run criminals down and then let them go free is like asking a dog to catch a rabbit and let it go . . ."

It was this fierce commitment to the old American work-ethic that made Spade an understandable hero figure to readers who otherwise might have rejected him. Spade was a small businessman struggling to make good in the private detective game, and he only did what he had to do in order to get by.

"Hammett took murder out of the Venetian vase and dropped it in the alley," Raymond Chandler noted. But the Maltese falcon figurine was as exotic an ornament as any vase or candelabrum in a novel of the old

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# Erotic Fantasies Explored

Concluding instalment of a pioneer two-part series by **Edward Thorne**. Do these confessions echo your own imaginings? See the Penthouse follow-up questionnaire

Illustration by Paul Birkbeck

# Introduction

In the introduction to his book *Your Erotic Fantasies* author Edward Thorne wrote (as quoted in last month's instalment): "The discrepancy between erotic fantasy and erotic fact is possibly one of the prime causes of sexual frustration and discord. It is the gap between what an individual is capable of imagining himself doing and what his circumstances allow him to do. Many marriage partners never attempt to enact their deepest sexual wishes with their husbands or wives—never even mention them. Thus they have an abiding feeling that their sex life is incomplete." These unique interviews, with subjects chosen at random and conducted on the condition of disguised names and to avoid identification, throw a revealing light on an important but rarely discussed area of human sexuality.

MARRIEDS

**Advertising commercial director,** 34 years old, married for eight years. Had been promoted six months before the interview, which meant that he spent two or three days every week away from home.

*Question:* Do your trips away from home have a disrupting effect on your sexual life?

*Director:* No, I wouldn't say so. One generally allocates that sort of thing for the week-end, anyway, and I always get those free.

*Question:* Do you think you are sexually satisfied?

*Director:* I would say so.

*Question:* You don't ever think that it would be nice if your wife was . . . a little more sexually adventurous, perhaps?

*Director:* No, she's perfectly all right, she's a lovely girl. One doesn't expect one's wife to behave like a whore.

*Question:* Are there ever times when you think you would like a woman who did?

*Director:* Well, that's a totally different question altogether. I think it's probably true to say that every man has thought that he'd like a woman who's a little . . . looser shall we say, than his wife. It's just a question of the male species.

*Question:* What kind of thoughts have you had?

*Director:* I particularly recall once when I saw a girl waiting at a bus-stop. It might seem quite ridiculous, but I swear to you that I was transfixed. She was quite, quite lovely. Far too young for me, I suppose—although what's too young these days? She was probably 19 or 20, she had a suitcase by her side. She had long, straight black hair; that kind that's almost blued like a gun-barrel. She was wearing black trousers with wide bottoms to them, but they fitted extremely tightly round her bottom. She had a black bolero on, and a white blouse. She had a very good bust, and she lifted up one arm to stretch herself, and when she dropped her arm, you see, it made her breast bounce slightly. That's what absolutely won me. It's quite amazing how something as small and insignificant as that can make all the difference. That slight bounce. She couldn't have been wearing a bra, you know. One pronounced bounce, followed by two steadying ones. Had me absolutely hooked.

*Question:* Did you make any approach to this girl?

*Director:* Of course not—what could I do? I'd been travelling around most of the day, looking at plastics factories and God knows what else: I went up to my hotel room and went to bed.

*Question:* And it was then that you started thinking about her?

*Director:* Yes, I'm afraid it was. Someone had left a copy of the *Reader's Digest* by the bed, and I kept trying to read that, but for some reason my mind kept going back to her.

*Question:* How far did your thoughts go?

*Director:* Pretty far, I suppose. I began to imagine what she would have looked like in one of those see-through blouses. I'm quite a breast man myself, they're always saying so at work. Even my secretary says I've got an eye for the well-stacked woman. I found myself wondering quite seriously what sort of nipples she would have. If she'd been blonde, then I would have said quite definitely those rather wide soft pale ones. But since she was naturally black, I thought perhaps they might be rather different, probably those rather hard red ones that stick out a long way in the cold. I wondered what it would be like to take a girl out when she was wearing a blouse like that. Everybody would be bound to look; they'd probably be very envious. And I thought about seeing this girl in a topless dress, or without a blouse on at all, just a bolero. Supposing it was legal, what I mean is, supposing it was quite acceptable for girls to walk around like that? Or perhaps even walk around completely nude. I started to think about that, you know—that girl walking around the streets completely naked; perhaps even waiting for her bus with no clothes on at all. When she went upstairs on the bus, if you were behind her, you'd see right up between her legs, everything. I thought of that, and I'm afraid it made me feel rather fruity. That's the only thing I wish Petra would do sometimes—just behave as though it was normal to be naked, just walk around the house with no clothes on sometimes. She always wears a nightdress in bed; she always wears a dressing-gown the moment she gets out of bed. She really seems to be shy of being looked at; she seems to think it's embarrassing, not flattering. I'd like her to meet me at the door some evenings, utterly naked. It really would be rather a nice surprise.

*Question:* Did you think any more about this girl?

*Director:* I suppose I tried to rationalise my thoughts. I tried to think about making a film in which all the girls appeared nude and all the men appeared clothed—a sort of cinematic *Déjeuner sur l'Herbe.* But I don't think I was thinking about it for professional reasons, not really. It was purely for the sensation of it, I suppose, the sexual feeling it gave me to think about it. That's to be absolutely honest.

*Question:* Can you describe this a little more fully?

*Director:* It's very difficult. It was some time ago now, but I'll try if it helps. I think—as far as I can remember, anyway—that I was trying to give some definition to the sexual feeling you get when a woman is naked . . . and a man is dressed. There is definitely a special sexuality in that. I find it very arousing, personally. I thought about this girl again. The one at the bus-stop. I remember clearly that I imagined myself dressed, and I think I was sitting by the river. There's a place by the river where there's a bridge and a park, and you can sit on benches not far away from the water. I imagined myself there, and this girl walking up to me completely naked. It was remarkable, really, I could see it quite clearly. Her hair was blowing about in the wind. Her breasts were just swaying a little bit, because she'd just stopped walking. She was quite hairy between the legs: the hairs were long so they formed a little tail almost. She knelt down in front of me, and she undid the zip of my trousers, very carefully. I remember she was just using the tips of her fingers. I got very hard thinking about this, actually. Remember that there were other people walking past, quite in view, and this was supposed to be so normal that nobody took any notice, our behaviour I mean. Then she lifted her leg high, one

leg, and sat astride me, and held my erection in both hands, like a golf club, and positioned it, you see, and pushed it up herself. I had to make a conscious effort to stop thinking about it and do something else then; I didn't want an accident. I went and got myself a glass of water, and then sat on the bed and read all the jokes in the *Reader's Digest*. They were, actually, quite funny. I can't remember any of them.

*Question:* I imagine this was one of the most vivid fantasies you've had?

*Director:* Oh quite. Easily. I suppose there have been others. I know there have been others, but I really can't remember any of them.

*Question:* If you knew your wife was having fantasies of a similar nature, do you think you'd be jealous?

*Director:* Yes of course I'd be jealous. But that's the whole thing about a fantasy, isn't it? Nobody else knows. Unless you care to tell them, like I've told you.

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**Housewife,** 37 years old. Had been working in a teashop when she met her husband, and they had been married for 15 years at the time of interview. She has two children, a girl of seven and a boy of five. Her husband is a chartered surveyor.

*Question:* Do you ever feel lonely during the day here? It's more isolated than your previous home, isn't it?

*Housewife:* Oh I do feel a little cut off at times, but there's an awful lot of work still to be done getting it ready. I might feel more lonely when we're completely settled.

*Question:* Do you think your marriage has benefited from your move?

*Housewife:* Oh, it's not so bad.

*Question:* You don't sound tremendously enthusiastic.

*Housewife:* I didn't mean to sound that way. We're getting on all right, Gordon and me, although I just feel these days that we're growing a wee bit apart.

*Question:* In what way? Is Gordon ignoring you?

*Housewife:* It's sex. Gordon and I aren't getting on too well together in bed, you see. I can't recall the last time that we had a really enjoyable time together in bed. These days, it all seems to be fairly routine, and often I think that Gordon's just pretending to be asleep, so as not to have to do anything. He never was a romantic man, but it's got pretty bad now.

*Question:* Do you ever imagine what it might be like?

*Housewife:* Well, naturally I do. It's very difficult not to think about it, it being such an integral part of the marriage, as it is.

*Question:* Do you actually picture it in your mind?

*Housewife:* Well, I see all sorts of things. It's hard not to, and I'll be honest with you and say that I'm not lunatic about it, but I think I'm quite a woman for sex, I need it in my life, it's the only way I get to show my true feelings, and if I'm deprived of it, then I'm frustrated, you see, and in a very miserable way. So I do think about things to do with sex, particularly lately I have been, it's all my feelings bottled up and no way of getting them out—releasing them.

*Question:* Do you always think about sex with Gordon, or do you think about other men as well?

*Housewife:* It's Gordon that's the problem, so I'm afraid to say that I usually think about other men, or maybe I think about Gordon but he's not himself at all, he's someone else in disguise. I'm trying hard to get it right. The time I'm thinking about was three maybe four days back. I was cleaning the dishes at the sink after lunch. There was only me and the kiddies there; Gordon'd gone away to watch football. The kiddies were upstairs playing and I was all by myself in the kitchen, and washing away, you see, and I suddenly imagined what it would be like to have a tall man standing right behind me, right close up behind me. I almost gave myself a shock, because I imagined so well his breath on the back of my neck. I could almost smell him, too, smelling of some of that fine aftershave, I don't know the name, but it's just like carnations, and I love the smell. First I just imagined him standing there, and then my mind kind of filled in the details slowly, you see, building up a picture. He was very tall and he was browned by the sun, and his muscles were hard as rocks, and all he wore was a tiny wee pouch of pale blue silk, tied round his waist with a thong of leather, and it hardly covered him at all, and thinking of that made me feel very . . . well, I suppose I ought to admit I was quite excited.

*Question:* Did you imagine him doing anything to you?

*Housewife:* Not at first I didn't. I was only thinking about what he'd look like at first. I must say I surprised even myself, for that's the first time I'd thought about a man in such a clear way, I could almost feel him touching me, you see.

*Question:* But he touched you later?

*Housewife:* I thought of him standing real close to me. I could feel his chest, and that shiny little pouch affair on the back of me almost. I thought of him reaching round his hands and grasping hold of my bust, and holding it up high, you see . . . I'm embarrassed.

*Question:* Go on when you're ready.

*Housewife:* Well, he's standing behind me, and he's undone my brassière, and he's rubbing my nipples so they stand. All the time he's gently moving his hips, see, from side to side, so his pouch rubs against me, and he's almost bursting it, so hard he's getting, and I feel perhaps that I'm going to burst as well. It was real uncanny; he might just as well have been standing there, so strong the feeling was. He was whispering all the time that he loved me and adored me, and he'd take me away somewhere tropical perhaps, and there was never a woman to compare with me. I could almost smell spices and sea-breezes and all, it was so beautiful I could feel the tears in my throat. Then he puts his hands all smooth down the front of me, and lifts my skirt up and runs them into my panties. I'm not moving, not at all, it's him who's doing everything. He touches me with one finger in front, and then he cuts the thong of his pouch with a knife, and the silk drops away, and his—his cock's standing up, hard as anything, and the end of it shiny.

*Question:* Did you imagine that he actually made love to you?

*Housewife:* It was different from that, he never put it into me. Instead, he asked me to turn round and face him, and hold the front of my panties out as far as I could. Then—he did himself—you know like a man does, with his hand, you see, and out it shot, and dropped into the crotch of my panties, and then he took my hands away, and pressed my panties back up against me. I could feel myself very wet, and I really was, I'd got like that just thinking all this.

*Question:* That was as far as your daydream went?

*Housewife:* Aye. I've had it before and I've had it since, but not all of it at once, like that day. When Gordon got home, I really felt like going to bed with him, but the children were there.

*Question:* Would you like a man to behave towards you as that man in your daydream did?

*Housewife:* Would I not. It's a poor show when you can think about something and it makes you feel sexier than your husband ever does. I reckon that's a real bad state for a marriage to get into. I wish I knew what the answer was, but I don't. But I feel better for having told about it, I must confess.

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**Schoolteacher,** 40 years old, married to a history teacher whom he met during his first teaching appointment. They have four children—three girls and a boy.

*Question:* You know the subject is sexual fantasy?
*Teacher:* Yes, I do. That is what I want to talk about. I am plagued by them. In my sexual relations with my wife, however, there is no problem. We are, if you like, "happy".
*Question:* What is your problem?
*Teacher:* My problem is simply that I am in love. I almost disgust myself sometimes, but I cannot deny for one moment that I am in love. I am suffering from all the usual symptoms; the symptoms that I thought I had left behind for good when I got married. There are three girls in my English Literature class, and I am in love with them. I would like nothing better than to be able to have sex with them all.
*Question:* How did this start?
*Teacher:* Unnoticeably, as all these stupid infatuations start. Their names are Jane, Valerie and Jill. Jane is thin, with mousy hair and large muddy-coloured eyes. Valerie is dark-haired, fair-skinned, and very intelligent. Jill is gorgeous. She has shiny black hair, cut pageboy style, the most incredible slanting eyes, and a combination of physical attributes that I personally find irresistible: a narrow back and perfectly enormous breasts. Normally—normally one never looks at one's pupils in this way. It just doesn't enter one's head. One thinks . . . sweet child . . . or something like that, but one always thinks of them as Gradgrind used to think of them in *Hard Times*—empty pitchers waiting to be filled to the brim with facts. To be *sexually attracted* to them, though . . . it's very rare, you know. But I'm afraid I am.
*Question:* Do you ever fantasize about these three pupils of yours?
*Teacher:* Ever? Repeatedly, constantly, always. I find myself waiting impatiently for their class to come round, and watching for them in the playground. I once passed Jill walking home when I was leaving school in my car. She walks like a woman, you know. And those bosoms! It seems mad that she has to go to school! I thought of giving her a lift, but I had to force myself to drive past. There is no harm in thoughts, but there is harm in giving oneself opportunities to indulge them.
*Question:* Would you like to try and describe some of your fantasies?
*Teacher:* I will try.
These three girls—I imagine myself with them almost every minute of the day. Even their names have become somehow mystic to me. If I see the names Jane, or Valerie, or Jill, written down anywhere, I think about those three like a 15-year-old boy in the middle of his first sloppy calf-love. It's ridiculous; I should be well past all that, but obviously I'm not. The most potent imagining I have is of seeing them in a room somewhere . . . it's dark all around usually, except for the light which falls on them . . . so it's hard to tell where it is . . . and they're in different erotic clothing . . . Jane I always imagine wearing loose knickers of nylon or silk . . . so loose that I can glimpse her pubic hair through the slightly open leg of them. Then Valerie I think of in tight black shiny shorts—what's that wet-looking stuff, ciré—and both of these two have their breasts bare. They may have their hands holding their breasts, they may not. Sometimes I don't see their nipples till later. These two I suppose are handmaidens in a way to Jill. She is always dressed in a black corset affair which covers her breasts and everything so that I can't see them at first . . . She wears black shiny stockings and suspenders . . .
*Question:* Then what happens?
*Teacher:* We are all sitting or kneeling

**It disgusts me, but I am a teacher who lusts for three of my pupils**

on a bed. It's strange that I never imagine any background details or location. The bed is in limbo, and all four of us are sitting on it. The routine is always the same, yet I never get bored with thinking it. First of all, Jane kneels in front of me on the bed, and bends her head forward, so that her bottom is raised. I lean forward and grip the elastic of her knickers in my teeth, at the same time reaching under her body and holding her breasts in my hands, very gently, so they dangle there, and the nipples brush across my palms as she breathes. I tug down her knickers, running my nose down the crack of her bottom and across her pubic hair, which is moist and warm and tickly. I do nothing more to her at this juncture. Then Valerie kneels over me, and I can see her black shorts stretched almost obscenely tight over her mound. I take a bodkin . . . where I've got it from I'm not sure . . . and I unpick one stitch of the seam between her legs, and then another . . . and gradually the black shiny material parts and gives way to pink moist skin. She parts open like a glistening flower . . .
*Question:* Very poetic. What about Jill?
*Teacher:* Jill is very tightly held in her corset, you remember. Do you know, I think her bust must measure at least 38, yet she's so slender. Anyway, I undo the laces of her corset, one by one, quite slowly, and gradually it peels open, and her breasts bulge out; huge and high and—well everything. Then she snaps her suspenders off, and I take off her stockings with my teeth—only allowed a quick sniff between her legs as I grip the tops in my teeth—and it's that ripe smell of a young girl's . . .
*Question:* Then what?
*Teacher:* Act three scene four. I am still dressed, but my genitals have been exposed through my open trousers. I am lying on my back, with my legs spread apart. Sometimes I am tired, sometimes not. The girls are kneeling around me. They lean forward like cats and begin to lick me. They lick and lick, rising higher and higher, until I feel I can no longer stand the sensation without losing consciousness. It goes on and on, and that is my fantasy.
*Question:* How do you reconcile this fantasy with your sex relations with your wife?
*Teacher:* I don't. I cannot possibly reconcile them. My wife is 37 and these girls are 17. There is no earthly comparison.
*Question:* Yet your wife satisfies you.
*Teacher:* When I make love to my wife, I feel afterwards that I have found physical release until the next time. That is what is satisfying about it. It is not ideal, though, is it?
*Question:* Are you suggesting that to get full physical and mental satisfaction from sex, you would have to go through the kind of performance you have just described to me?
*Teacher:* I resent your use of the word "performance". All right, if you want an answer, it would be perfect to have the attentions of these young girls. They are everything that my wife is not. You think I could make love to my wife with my mouth . . . ? The whole idea of it with her revolts me. Yet with these girls, it would be idyllic. I could wallow in it, cover myself in it.
*Question:* If the opportunity came up to do these things with them, would you take it?
*Teacher:* In all seriousness, I would find it impossible to resist.

*Interview Points*
These interviews show the fantasy gap at its widest. There is tolerance in maturity, but this usually manifests itself as an acceptance of the status quo rather than as any genuine wish to improve the intimacy and sympathy of marriage. It is regrettable in the extreme that my main impression from married couples was one of mediocrity and misunderstanding; almost as if most people feel that after seven years, there is no point in making any effort to correct any drift in their relationships. The result is always the same: the stirring of sexual fantasy and, as fantasies proliferate and grow, less and less likelihood of either partner ever living up to them.

FETISHISM

**Housewife,** 28 years old, worked in a plant research laboratory for two years before leaving to get married. Her husband is a petroleum executive, on a fairly junior level, and they live in a new three-bedroomed house on a private estate.

*Question:* When did you first realise you got sexual enjoyment from bondage?

*Housewife:* I discovered it myself, really, when I was quite young. I must have been about 14 or 15, and I'd only just discovered all about sex, all about seduction and all that. I used to lie on my bed and hold on to the rails on the bedhead and pretend I was tied up to them, and a man was going to have his way with me. That's what I liked, the thought of a man doing whatever he liked with me, and I was powerless to do anything to stop him. I didn't sleep with anyone at all until I was twenty-one. I was saving myself. I thought I loved the boy, but it didn't work. He used to ask me whether I felt like making love that night, and whether I was comfortable when we were actually doing it. He never understood why I couldn't stick him any longer. He was very upset when I broke it off with him. About a month later I met Peter, and that was a different story altogether.

*Question:* How did bondage come into your relationship?

*Housewife:* I told him, that's how. I plucked up the courage and told him. Not until we'd been to bed together a few times. I knew I could love him: he didn't bother about asking me if I was all right. He actually kicked me out of bed once after we'd made love, and told me to make him a cup of coffee. I mean that's how a *man's* supposed to behave. So—I told him. I said to him one night when we were in bed: "I'd love you to tie me to the bed." He said: "Are you serious?" I said: "Yes. I wouldn't say it if I wasn't." He said: "All right then." It was a single bed. He got a ball of string from the kitchen, and he tied my wrists tightly to the frame of it, and my ankles, too. I couldn't budge; all I could do was raise my head a little. The knots were quite painful, and I thought I would mind that, but I didn't. It was a different sort of pain from the usual.

*Question:* What happened then?

*Housewife:* The silly thing was we realised then he'd left my knickers on. He didn't untie me, though: he went out and got a knife and cut my knickers open at the front, and then he climbed on top of me and gave me the most beautiful, beautiful sex I've ever had. He kept getting me nearly there, and then leaving me, and I was tied up so I couldn't do anything about it at all. I think I was shouting at him at the end, he was tantalizing me too much to bear, but he still finished off in his own time. That was the first time I had a climax when I was actually tied up, and you've just got to experience it—you know, to believe it. Everything in you, all your nerves and your muscles, want to sort of squeeze up, contract, and you can't because you're tied up. It's incredible.

*Question:* Has your bondage progressed beyond string from the kitchen?

*Housewife:* Oh, sure. Peter got some leather thongs when he was in London about four years ago, and we practically always use those. We've got handcuffs as well, but we try and save those for special occasions, like my birthday or something.

*Question:* What do you think about when you're tied up? Is there any special sexual imagining you have that goes with it?

*Housewife:* Oh, all sorts of things! You've no idea!

*Question:* Such as?

*Housewife:* The one I like best . . . easily the best . . . I'm a beautiful slave for an Eastern prince, who's very cruel and very savage, and doesn't allow anyone to make mistakes . . . and I've done something that's really upset him. I've got these filmy Eastern trousers with gold moons and stars on them I put on, with nothing underneath . . . and Peter takes them off. I have to lie back on this bed, on silken sheets. All these hard-looking men with swords are guarding me, and the prince binds me to the bed, so tight I can't move a muscle, with my legs apart. I usually shave between my legs, you know. I do it properly with a razor and depilator cream and talc and everything, and witch hazel, so it's nice and soft there. Then the prince teases me with his fingers until I begin to get turned on, and all the guards watch and grin and bare their teeth at me if I even move an *eyelid* . . . Then the prince strips his clothes off one by one, and each time he takes something off he says insulting things to me, because I've misbehaved. He gets on to the bed and forces me to take him into my mouth, and I can't do anything about it because of the thongs . . . then he does the mouth thing on me . . . Then when he's really got me going he gets on top of me and does it to me in front of all the guards, and they all laugh at me . . .

*Question:* What other fantasies do you have?

*Housewife:* Gosh . . . let me think.

*Question:* Are you always tied up in the same position, for instance?

*Housewife:* Oh, no . . . there's one thing we do when Peter ties me over a stool. We've got a cartwheel stool, and he ties me face down, with my wrists on the legs at one end, and my ankles on the other, so I have to stick my bottom in the air. That's when I'm a plantation slave.

*Question:* A plantation slave?

*Housewife:* I've been too idle in the fields, and the plantation boss has to punish me, and he straps me to this stool in the drawing-room of his mansion, and all his finely dressed guests going in and out can see me naked, tied to this stool, even the ladies, and they all take a look to see what my pubics are like—I think people really would . . . they're always curious.

*Question:* Then what?

*Housewife:* Well . . . after they've left me there a bit, the boss says he's going to punish me, and all this beautiful company gather round, and he opens his trousers, and takes out his bit, and pushes it into me, and there's nothing I can do . . . I cry a bit, but I can't help getting pleasure out of it—and of course I do really.

*Question:* Do you ever make love without being tied up?

*Housewife:* Oh, we use the handcuffs sometimes.

*Question:* I mean without *anything.* Without thongs or string or handcuffs.

*Housewife:* I'd hate it, I think. It wouldn't be any good at all.

*Question:* Why not?

*Housewife:* It's because—well, that's the way I feel about it. It wouldn't have any *flavour.* It—I don't know. I wouldn't.

---

**Managing director, 55 years old.** After two years in a PoW camp during World War II started his own packaging company, which he sold out after 11 years to become managing director. Married, two children, and lives in a large and comfortable house.

*Question:* When did you first become aware of your predilections?

*Director:* I'd been running my factory for about five years, so it must have been about 1952. There was a very attractive girl who was checking boxes for me; I can remember what she looked like to this day. Big blue eyes, marvellous figure, lovely long legs, though you couldn't see them in the skirts they used to wear then. The trouble with this girl was that she was always a bit of a troublemaker. When we ran out of tea, she practically had them all out on strike, not because she was anything to do with unions—I didn't allow unions then—but simply because she loved stirring things up. One day I heard shouting and carrying on, so I went down to the works to see what was up. This girl was creating hell because one of the drivers had said something suggestive to her; she was spitting sparks, that girl. It turned out the driver hadn't said anything that was

worth worrying about, and anyway I like some degree of give and take between people. So I told this girl she could either shut up or get her cards. She said something vile to me. I saw red and I slapped her across the face, twice, once in each direction. That shook her. It shook me, too, I can tell you. She didn't complain, fortunately, or I would really have been in trouble, she just got her cards and left. I gave her a month's pay as some sort of compensation.

*Question:* How did this incident affect you?

*Director:* Well, to tell you the truth, it became a thing with me. I couldn't forget about what it had felt like slapping her cheeks. Her cheeks had been marvellously soft, more soft than one can imagine. They'd gone bright crimson when I'd slapped them. I had a dream about slapping her a few nights later, and when I woke up I found I'd had an accident in my pyjamas. Then, after a while, I began to think about doing other things to her.

*Question:* What "other things"?

*Director:* I imagined her working away at her bench in a shirt, tied at the front in a bow, and no bottom on at all, no slacks. I imagined myself going down there, and her standing back, very defiant. I could picture it absolutely clearly, as clear as if I'd actually done it. I could see her thighs, and the shine on her pubic hair, and the edges of her nipples over the top of her blouse. We argued, and then I slapped her face, six or seven times, until her cheeks glowed crimson. She went on to her knees, and I pulled apart her blouse at the front, so she was naked. Then I slapped her face again. She was weeping but defiant. I picked up a cane from the bench and whistled it through the air, and then I caned her shoulders until they were marked. She—bent down—her bottom up. I caned her bottom, criss-cross. The flesh went rosy pink, then glowed bright red. She fell down, and I got on to her, and had intercourse with her while she lay on the floor; she was completely unable to resist.

*Question:* Do you still have fantasies like this—or have they become more involved and elaborate with time?

*Director:* There's something I usually have in mind, based on a thing that de Sade wrote—I don't know whether you've ever come across it—where the fellow has furniture made out of naked women, and the candles for lighting the table are stuck in their privates, and the hot wax drips on to them. Then they bring in the hot tureens of food, and the tables ripple with pain. You remember that? That made a great impression on me, you know. I think what it would be like to have that kind of power over the opposite sex. I'd have a very palatial mansion, set in the country perhaps, and two nude girls would stand guard at the driveway all day, holding lamps for me. The lamps would be copper, and they'd get uncomfortably hot, but the girls would still have to hold them up, all day and all night. When I got home, a girl would lie on the gravel drive beside my car, and I'd step out right between her legs, and other girls would act as a carpet, and I'd walk on them into the house. A girl would stand in the hall in high black boots and nothing else, holding out her arms for my coat and hat. I'd push my umbrella down one of her boots. I'd sit in a chair made of naked girls, you see, and more of them would bring me a drink and a cigar, and one of them would stand beside me and take the ash from my cigar in the palm of her hand.

**Something in de Sade impressed me. I imagine a staff of naked girl slaves**

*Question:* Carry on.

*Director:* Yes—then I'd go to dinner, and the table and chairs would be made from naked women, all intertwined so they made a flat surface. My plate would be resting on a girl's bare stomach, and it would be hot enough to leave a red mark on it, but the girl would never complain. Afterwards I'd go up to bed, and my whole bed would be made of women intertwined, you see, a great soft seething mass of nude girls, and so no matter how you reached out your hand would always find a bare breast or a handful of pubic hair. You wouldn't have to take anyone to bed, you could make love to the bed; whatever private parts took your fancy, you could use them, and often you'd never even know which girl it was. And perhaps you'd go to sleep with your own private parts in one girl's face, she'd have to accept it, she'd just have to put up with it.

*Question:* Don't fantasies like this make you feel extremely frustrated? They are, after all, impossible to fulfil.

*Director:* I find them a relief, quite honestly. I'm afraid my wife is rather narrow about sex, she wouldn't even attempt to do any of the things I think about, and anyway she can't stand the sight of blood, or pain, or anything. I once put a clothes-peg on her nipple, just as a joke. She screamed the place down, and burst into floods of tears. She's got no understanding about that kind of sex at all.

*Interview Points*

It is in the treatment of those suffering from deep-seated fetishistic sexual problems that the study of erotic fantasy will prove, in the future, to have its most striking results. The fetishist's fantasies are markedly different from those of the non-fetishist, in that they are inextricably intermingled with his sexual reality. A normal man may daydream of *fellatio* with his wife, but his erotic life still has meaning outside this fantasy. To the fetishist, however, sexual satisfaction can only live within the realms of his fantasy. Orgasm is not just made more pleasurable when he is daydreaming—it is the only time that orgasm can be achieved.

## Conclusion

Erotic fantasies do not conform with moral opinion; in fact they don't conform with *anything;* and therefore one has had to wait until society has grown mature enough to accept transcripts of genuine erotic accounts. Even so, some of the stronger interviews have had to be left out, and the blue pencil has been at work on some passages of the dialogue. When one is dealing with the unrestrained human mind, such censorship is regrettably inevitable.

If this survey has any effect, I hope personally that it is this: that ordinary girls and boys, men and women, recognize the sexual capabilities of their imagination, what these capabilities represent, and try not to suppress them. Erotic fantasies, as we have seen, can be crude, vulgar, tasteless, cruel, submissive and destructive; they can equally be beautiful, creative, tasteful, gentle and understanding. Vulgarity is not of itself a sin. A man who enjoys the sight of women in black stockings and suspender belt is no more lustful than a man who eyes a beautiful golden-bronzed girl prancing nude across a cornfield.

Sexual fantasy is not weird and unusual. One of the few statistical examinations of erotic fantasy (Hamilton's) found the following:

27% of men and 2% of women had erotic daydreams before sexual enlightenment; only 1% of men and 2% of women had no erotic daydreams during puberty; 57% of men and 51% of women said that between the ages of 18 and marriage, dreams played "a big part" in their lives. Among married men and women, 26% men and 19% women said they still had erotic daydreams.

# PENTHOUSE STUDY OF EROTIC FANTASY

Readers of Penthouse on two continents are now invited to contribute to a special study of sexual fantasy. Your own fantasies, sent in complete privacy, will be analysed and discussed by best-selling psychologist Dr Paul J Gillette. To help in an analysis of fantasies in terms of social background you are asked to complete a questionnaire by him about personal and business status. Many people, perhaps most, have fantasies which they feel unable to discuss with anybody else. This study provides an opportunity to share such secrets without anxiety. Just write down overleaf a description of your recurring fantasy or fantasies as though you were telling a close friend, fill in the special questionnaire below, and send to **Penthouse International Ltd, "Fantasies", 1560 Broadway, New York 10036** (North American readers), or **Penthouse Publications Ltd, "Fantasies", 2 Bramber Road, London W14 9PB** (European readers). No need to put a return address on your envelope, nor to supply your name and address anywhere on the questionnaire or description.The most interesting and significant fantasies will be printed in Penthouse, with a report by Dr. Gillette.

QUESTIONNAIRE,

*Please fill in blanks and circle all pertinent multiple-choice replies. If the question does not apply to you, write "N.A." in the blank.*

1. Gender
   *Male* *Female*
2. Age at last birthday .....
3. Marital status
   *Married.*
   *Legally separated.*
   *Divorced.*
   *Widowed.*
   *Never married.*
4. Ethnic origin
   *Country of paternal grandfather's birth*.....
   *Country of maternal grandfather's birth*.....
   *Country of paternal grandmother's birth*.....
   *Country of maternal grandmother's birth*.....
   *Country of father's birth*.....
   *Country of mother's birth*.....
   *Country of your birth*.....
5. Nationality.....
6. Occupation.....
7. Extent of formal education
   *Did not graduate high school.*
   *High school graduate, but not college.*
   *Some college, but did not graduate.*
   *College graduate.*
   *Post-graduate work but no post-graduate degree.*
   *Post-graduate degree(s).*

   UK readers only.
   *Fewer than 4 O levels or equivalent.*
   *4 or more O levels but no A levels.*
   *A levels but no higher education.*
   *Attended university but did not graduate.*
   *University graduate.*
8. Gross annual income
   *Under $5,000 (UK under £1,000).*
   *$5,001 to $7,500 (UK £1,001-2,000).*
   *$7,501 to $10,000 (UK £2,001-£3,500).*
   *$10,001 to $15,000 (UK £3,501-£5,000).*
   *Over $15,000 (UK over £5,000).*
9. Size of community in which you live
   *More than 1,000,000.*
   *100,000 to 999,999.*
   *10,000 to 99,999.*
   *Less than 10,000.*
10. Religious group into which born.....
    .....
11. Still believe its teachings fully?
    *Yes* *No*
12. Do you consider yourself
    *Very religious.*
    *Fairly religious.*
    *Slightly religious.*
    *Not religious.*
13. At what age did you first learn how babies are born?.....
14. At what age did you first masturbate to orgasm?.....
15. At what age did you first achieve sexual arousal by touching the body of someone of the opposite gender?.....
16. At what age did you first perform coitus?
    .....
17. At what age did you first fantasy (picture yourself) performing coitus?.....
18. At what age did you first fantasy a sexual experience of any sort?.....
19. During an average week, how often do you entertain sexual fantasies?.....
20. Do you classify yourself as heterosexual or homosexual?.....
21. During an average week, how many times do you have orgasm?.....
22. What is the greatest number of times that you've had orgasm during one 24-hour period?.....
23. Approximately how many different coital partners have you had over your lifetime?
    .....
24. What is the greatest number of coital partners you've had during any one year?
    .....
25. Approximately how many sexual partners have you aroused via oragenital (mouth-genital) relations during your lifetime?.....
    .....
26. Approximately how many sexual partners have aroused *you* via oragenital (mouth-genital) relations during your lifetime?.....
    .....

27. During a typical week, what quantity of alcoholic beverages do you drink?
*Beer*.....
*Wine*.....
*Spirits*.....

28. During a typical week, what quantity of cigarettes do you smoke?.....
.....

29. During a typical week, what quantity of marijuana do you use?.....
.....

30. Have you ever used L.S.D., heroin, cocaine, or other consciousness-altering agents? Exclude drugs taken with a physician's prescription.....

31. Which of the following statements is the best description of your moral attitude toward coitus? Circle only one.
*I think coitus is wrong outside marriage.*
*I think coitus is wrong outside marriage only if the people involved are not in love.*
*I think coitus is wrong outside marriage only if one of the partners employed deceit to persuade the other partner to participate.*
*I think coitus is wrong outside marriage only if the act is in some way harmful to one of the partners.*
*I think coitus is never wrong.*

32. Have you ever felt guilty about a sex act you performed?
*Yes* *No*

33. Do you feel guilty now about a sex act you performed sometime in the past?
*Yes* *No*

34. Have you ever fantasied one sex act while performing another?
*Yes* *No*

35. During a typical week, what percentage of your sex acts are accompanied by this sort of fantasy?
*Under 25%* *26–50%* *51–75%* *Over 75%*

36. Have you ever fantasied sex with one partner while performing with another?
*Yes* *No*

37. During a typical week, what percentage of your sex acts are accompanied by this sort of fantasy?
*Under 25%* *26–50%* *51–75%* *Over 75%*

38. Have you ever fantasied a homosexual act while performing a heterosexual one or vice versa?
*Yes* *No*

39. During a typical week, what percentage of your sex acts are accompanied by this sort of fantasy?
*Under 25%* *26–50%* *51–75%* *Over 75%*

40. Have you ever performed coitus while someone other than your partner was present in the same room?
*Yes* *No*

41. Have you ever observed someone else perform coitus?
*Yes* *No*

42. Have you ever exchanged sexual partners with a friend?
*Yes* *No*

43. Have you ever participated in a sex act with two or more partners at the same time?
*Yes* *No*

44. If you answered "no" to any of the previous four questions, did you ever have the desire for that experience?
*Yes* *No*

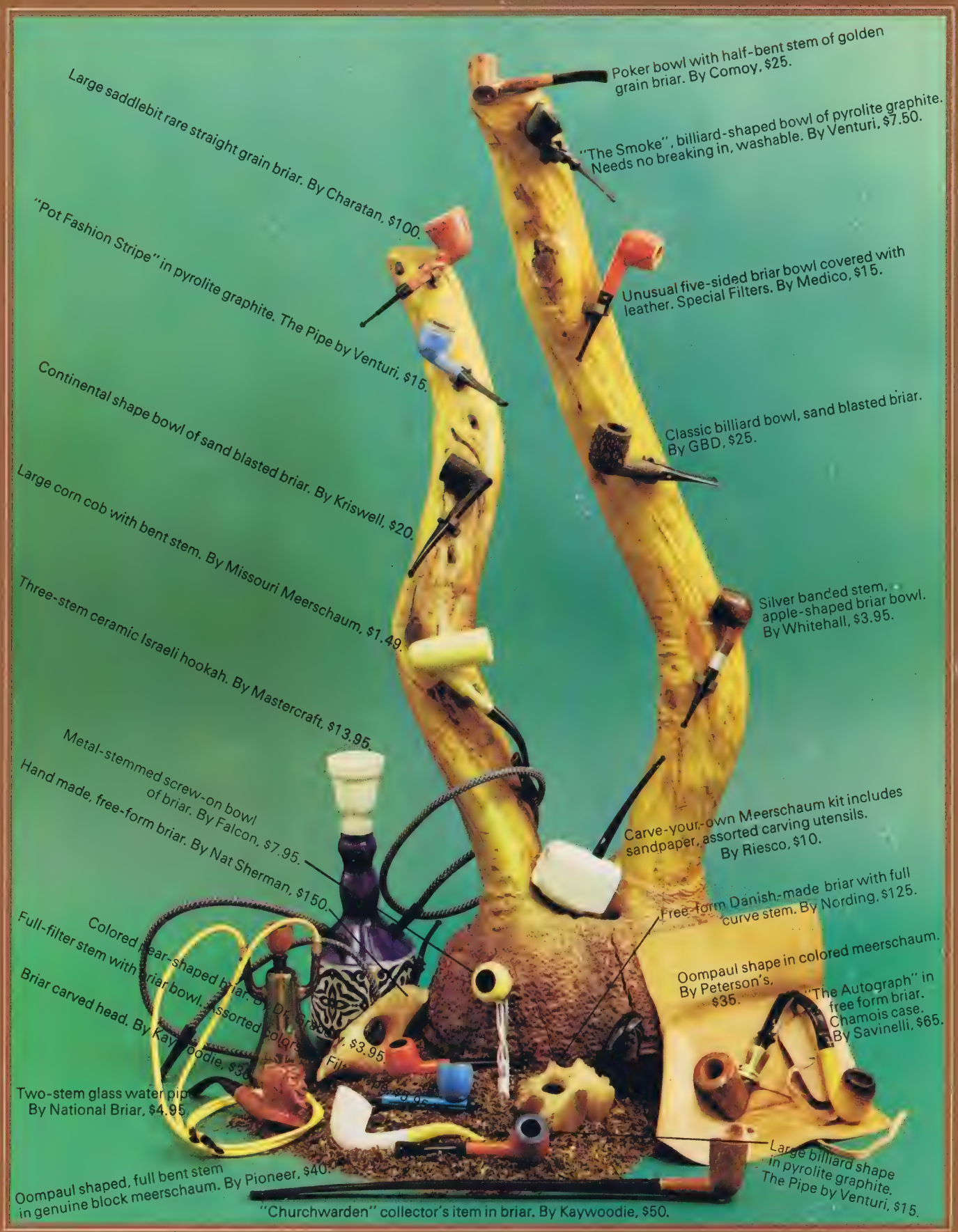
45. If you answered "yes" to the previous question, did you ever fantasy doing any of these things?
*Yes* *No*

46. Have you ever acted out any of the fantasies which you are describing along with this questionnaire?
*Yes* *No*

47. Do you think there should be laws prohibiting certain sex acts?
*Yes* *No*

48. If so, do you think these laws should apply even to sex acts which are performed in private by consenting adults?
*Yes* *No*

Now write your fantasy here. Continue on a separate piece of paper (preferably using only one side):


Poker bowl with half-bent stem of golden grain briar. By Comoy, $25.
"The Smoke", billiard-shaped bowl of pyrolite graphite. Needs no breaking in, washable. By Venturi, $7.50.
Large saddlebit rare straight grain briar. By Charatan, $100.
"Pot Fashion Stripe" in pyrolite graphite. The Pipe by Venturi, $15.
Unusual five-sided briar bowl covered with leather. Special Filters. By Medico, $15.
Continental shape bowl of sand blasted briar. By Kriswell, $20.
Classic billiard bowl, sand blasted briar. By GBD, $25.
Large corn cob with bent stem. By Missouri Meerschaum, $1.49.
Three-stem ceramic Israeli hookah. By Mastercraft, $13.95.
Silver banded stem, apple-shaped briar bowl. By Whitehall, $3.95.
Metal-stemmed screw-on bowl of briar. By Falcon, $7.95.
Hand made, free-form briar. By Nat Sherman, $150.
Carve-your-own Meerschaum kit includes sandpaper, assorted carving utensils. By Riesco, $10.
Free-form Danish-made briar with full curve stem. By Nording, $125.
Oompaul shape in colored meerschaum. By Peterson's, $35.
"The Autograph" in free form briar. Chamois case. By Savinelli, $65.
Full-filter stem with briar bowl, assorted colors, $3.95.
Briar carved head. By Kaywoodie, $30.
Two-stem glass water pipe. By National Briar, $4.95.
Large billiard shape in pyrolite graphite. The Pipe by Venturi, $15.
Oompaul shaped, full bent stem in genuine block meerschaum. By Pioneer, $40.
"Churchwarden" collector's item in briar. By Kaywoodie, $50.

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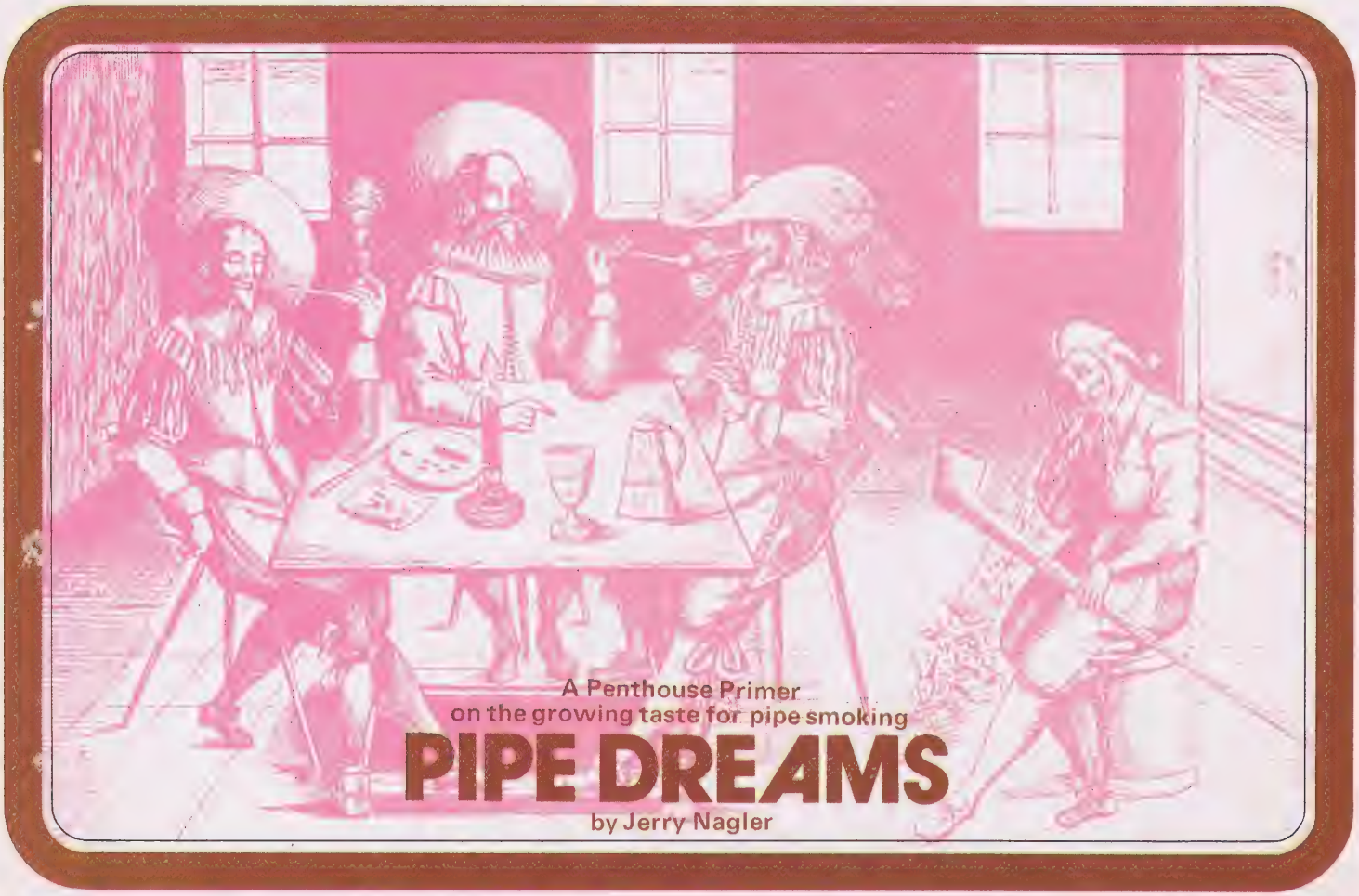
# PIPE LINES



A Penthouse Primer
on the growing taste for pipe smoking

# PIPE DREAMS

by Jerry Nagler

In a recent survey at college level it was discovered that no fewer than 36% of smokers on campus smoke a pipe. Another survey, a study of female attitudes, found that 64.1% of women preferred men who smoke a pipe. The pipesmoker was considered to be more virile in appearance, more intelligent, and more stable. These are just two pointers to the ascending popularity of pipesmoking, which last year accounted for upwards of a quarter of a billion dollars spent on pipes, accessories, and tobacco. In the nation as a whole, nearly one male smoker in five is a pipesmoker.

The ordinary pipesmoker buys eight to 10 pipes a year, using them as an extension to his personality. Then there is the cultist, who joins clubs where information is swapped about tobacco blends, and members' own masterpieces are carved and repaired. Finally there's the occasional smoker, who keeps a pipe in a desk drawer.

Among the myths still current about pipesmoking is a belief that the tradition is British. In fact pipesmoking is as American as Southern fried. Pipesmoking artifacts have been discovered among the early Mayan Indians, and tobacco itself first reached Europe via a returning member of Columbus' crew, Rodrigo de Jerez. The first controlled crop of tobacco was grown in Virginia in 1612, launching tobacco as an important item in world trade, and of course during the early centuries of tobacco, smoking usually meant pipesmoking.

In a search for the ideal implement, tobacco was smoked in all kinds of materials, including hollowed bones of humans and animals, sea mollusks, plantain leaves, clay, gold, silver, platinum, porcelain among others. Everything was tried and almost everything worked to a degree. However, it was the discovery of briar that put pipesmoking into orbit. From that moment dates the world-wide fraternity who marvel as the aromatic smoke curls from the bowl.

Briar was discovered in Corsica by a furniture-maker who happened to be a Napoleonic buff. While on a hunt for Napoleon's battlefield relics, he broke his meerschaum pipe. Forgetting the search for war souvenirs, he went looking for a new pipe instead and he induced a local carpenter to fashion him one. The carpenter used the root from the heather bush known botanically as *erica aborea*. The pipe proved so smooth and even smoking that the Napoleonic disciple turned from his love of history to the love of commerce and started the first briar-pipe firm.

Today briar is still found in the same area of southern France as well as northern Italy, Spain and Algeria. No briar is grown in the US at all, and though 95% of the world's pipesmokers enjoy their tobacco in briar, the wood is still purely Mediterranean in origin. Some years ago the heather bush was found by a land developer in Florida, who dug up samples of the root and had it tested. But it was found unsuitable for pipes, tending to shrivel and break, lacking the necessary moisture derived from the soil.

Briar is durable. It polishes brilliantly. It is light in weight. But best of all, the root of the *bruyere* bush, as the French call it, is porous. This porosity enables the wood to absorb the heat through the bowl and thus is the ideal method for enjoying tobacco. Still, the search for something even better continues. Man-made materials are just coming into their own for pipes, and in addition hundreds of pipe patents have been filed with the United States government.

In today's age of technological improvement, the breaking-in of a pipe is a rather antiquated procedure. Many manufacturers still recommend it and it probably remains advisable to moisten the bowl of a new pipe before lighting it for the first time. It is also advisable to fill the pipe only half to a third full for the first time and make certain all of this tobacco is smoked. Then in succeeding pipefuls you put a little more tobacco into the bowl, smoking it all again. This method of smoking from the bottom up will "cake" the bowl. The

# The Smoke. It doesn't try to span the generation gap.

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*It's not their kind of pipe. It doesn't look the same, doesn't taste the same, doesn't cost the same.*

*The Smoke's new. Comes in 4 shapes and 4 colors that clash with gray beards. And a lining that breaks with old traditions.*

*Like breaking in. You don't have to break in The Smoke like you would a traditional pipe, since it's lined with untraditional graphite.*

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*It keeps the tobacco honest.*

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cake adds to the enjoyment of the pipe and to the taste of the tobacco. However, more important than the breaking-in period for the pipe is the indoctrination of the smoker.

While many react differently to a pipe, most find it necessary to experience some breaking-in period for the tongue. Contrary to popular belief, a pipe will not go out immediately. After a good light, easy relaxed drawing will enable the pipe to stay lit for relatively long periods. On the other hand, rapidly puffing a pipe will cause mouth discomfort. It is as advisable to rest your mouth between smokes as it is to rest your pipe. As a beginning or a returning smoker, use two pipes and alternate their use.

Some convenience adjustments are also required. Your pipe has to become a permanent part of your everyday dress, much the same as your keys, billfold, money, and credit cards. Once you have decided on its proper pocket, its wear becomes as natural as filling and enjoying your pipe.

If a change is desired, today's pipe-smoker has a myriad of materials from which to choose. Instead of briar he can smoke a meerschaum, a mineral—actually the fossilized remains of sea animals—mined in Turkey and Greece and also (of later origin) in Africa. Or he can try corncobs, a product as American as tobacco itself. All three manufacturers of the world's supply of corncob pipes are located in the town of Washington, Missouri, at the seat of the development of the cob. Other pipes are pyrolite graphite, a new space-age material; briar and plastic pressed together to form a good-smoking, good-looking pipe; cherrywood, rosewood, or hickory; clay or porcelain; hookahs or narghiles, which are water pipes popular in the Semitic regions and now glamorized by the young smokers in this country; and finally even electric pipes in which filaments instead of matches light the tobacco.

Tobacco, though it all began here, is now grown all over the world, but the United States export trade leads the rest of the world by far. Maryland, Virginia, Burley, Latakia, Perique are just some of the pipe tobaccos. Others are used in blends, but the base for almost all pipe tobacco is of these varieties.

Perique tobacco, called a spice of the smoking mixture, dates back to the Choctaw and Chicasaw Indians who lived in the area of Louisiana now known as the St. James' parish. All of the Perique used in the world is grown in this small area, and the tobacco was named by a Frenchman, Pierre Chenet, who discovered the Indians making it, giving it his nickname, which was Perique. The unusual processing of this Louisiana tobacco gives it its distinctive flavor and color. Following its harvest,

# SMOKE SCENES

**A plethora of accessories makes pipesmoking a technically fascinating skill**

**1.** Black leather zippered tobacco pouch. By Dunhill, $10; **2.** "Fire-gard" ashtray. By Venturi, $1.49; **3.** Alabaster ashtray. By Lane Ltd., $15; **4.** Antique car one-pipe holder. By GBD, $4; **5.** Ceramic seven-pipe holder. By Dunhill, $15; **6.** Electric-starting butane lighter. By Venturi, $30; **7.** Trophy pipe lighter, butane. By GBD, $15; **8.** Leather covered pipe holder and tobacco humidor. By Nat Sherman, $45; **9.** Sterling silver desk lighter. Butane with adjustable flame. By S.T. Dupont, $180; **10.** "Flameboyant" butane lighter. By Rogers, $7.95; **11.** Porcelain tobacco jar. By National Briar, $7.95; **12.** Leather zippered tobacco pouch. By Rogers, $3.95; **13.** Novelty wood pipe cleaner holder. By GBD, $3.95; **14.** Brown suede tobacco pouch. By Lane Ltd., $10; **15.** Windproof butane lighter. By Ronson, $9.95; **16.** Heavy lead crystal pipe holder/

**20**

ashtray. By Dunhill, $37.50; **17.** Ball point pen/tamper combination packs down tobacco. By Kaywoodie, $1.49; **18.** Pipe reamer cleans bowl, removes old, caked tobacco. By Medico, $1.95; **19.** Pipe tool combination includes pick, tamper and reamer. By Falcon, $1.49; **20.** Leather wrap-around pouch. By Charatan, $12.50; **21.** Pipe tool/knife combination. By Lane Ltd., $4.95.

each leaf is hung individually until it wilts and turns yellow from drying. It is then formed into small twists and packed in casks under great pressure. This pressure-curing takes approximately nine months, and during this pregnancy period the tobacco is removed, loosened and repacked a number of times. This curing process turns the tobacco black as it ferments in its own juices. When it is finally ready to be smoked, Perique is far too heady to be used straight and is always blended with other tobaccos, to add a natural spice and aroma.

Burley, which accounts for 30% of the entire harvest of tobaccos, is common to at least eight states. It is divided into two types, air- and fire-cured. Air curing, which covers about 90% of it, is a comparatively simple method of handling the tobacco and allowing it to dry under normal weather conditions from six to eight weeks. Fire-cured burley is dried while slow fires of hardwood and hardwood sawdust are kept burning. This burning adds an unusual smoky taste and aroma to the burley, which is of itself neutral. Because of this it blends easily with other tobaccos and is the common base for most smoking tobaccos sold in this country.

Virginia tobacco (almost 60% of the total American product) is almost completely fire-cured. It contains fewer natural oils than burley and because of its significant amount of sugar it is sweeter in taste. Maryland is only grown in the state it is named after, and it accounts for about 2% of tobacco production. The thinness of the leaf, and its blending capabilities, make it a natural component of many tobacco blends.

Another tobacco name that has become intriguing to the American smoker is Cavendish. The name applies to both a type of tobacco and a manner of cutting it. There is no Cavendish tobacco grown, its basic components being Virginia, Burley or Maryland, or a combination of those. Cavendish is impregnated with casing sauces and this adds to the flavor. According to a recent survey among pipe-smokers, 73% said flavor (the major appeal of Cavendish) is the deciding factor in their selection.

The color of Cavendish varies too, since it depends in part on processing. Many smokers think of Cavendish as a longer cut. Yet Cavendish is riding a popularity wave among smokers and, whether it is for taste or cut, many smokers are now asking for it.

Finally many blends use some Latakia which, like Perique, is a spice of the smoking tobacco. In fact it has been said that Perique and Latakia are the pepper and salt of tobacco. Most tobacconists will suggest the pipe-smoker who prefers his blends use only 1-3% Latakia before he ventures further. However, many pipe smokers have


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accustomed their tongues to a stronger taste and have as much as 40-50% of their blend mixed with the tobacco spices.

Naturally the combining of all these tobaccos is as individual as personality. It is not unusual for smokers to try as many as 100 combinations. Some never stick with one brand and keep experimenting their entire pipe-smoking lifetime. Just as there are thousands of combinations of pipe shapes, so there are thousands of combinations of basic tobacco components. There are hundreds of name brands, and all can add to the enjoyment of your favorite pipe.

Select a pipe for its comfort and your activity pattern as well as for its appearance. For example, the student and the hard-working factory man who relax while watching television at home should use a pipe with a curved stem. This permits the smoke to curl away from the eyes, while the curved stem allows the pipe to sit comfortably in the mouth. The sportsman or the outdoor worker who needs to use his hands, should select a saddlebit pipe. The saddlebit permits you to maintain a firmer grip and will prevent the pipe from moving. Women purchasing pipes as gifts should beware of matching shape to suit the recipient. A rounded bowl, such as an apple- or pear-shape, is not advisable for someone with a round face. Try a long tapering pipe such as a half-bent or Canadian. The tall angular man, with a thinner face, will probably look more comfortable with a larger rounded bowl.

It is also wise to choose pipes to match your attire. A sporty sandblasted bowl does not fit when you are dressed for the country club dance, the business dinner or the prom. There are small pipes available, with dark finishes and thin tapered bowls, which fit perfectly for evening wear. A recent development has been the colored pipe, increasingly favored by the younger smoker. Many have matched their wardrobes with red, green, blue, orange or yellow bowls. The colors do not distract from smoking enjoyment and they add a bit of style.

There is an etiquette of pipe-smoking. For example, don't smoke a pipe in a crowded elevator, and don't puff incessantly during a cocktail party. You can smoke during parties by enjoying the natural burning of the tobacco without the rapid drawing. Today pipes are acceptable in most public places and the only objections result from rudeness by the smoker himself. Request permission from a female companion before lighting your pipe. The majority of women will approve, as the survey already mentioned attests.

There are many pipe tools such as tamper, reamers, picks and even combinations of these, along with combination pipe-tamper and pen. It is desirable to carry one, since you will get in the habit of tamping the tobacco down with the tool, leaving the cocktail stirrer and/or your fingers clean. The simple pipe-cleaner is important too. Clean your pipe with a cleaner often, preferably after every pipeful. However, don't do it while among a group of people. It is better to smoke your pipe again without the cleaning than to use the little fluffy wire in public.

Along with the pipe clubs there are many pipe-smoking contests where sedentary athletes fill their bowls with 3.3 grams of tobacco, and are asked to light with an old-fashioned wooden kitchen match. Usually the contestants receive two of the matches which must be used within a minute of the start. Following the lighting-up ceremony the "athletes" sit back, avoid conversation and distraction, and become oblivious to the outside world as they puff away, seeing who can keep his tobacco alight the longest. The 1971 world champion, an Italian, won with 2 hrs. 40 mins.

In College Point, New York, is a medical claims officer for a large insurance company, whose hobby is mountain-climbing. Yet neither occupation nor hobby interferes with his editing a 40-page legal-size offset compilation of letters, works, tests, and stories about pipe-smoking four times a year, called the *Pipe Smoker's Ephemeris*. The author is Tom Dunn, but he doesn't have an exclusive on hosannas to pipe-smoking. An Army major, Ben Rapaport, has compiled a massive bibliography of pipe-smoking lore. Another gentleman, Arthur D. Yunker, has written a doctorate about pipe-smoking with the title "Toward a Theology of Pipe-Smoking." He quotes holy writ to contend that pipe-smoking is a gift of the Holy Ghost and pipe smokers are brought to the kingdom of God.

The link between the pipe and religious mystique dates back to the American Indians and their so-called peace pipe, bastardized in American-made movies. The Indian pipe was made of red sandstone and was used as an offering to the diety. It was meant to assuage the gods as the smoke from the pipe wafted to the sky.

While the popularity of pipe-smoking has wavered like the stock market, its current strong comeback is proof of its unending satisfaction. Pipe-smoking combines enjoyment with aesthetics, satisfaction, economy, exploration, human frailties, self-indulgence and, for some, manliness. It has begun countless arguments among men and has survived the tumult and the shouting of the reformers and the uninitiated. Its popularity through centuries has also been aided by many famous men in literature who have extolled its virtues. Yet the enjoyment of a pipe can best be summed up by the words of Sam Slick, an English clockmaker, who said: "The fact is, squire, the moment a man takes to a pipe, he becomes a philosopher. It is the poor man's friend; it calms the mind, soothes temper, and makes a man patient under difficulties. It has made more good men good husbands, kind masters, indulgent fathers, than any other blessed thing on this universal earth." One thing is certain, pipe-smoking hasn't heard the last word yet.

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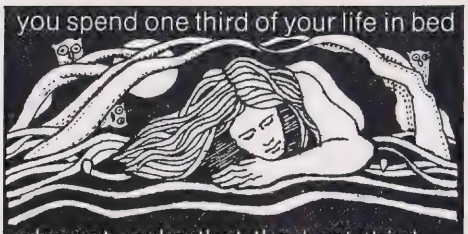


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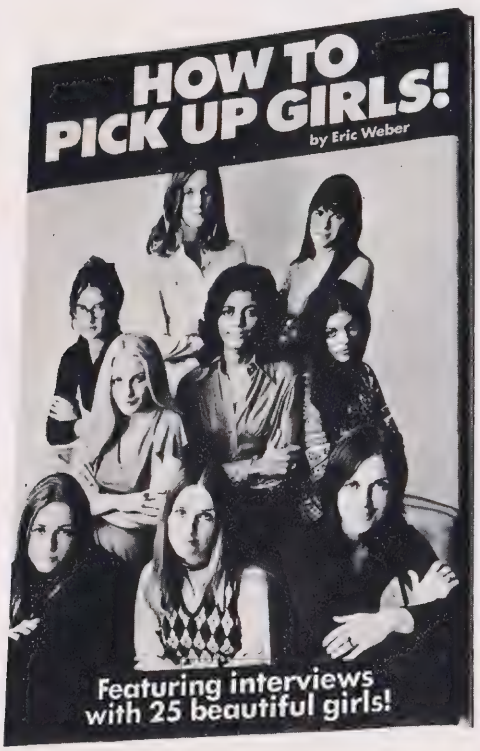


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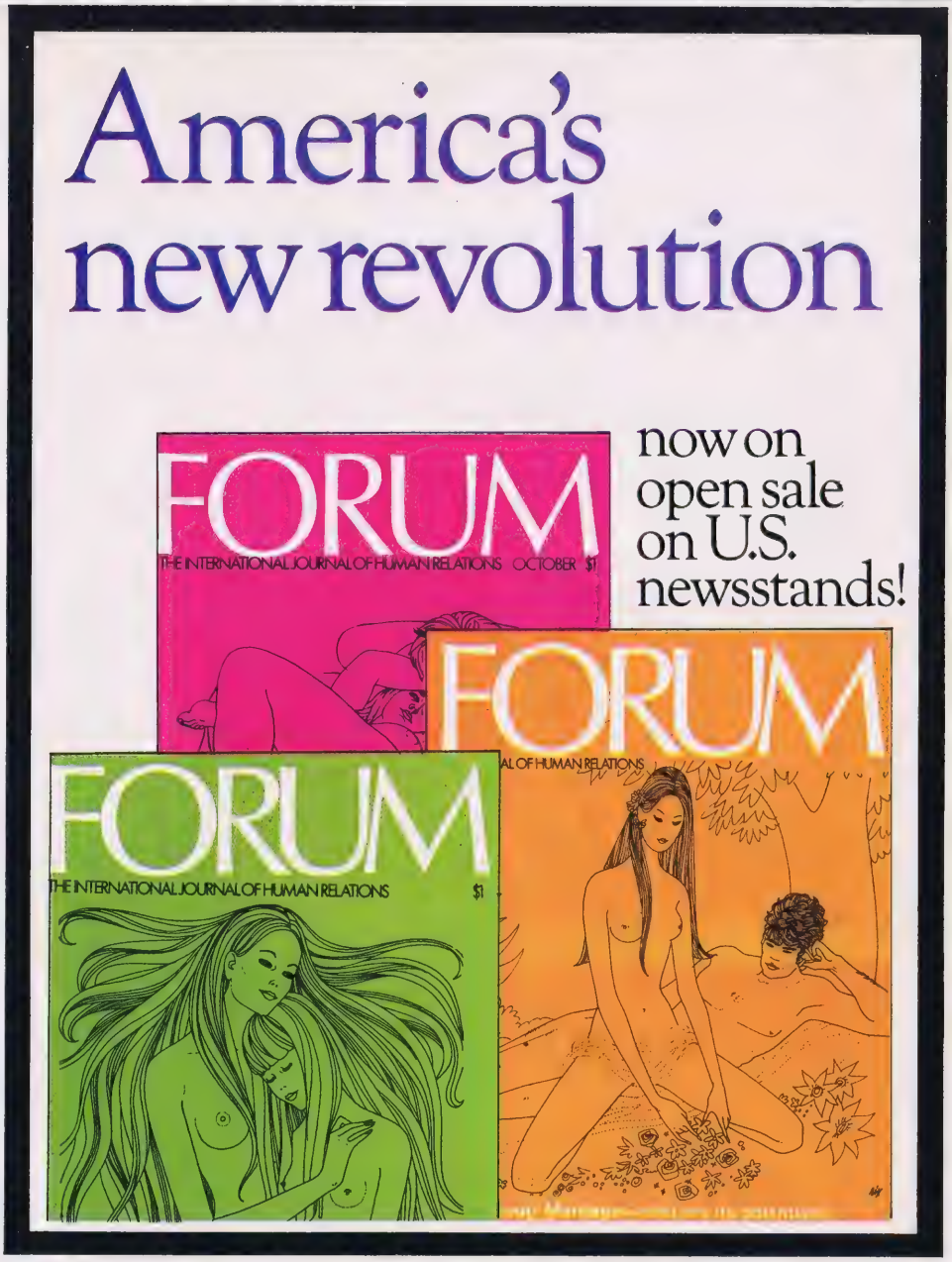
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# THE HARD GUYS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

"classic" school. The characters and situations were every bit as bizarre, and the violence was relatively minor—a fist in the face here, a kick in the temple there, and a few slugs in the belly. When alley talk was called for, even the trigger-happy, baby-faced gunsel shot verbal blanks: "The boy spoke two words, the first a guttural verb, the second 'you.' "

The "realism" of Spade's world grew out of an accumulation of mundane details—a tinny alarm clock, a creaky sofa-bed, drab office furnishings—all contributing to a feeling of economic pressure that Depression readers found all too convincing. Remove that necessity, marry the detective off to a wealthy, witty and attractive heiress, and what did you get? An affluent fun couple to take readers' minds off their troubles. Nick and Nora Charles in from San Francisco for the Christmas holidays, and staying at one of New York's better hotels. The boozy, breezy banter of Hammett's greatest commercial success, *The Thin Man.*

According to one period source, *The Thin Man's* success at the bookstores was attributed to "the inclusion of a single usage seldom seen in polite print." The usage was "Balls!" But the thrill of seeing the word in print was not matched by any comparably exciting use of the glands in question. When Nick and Nora Charles went to bed, they invariably wound up belting Scotch and doing brittle dialogue. The only time Nick put a hand on Nora's person was when he pushed her out of the way of a gun brandished by a hood named Shep Morelli, and the only instance of erotic arousal occurred during Nick's grappling bout with the crypto-kinky Mimi Wynant. "Tell me something, Nick," Nora said, when she and her hard-guy hubby got back to their hotel. "Tell me the truth: when you were wrestling with Mimi, didn't you have an erection?" "Oh, a little," Nick modestly admitted. Nora laughed. "If you aren't the disgusting old lecher," she said. "Look, it's daylight."

It was also the dawn of a new era for the American detective novel. The Hammett influence soon became evident in the work of other writers, including that of America's all-time best-selling author, Erle Stanley Gardner. Granted that no one could accuse Gardner's lawyer-sleuth, Perry Mason, of ever having had an erection. But over the past 38 years and 83 novels, he *has* displayed an interest in girls—particularly his loyal secretary, Della Street, whose waist he has often encircled with one arm. Of the night that Perry and Della spent in connecting apartments, during *The Case of the Dangerous Dowager,* the less said the better. It is sufficient to note that Perry did not ask Della to shuck her undies in the bathroom. When the starkers schtick was brought into play Della was nowhere around:

"What are you doing?" Perkins asked.

"I'm stripping," Mason told him, "and you're going to search every inch of me and every stitch of clothes I've got on. Later on, you're going to get on the witness stand and swear that I didn't take anything out of that room, that I haven't any weapon on me . . ."

Perkins nodded and said, "That suits me swell."

It apparently suited millions of Perry Mason fans swell, as well. Many undoubtedly are still watching the old TV re-runs, and wondering what happened to the scene where Perry "stepped out of his shorts and stopped to unfasten his garters."

As an attorney, whose practice combined criminal investigation with certain victory in court, Mason employed a none-too-brilliant P.I., named Paul Drake, to do the routine leg work. But the big scenes and the tricky stuff were handled by Perry himself. He could open desk drawers with his feet, and dispose of bits of paper by chewing them into a wad of gum—but a Raymond Burr he never was. On paper, Perry was always smiling and grinning, and his favorite expletives were "Fiddlesticks!" and "Bosh!"

For verbal thrill-seekers, Gardner cranked out the Donald Lam-Bertha Cool series, under the pseudonym A.A. Fair. The swearing member of the team was Bertha Cool, a squat old harridan, whose favorite expletive was "Fry me for an oyster!" This was rather strong stuff compared to Nero Wolfe's "Pfui!"—a usage which stirred little or no excitement, even during the Thirties. But by teaming the overweight and sedentary Wolfe with a lean and active younger assistant, author Rex Stout created an appealing blend of the traditional and the modern—Hammett and Sherlock Holmes. The similarities between Wolfe and Holmes were indeed so numerous that one learned aficionado put forth the theory that Nero was Sherlock's son, born of a fleeting love affair with *the* woman, Irene Adler.

Though Wolfe conceivably might have been an illegitimate son of Holmes, his assistant Archie Goodwin was never a big enough bastard to qualify as a true blood brother of Sam Spade. He could hit big, handle a .38, and frequently hinted at sexual prowess, but he dwelt all too comfortably in the shadow of his employer. A really big-time hard guy is always in business for himself—like Raymond Chandler's Philip Marlowe, whose kinship to Spade was made doubly apparent when Bogart played Chandler's worldly-wise West Coast dick in *The Big Sleep.*

"You don't get rich and you don't have much fun," Marlowe mused, in *The Long Goodbye.* "Sometimes you get beaten up or shot at or tossed into the jailhouse. Once in a long while you get dead. Every other month you decide to give it up and find some sensible occupation while you can still walk without shaking your head. Then the door buzzer rings and you open the door of the waiting room and there stands a new face with a new problem, a new load of grief and a small piece of money. " 'Come in, Mr. Thingummy. What can I do for you?' "

Quite often, however, it was a Miss or Mrs. Thingummy, who had this yummy bod, and a very definite idea of what she wanted Marlowe to do for her. And, sooner or later, Marlowe did it:

"Yesterday morning," she said, half dreamily. "I said there was something about you I liked—you didn't paw—and something I didn't like. Know what it was?"

"No."

"That you didn't make me do this then."

"Your manner hardly encouraged it."

"You're supposed to be a detective. Please put out all the lights . . ."

Then very soon in the dark she was saying, Darling, darling, darling. . . .

All the women Marlowe met were not that dreamy, of course. Some of them really packed a wallop—like the pistol-toting film cutie Mavis Weld, in *The Little Sister:*

"Don't forget you're a lady," I said . . . The gun against my neck went away and a white flame burned for an instant behind my eyes. I grunted and fell forward on my hands and knees and reached back quickly. My hand touched a leg in a nylon stocking, but slipped off, which seemed a pity. It felt like a nice leg . . . I collapsed on the floor . . .

Though Marlowe got hit more than any fic-dick in history, he wasn't always lucky enough to get zapped by girls with groovy gams. Sometimes he got worked over by the hairy-limbed likes of Mendy Mendenez and his hired life-takers:

. . . The tough boy who had paralyzed my arm neither moved nor spoke. I knew he was breathing. I could smell that.

"Somebody bump into your arm, cheapie?"

"I tripped over an enchilada."

Negligently, not quite looking at me even, he slashed me across the face with the gun barrel.

In bed or in a brouhaha, Marlowe gave as good as he got. But there were times during the Forties and Fifties when the reader began to doubt that Marlowe would ever quit while he could still walk without shaking his head. Then along came Linda Loring, the multi-millioned heiress who took him to bed, tickled his ear, and asked him to marry her.

Marlowe's marriage left the California scene open to Ross Macdonald's Lew Archer, who was nursing a big hurt after being divorced from a girl named Sue.

"Is he dead?" Mavis Kilbourne asked him, concerning the hubby whom she had just gunned down in the clinic of the malevolent Dr. Melliotes. "Everybody is dying," Lew Archer replied. Despair was in the air. Take a deep breath, and you could sniff Sartre. Hell was other people. "I listened to the talk," Lew wrote, while treading deep water in *The Drowning Pool.* "Existentialism, they said. Henry Miller and Truman Capote and Henry Moore. André Gide and Anais Nin and Djuna Barnes. And sex—hard-boiled, poached, coddled, shirred, fried easy over . . . Sex solo, in duet, trio, quartet; for all-male chorus; for choir and symphony. . . ."

But seldom, indeed, for Lew Archer. In his book, sex and money were "the forked root of all evil." "I know your type, you have a secret passion for justice," a sexy good egg named Moira Smitheram was to tell him, at the tail end of the scrambled Sixties. "I have a secret passion for mercy," Archer wearily countered. "But justice is what keeps happening to people."

In 1947 justice had struck like an apoplectic tornado when Mickey Spillane's Mike Hammer—the hardest hard guy of them all—came roaring to the top of the best-seller lists in a seven-corpse shocker called *I, the Jury.* Unhampered by Marlowe's sardonic sense of humor or Archer's fatalistic self-awareness, Mike was driven solely by a compulsive need to commit acts of vengeance. When his one-armed wartime buddy, Jack Williams, was murdered, Mike set himself up as judge, jury and executioner.

"There was so much hate welled up inside me I was ready to blow up," Mike confided. "Some day, before long, I'm going to have my rod in my mitt and the killer in front of me. I'm going to watch the killer's face. I'm going to plunk one right in his gut, and when he's dying on the floor I may kick his teeth out."

Mike made a specialty of extracting teeth with his foot. "There was no sense to busting my hand on his skull," he reasoned, in recalling a set-to he had with two murderous "jigs" in Harlem, "so I lashed out with my foot and the toe of my shoe caught the guy right in the face. He toppled over sideways. . . . His lower teeth were protruding through his lip. Two of his incisors were lying beside his nose, plastered there with his blood."

For all his primitive lust for violence, Mike resolutely resisted seduction. His gun may have been quick, but his glands were cautious. Sex created an inner conflict in which the residue of working-class puritanism eventually got its teeth kicked out in a losing battle with desire:

> The devil was making love to me.
>
> My fingers closed over the silk and I ripped it away with a hissing, tearing sound and she was standing in front of me, naked and inviting.
>
> Her voice had angels in it, though. "I love you, Mike," she said again.
>
> She was my kind of woman, one that you didn't have to speak to, for words weren't that necessary. She was honest and strong in her honesty . . .

In one way or another, Mike's women were always strong. The more talkative and ritzier the dame, the greater the emphasis on musculature. When Mary Bellemy, the socially prominent nymphomaniac, allowed her negligee to fall open in *I, the Jury*, "her stomach was smooth, parallel rows of light muscles, almost like a man's." Charlotte Manning, the sexy Park Avenue psychiatrist, had "long solid legs. A little heavier than the movie experts consider good form, but the kind that makes you drool to look at." Under her swimsuit, Mike could see "the muscles of her stomach. Incredibly wide shoulders for a woman, framing breasts that jutted out, seeking freedom from the restraining fabric of the suit." When Charlotte appeared in "black business garb," her "breasts fought the dress as valiantly as they had the bathing suit"—making hers the most pugnacious pectorals in American fiction.

Stomach muscles and battling boobs notwithstanding, the women in Mike's life were apt to meet violent ends—though none more violent and sadistic than that which Mike himself meted out to the beauteous blonde killer in the final chapter of *I, the Jury.* In a titillating switch on the Spade-O'Shaughnessy starkers scene, Jack's curvaceous killer slowly stripped over a period of pages, while Mike taunted her with a tirade of revenge:

> ". . . I'm the jury now, and the judge, and I have a promise to keep. Beautiful as you are, as much as I almost loved you, I sentence you to death."
>
> (*Her thumbs hooked in the fragile silk of the panties and pulled them down. She stepped out of them as delicately as one coming from a bathtub. She was completely naked now . . . Lightly, her tongue ran over her lips, making them glisten with passion . . . Slowly, a sigh escaped her, making the hemispheres of her breasts quiver. She leaned forward to kiss me, her arms going out to encircle my neck.*)
>
> The roar of a .45 shook the room . . . Her eyes were a symphony of incredulity, an unbelieving witness to truth. Slowly, she looked down at the ugly swelling in her naked belly where the bullet went in. A thin trickle of blood welled out.

She would have shot Mike, if he hadn't shot first, of course. But talk about hard-gore dick-fic—wow! Plunk in the gut with a sperm-slug from Mike's big Freudy-five! "How c-could you?" she gasped. "It was easy," Mike said. Period, end of book.

Inspired by Spillane's success, other writers hammered out imitative mini-Mikes—most of whom never made it into the early Sixties, when the American hard guy was all but eclipsed by Ian Fleming's James Bond and his stylishly sexy secret-agent antics. The competition wasn't much. While Bond, the invincible Briton, was pursuing the insidious Ernst Stavro Blofeld to the exotic ends of the earth, and consorting with quick-peeling early-to-bed types like Kissy Suzuki and Pussy Galore, Erle Stanley Gardner's Donald Lam was trying to nab a Peeping Tom, and virtuously evading the overtures of a small-time stripper in *Bachelors Get Lonely.* In *Nice Fillies Finish Last,* Mike Shayne, "The Coolest Private Eye of Them All," was knuckle-deep in a Florida racetrack caper that briefly put him to bed—fully clothed—with "the lovely thoroughbred, Claire Domaine," at the Golden Crest Motel:

> "Please, Mike," Claire whispered. "I know it's unfair. I don't mean anything to you. But if you were inside me for a moment, I think I could get through this awful night . . ."
>
> He said gently, "We have to get back. We have to do everything exactly right, or there won't be one chance in 10,000 of finding out what happened to Dolan."
>
> "Ten minutes. Five."

Claire didn't care two hoots in hell what happened to Dolan. She would have settled for one minute and 13 seconds on a fast track. But the "big redheaded detective" dutifully balked, and sex never got out of the gate.

James Bond's extraordinary career was built on the premise that bachelors need never get lonely if, on occasion, the old work-ethic was set aside long enough to permit a naughty-but-nice filly to finish first. Decoding this not-so-secret message, American writers began to dovetail dalliance with detection on an unprecedented scale. New-breed hard guys were no longer required to endure near-misses at the Maidenhead Motel. Muscular Charlottes and slender Claires were kissed off in favor of jiggle-breasted Jazzes and swivel-hipped Joys, and the swinging fic-dick's digs became posh enough to be a plausible choice for *Untamed* magazine's "Apartment of the Month" feature. Such, at least, was the provocative premise when Richard S. Prather's Shell Scott returned home one afternoon in the late Sixties to find "three stark naked beauties" knocking around his Hollywood pad. There was a blonde "busty beauty" on Shell's divan, a long-limbed blonde on his bed—and when he pulled aside the shower curtain, "Sure enough, there was a third gal. A real dish this one. A redhead with saucy breasts and flaring hips. . . ."

Since the apartment was also occupied by a "punk" photographer and "a big ugly ape named Agony," Shell didn't have to herniate any little gray cells in order to figure out that the whole thing was a frame-up. The busty blonde and the dishy redhead were innocent dupes, but the long-limbed blonde was a pal of mobster Victor Grieg, who had arranged the phony photo session in order to prove that Shell was morally

unfit to hold a private eye's license. In foiling this nefarious plot, Shell threw the three conspirators out the window, and nipped into the shower with Torchy, the redhead, and Brandy, the busty blonde. After nipping out of the bathroom to get rid of reporters and police, he then returned to the shower, where his "two nude lovelies" were hiding—"pressed back against the tiled wall. Like the Purloined Letter."

This allusion to Monsieur Dupin's last case jolted the reader with an awareness of how far the genre had come since Poe. Busty blondes and purr-loined redheads had supplanted pilfered billets-doux. Plots were as thin as see-through panties. The mystery was no longer who done it, but who was going to do it to whom? How soon? How often? And according to whose special preferences?

As working detectives, the new breed of horny hawkshaws are often far less credible than the celibate sleuths of yore. For which reason, many crime-fiction fans now favor "police procedurals," such as Ed McBain's 87th-Precinct stories. Dedicated to authenticity, the procedurals comprise a veritable home-study course in police operations. When consumed in quantity, however, they are likely to leave even a rookie reader with the feeling that his services should be rewarded with a citation from the commissioner, and retirement at full pay.


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During the past strife-torn decade, events have conspired to lower the prestige of the official police establishment to the point where the working cop has become as much of an outsider as Poe's Dupin or Hammett's Spade. This is doubly true of black police detectives, like Chester Himes' Grave Digger Jones and Coffin Ed Johnson, who were promoted to national prominence by the 1970 film version of *Cotton Comes to Harlem.*

Like Himes' previous detective novels, *Cotton* was first published in France, where Coffin Ed and Grave Digger have been fictional favorites since the Fifties. When the American edition was published, the *New York Times* hailed it as "a bawdy, brazen, roller-coaster of a novel." As, indeed, it was. Fifteen corpses were piled up by the time Grave Digger and Coffin Ed finished shooting it out with Freddy and Four-Four in Deke O'Malley's church. "Chickenshit" and "mother raper" were the two favorite expletives—and when Deke's girl, Iris, stripped to sexually shoot down a racially uptight white detective, she made him pull a paper bag over his head. "My books are set in the Negro ghetto," Himes said, when the movie version of *Cotton* opened. "They are as authentic as the *Autobiography of Malcolm X.* But I don't strain after authenticity . . . I tell it like it is, and the truth comes out as a matter of course."

Similar claims might be made for novels starring other soul sleuths, such as John Ball's Virgil Tibbs, and Ernest Tidyman's Shaft. But it is unlikely that anyone would care to vouch for the total authenticity of B.B. Johnson's Richard Spade. A no-relation namesake of Sam, Richard looks like a black Cary Grant, and exudes a mysterious underarm "musk" that drives women of all races wild with sexual lust. "NO MAN CAN STOP HIM! NO WOMAN CAN RESIST HIM!" the blurb for *Death of a Blue-Eyed Soul Brother* exclaims, in a bull-horn burst of big letters. "After years in pro football and training at judo and karate, Richard Spade, Superspade, is not a man to mess with. Despite all the muscle, however, Spade's ace-in-the-hole is his complete power over women. . . ."

Seldom has a book blurb been guilty of such understatement. As king of the horny hard guys, Superspade brings a whole new scam to the fic-dick scene—sex, violence and *relevance*! On leave from his gig as black-studies instructor at Greene College, he sets out to track down the killer. Since Superspade can hardly fail, *Blue-Eyed Soul Brother* winds up as a two-corpse book. But on the way to this modest end, Spade has to deal with a whole mess of troublesome live bodies—the militant Black Sabres, the Students for a Free Society, a clutch of collegiate right-wingers, and a dozen or so gorgeous chicks who go sexually crackers at the first faint whiff of his potent musk: Lurline Ammons (*She stopped then and very candidly slid my hand down into her crotch. Her nostrils flared. It was my musk getting to her*), Britt Halsey (*"Forgive me," she whispered and tugged out of her panties with a devastating squirm, "but I want you like I have never wanted another man"*), Koto (*She raised on tiptoe and favored me with a hot breast that she forced into my mouth*), Sarah Joyce (*"Oh, black juicy sweetie, never stop," she screamed, "Never!"*), and Janice Rivers (*Once when the other chicks had gone and I had balled her out of her gourd, she had run screaming stark naked over the rocky beach . . . "It's so good, honey, I can't stand it!* I CAN'T STAND IT! SHIT!").

Superspade can stand it, though. Shucks, yes! He balls at least eight of *the* women until they pass out cold.

How will the sleuths of yesteryear fare, now that the genre has gone ethno-erotic? Is the advent of Superspade prophetic of other racial hard guys to come?

In Mickey Spillane's Mike Hammer, the white race already has a promising Superhonkie. But will Charlie Chan's number-one grandson make a scrutable bid for porno-political relevance as—good Lord!—Superchink? Will some hard-writing Indian freelancer win one for the redskins with a two-fisted squaw-baller named Shawnee Holmes? And what of the Puerto Ricans and Mexican-Americans? With Superspade on the scene, isn't it now quite likely that some Dashiell Hammett of the *barrio* will one day enter the field with a *mucho-machismo* Sam Spic?

At this point, no one can predict.

But it seems fairly safe to say that no matter what new trends evolve, the famous fic-dicks of the past will manage to survive. After more than 80 years, Sherlock Holmes is a movie star. After two long decades, the Lew Archer novels are now acclaimed as literature. In paperback, on the late show, or in syndicated TV series, Perry Mason, Charlie Chan, Sam Spade, Philip Marlowe, Philo Vance, Ellery Queen, Mike Shayne and Monsieur C. Auguste Dupin continue to do their thing. When it comes to sheer endurance, each one is a proven hard guy, and each has a special relevance that transcends time, place, politics and race. It is the relevance of the man who dares to pit his powers against the hazards of the unknown—and it makes his story *our* story. With unflagging courage, he always manages to survive the worst, and win through in the end. A comforting fiction? Not at all. Happily, for the most part, *that's* our story, too...

# BEGGING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

charities. They were interested in getting everyone into the act. Seymour's Rule of Three, which works in favor of the top givers, may explain why. The top givers receive the top prestige and their names go on the buildings. But without the contribution of the last third—the average donor—the buildings in some instances might not be built. The average donors also make up the great army of volunteers who do the legwork for the professionals.

How the professional fund-raiser views the human race may be glimpsed in the way Charles J. Seymour, who worked for John Price Jones for many years, classified volunteers into four different categories. First, there are "The Leaders," about 5% of any group, usually less. When one of these take-charge types is enlisted as chairman of a fund-raising drive, you can be sure it will be a success. Second, there are "The Responsible," the 25 or 30% who can be depended on to do what they say they will do and try to do it the way you want it done. Their efforts are worth a certificate, a plaque, or a dinner. The third group are "The Responsive," those who respond in various degrees to pressure. "The burdens of inertia and procrastination are ever with them," bewails Seymour. "They constitute the principal target for all the arts of organized persuasion and all the best skills of the fund-raiser." Lastly, there are the "Inert Fifth," the "ultimate residuum, the unreliable. The finest rhetoric never reaches these people, if only because they are not there to listen." Which category are you in?

William J. Cox, who knows the value of a little flattery, adds another insight: "No regional chairman for Alabama ever complained about his picture in the paper. . . . Send him special financial information; if it is marked confidential, so much the better. Take your new recruit to lunch with one of your veterans . . . Impress him, if you can, with the efficiency of class giving records; dazzling statistics; sample machine printouts; Lybunts; Sybunts; the never donors."

"Lybunt" is fund-raising shorthand for "last year but not this," and Sybunt is short for "some years but not this." Are you a Lybunt or a Sybunt?

Where so much money is changing hands, it is perhaps inevitable that there should be cases of frauds and rackets. The most famous case involved the Sister Kenny Foundation which in the years 1952-9 collected $30,674,000 from the public, of which $16,260,000, or 53%, went for administrative, public relations, and fund-raising costs. Then there was the National Cancer Hospital of America, which was never more than a parcel of Detroit real estate with a posted notice of a building to be erected. This mail-order fund-raising campaign collected $630,000, of which 69% went to pay for the costs of fund-raising. A third case involved the Federal Association of Epilepsy, an organization incorporated in Virginia in 1954, which, in 1957, raised $465,204 in a direct-mail campaign at a cost of $280,230—or 60% of the receipts. Only nine epileptic children were ever helped.

In 1953 the New York State Legislature appointed the Tompkins Committee to investigate charity frauds. F. Emerson Andrews of the Russell Sage Foundation testified that of the estimated $750 million collected for charitable purposes in the State of New York in 1950, "about 3% or between $20 and $25 million goes into outright charity rackets." The figure for 1971 must be infinitely larger.

The Tompkins Committee also exposed the National Kid's Day Foundation, Inc., which collected $3,978,000 between 1948 and 1953—and spent the entire sum on fund-raising, promotion, and administrative overheads. Not one dollar ever went to the direct aid of a needy child. The Foundation's function was merely to promote the *idea* of aiding needy children. The Foundation's promotion, incidentally, was handled by one of our largest advertising agencies, which obviously was just as fooled as everyone else.

What are the justifiable costs of fund-raising? "It can be said," states the American Association of Fund-Raising Counsel, "that many campaigns will have costs of approximately 10 to 15 percent of the amounts raised and others with larger goals may have costs of 5 to 7 percent or even less." These percentages cover the total spent for all budgeted expenses, including the fixed fee of professional fund-raising counsel. Today, under the Fair Practice Code of the Association, a commission on the sum raised (once the norm) is considered unethical. Member firms are required to work on a predetermined fixed fee.

As for the charitable telethon, usually hosted by a popular movie personality, the costs of such shows obviously run high, and the pledges phoned in are comparatively small. Applying Seymour's Rule of Three, you would have to conclude that the telethon is not as effective in raising large sums as you might suppose from the publicity it gets.

What about those campaigns not conducted by professional fund-raising counsel? Of course, there is no way of knowing what their costs are, but they are probably higher than the 15 percent maximum estimated by the AAFRC. There are hundreds of charities soliciting

CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

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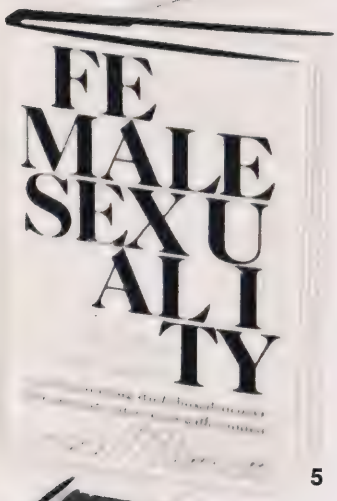


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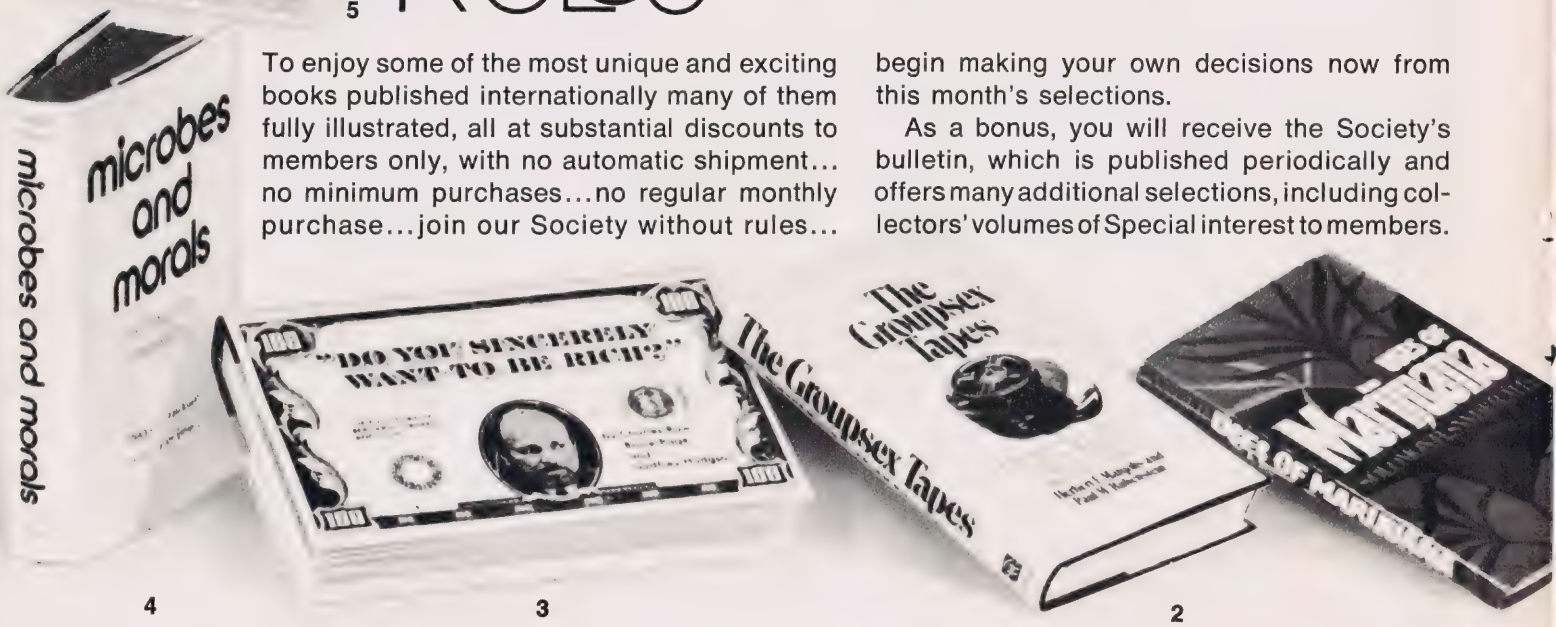

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donations by mail, some of them enclosing merchandise or mementos, and the potential donor has no way of knowing how much of what he sends will be used for the charitable purpose. In addition, if he decides to send a donation, he's liable to become a regular target for fund-raising appeals. There is a brisk business in mailing lists, especially for lists of people who give. So, while you may feel a sudden urge to help the children of Korea one month, you may also get a solicitation to help the children of Pakistan or the Indians of Arizona the next. Only if you never respond to these solicitations by mail, will your name eventually be dropped from the various lists. Perhaps some people give because they like to receive mail.

Of course, there will continue to be frauds in charity as there are in business, government, and even religion. More important is whether the whole concept of efficient and profitable operation is being eroded by the growing reliability on charity as a solution to an institution's financial problems. You can understand the needs of a small college struggling to survive and seeking gifts wherever it can. But when the world's wealthiest university, Harvard, whose endowment of $1.152 billion provides an annual income of $44 million without the slightest physical exertion whatever, continues to act the beggar, does giving to such a wealthy university or institution have any real philanthropic meaning at all? If you are a donor to an institution like Harvard, your name and giving record will be just one of thousands of computer cards, and you will be duly "billed" for your contribution or gift as if you owed them something. Why cannot some of the captains of industry who are so active in helping Harvard to raise funds teach Harvard how to make a profit, or at least live within the means of its tuition income, its endowment income, and its real estate income?

Voluntary support of worthy causes and institutions is of course an important part of a free society. No one would deny that. But as American philanthropy has changed, so has the whole concept of charity. In the old days the rich gave to the poor and needy. They helped starving artists and scholars. They created institutions of culture. Today the great private foundations, which serve as the philanthropic agencies of the rich, give to mainly non-profit recipients who in turn serve the rich.

Study any current list of foundation grants and see how many of these grants can be considered as true acts of charity or philanthropy. When the Rockefeller Foundation grants so many millions to the Council of Foreign Relations, an organization which influences American foreign policy in behalf of the power structure and on whose board of directors sit such needy persons as David Rockefeller and John J. McCloy, one can hardly consider this an act of philanthropy. It is simply money being passed from the left pocket to the right.

Nor can the cause of charity be served by non-profit institutions which become permanent burdens on their supporters—without so much as attempting to see if they cannot become financially self-sustaining. The institution adopts a permanent mendicant psychology, and tends to deprecate the whole concept of efficient cost-pricing management as being incompatible with our cultural and spiritual values. All of government and all of the private non-profit institutions and agencies in America depend entirely on the profit-making capacities of the private sector for their sustenance. The private profit-making sector is the goose that keeps laying those golden eggs year after year, and as far as the fund-raisers are concerned, those eggs have been getting bigger and more plentiful, as the statistics so eloquently prove. But the strain is beginning to show, and the goose is suffering in these first years of the new decade. The non-profit and government sectors have been growing faster than the profit-making sector.

Only the individual cow can do much about it. Whether you are a Lybunt or a Sybunt, or a member of the "ultimate residuum", read the appeal letters carefully, and if the cause is much richer than you are, with an endowment that makes Fort Knox look sick, give it some additional thought. Let 'em sweat. Above all, don't be afraid to say no. The only logical way to deal with fund-raisers is to decide in advance on a policy of giving. If you are hard-pressed financially, maintaining your own solvency will be your most charitable action. If you have some money to spare for charity, give only to the causes you think are worth giving to. It is not necessary to send a donation to everyone who solicits one from you, nor are you morally obligated to give simply because someone asks. Be selective, be discriminating, and give to organizations that have a good history of service.

The solution to fund-raising abuses is not government control or regulation, but common sense. Government gets more money out of us than does charity. If government were asked to regulate charity, it would only increase the cost of government, not decrease the cost of charity. That's not what any of us want. The only answer is the self-education of the donor, for as fund-raising becomes bigger and bigger the donor will have to know more about charities. A kind of consumers' guide to charities might be the correct approach. Who knows, it might even be run as a non-profit, charitable organization!

## A SAD STORY ABOUT LASSIE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

for the doggy to get some fresh North Pole air, wouldn't you say?"

"My my my" the clerk said, hanging over the counter, "what a nice dog. It looks almost like Lassie, except it's a male. But anyway it couldn't be Lassie," he continued, "because Lassie is now in Topeka running after a little pussycat and next Saturday she'll save it from drowning in the Cayuse Cattle Pool, it said so in the *TV Guide*," he chuckled. "But if I may again advise you sir, it's better not to let your dog run loose, since the poor animal might jump on an ice-floe and drift off and die wretchedly."

"Don't you worry about that", Stanley said. "My dog's welfare means too much to me. Why, I wouldn't part with my dear animal for all the money in the world."

*"Another nut who wouldn't part with his dog for all the money in the world"*, the clerk thought. He made a number of telephone calls. After a while he turned to Stanley and said: "I'm awfully sorry sir, but it seems I can't find anyone to take you to the Pee, I mean the Pole. The North Pole Guide Union is on holiday in Las Vegas, and our Eskimo guides are doing their wintersleep. They're fornicating, I mean they're hibernating, if you know what I mean! I'm afraid, sir, that you'll have to forget about your trip to the Pee!"

"Are you out of your mind?" Stanley nearly screamed; "I have to, you hear, I *have to* go to the North Pole. I have to see those ice floes and take a picture. Tell me how and I'll fly that helicopter to the North Pole myself. After all I have a flying license for helicopters." Stanley Rosenbaum quickly rummaged in his wallet and threw his flying license as well as a bundle of green dollar-bills on the counter. Stanley had never thought that his helicopter flying license might be used at the North Pole, when he got it for supervising location shots at the studios.

"Well, I think I can get you a helicopter, sir," the clerk said, slipping the bundle of dollars into his inside pocket.

Meanwhile Dolores Rosenbaum was in a panic. She'd returned from London late in the evening and could find no trace of Lassie or Stanley in the house. Even though it was almost midnight she called everyone she knew. But none of her friends or acquaintances knew where Lassie and Stanley were. Dolores Rosenbaum was frantic. That old slob Stanley had promised her he would take such good care of Lassie, too. And she'd trusted him. How long had they been gone? It could have been hours or days. First thing in the morning she could reach Miss Rose Lee or Ping at the studio, but not in the middle of the night. She kept telling herself that if anything serious was wrong the house would have been full of studio executives. Dolores Rosenbaum spent the night praying, and taking tranquillizers and brandy.

Next morning Dolores' eyes were puffy, and even while making herself up, she was crying softly. She felt, deep inside, that something catastrophic had happened. Suddenly she heard a familiar sound. It came from the kitchen and it sounded like a dog scratching on the kitchen door. There was also some whining. Dolores threw her lipstick down, ran to the door and opened it. Lassie stood on the threshold, tail wagging, and jaws holding the morning paper. Crying and barking with happiness they flew into each other's arms. The dog looked filthy, its fur damp and tangled, and covered with oil and grease. Its paws were covered with dried blood and mud. The dog stunk like codliver oil and fish.

"Lassie, my poor little thing," cried Dolores Rosenbaum, "where have you been, my little darling doggie?" Her eye fell on the *Los Angeles Post*, which the dog had dropped. It now lay open on the kitchen floor. In big heavy print the front page said: TOP HOLLYWOOD PRODUCER FOUND DEAD ON ICE FLOE!


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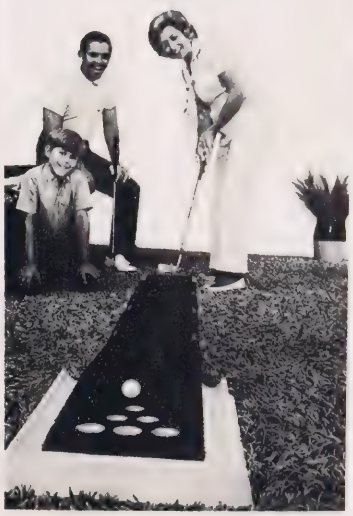

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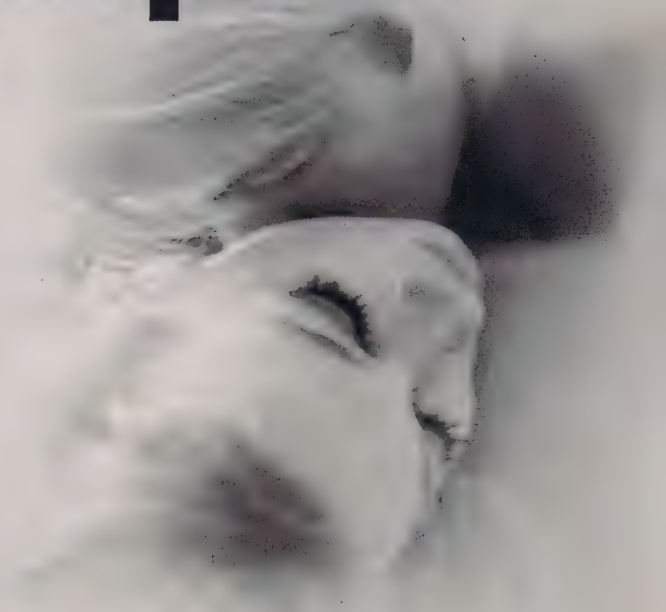

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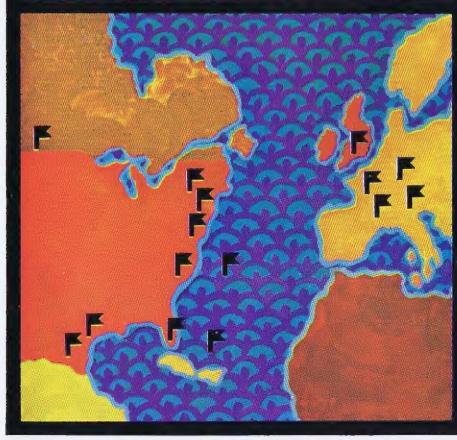

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